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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NAVIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

The British navy has hitherto been the pride and glory of the land. History and tradition have combined in prose and song, as well as in the oral legends of remote firesides, to uphold a credit won by hard toil, peril, and suffering, in storm, in ice, in combat, and in all those arduous positions that are inseparable from a seafaring life. It is a disagreeable thing to have to break the complacent illusion that the British navy enjoys an unchallenged superiority over that of all other nations. It is like an outrageous sacrilege upon that one of our household gods which is the most exalted, and which has been so long deemed beyond the reach of the insult of comparison. If, then, we, with others, devote a page or two in dispelling an illusion, let not our object be misunderstood; it is that we should continue to preserve our olden superiority, not by relying on the past, or even upon the existing state of things, solely, but that our means should be adapted to compete with the new circumstances that have arisen, more especially since the introduction of steam. Great Britain still possesses a certain superiority, and she possesses, above all, the elements necessary to ensure pre-eminence. She has the skilled mechanics and trained seamen, she has the rough material, the science to mould, and the means to apply it, all that she wants is the impetus. She cannot be brought to believe in an altered state of things, she lies like a lion in her strength, to be entangled in a mouse's net; she hears over and over again of preparations abroad, she heeds them not; her apathy and indifference are as wondrous as they are unnatural. Who will have to bear the brunt of her anger when she finds how she has allowed herself to be duped and deceived, her island home ravaged, her cubs torn from her, mangled or dead, herself an humbled, spoliated, nameless thing!

Let us take one example of the extraordinary and incomprehensible apathy under which the country at present slumbers. The fortifications and dockyard of Cherbourg, although conspicuous among the undertakings prosecuted by the present ruler of France with such unceasing vigour, for the development of the naval power of that country, are not the only works of the kind upon which anxious care and lavish expenditure have been of late bestowed. Cherbourg, Brest, Lorient, Rochefort, Havre, in our vicinity, as well as Toulon, and other minor ports in the Mediterranean, have all lately been much strengthened and enlarged, especially, as it would seem, with regard to the first-mentioned ports, and indeed, to a certain extent, with all, with reference to their serving as starting-points for combined aggressive operations on a gigantic

scale: 150,000,000 fr. have been allocated for improvements in the port of Havre; 17,000,000 fr. for the port of Dunkirk; 7,000,000 fr. for Dieppe; and 1,800,000 fr. for Fécamp. Similar preparations are being made at St. Malo, Carentan, Isigny, Caen, Calais, and Boulogne. A port of refuge is also being constructed between Brest and Cherbourg, while Brest itself is to be defended by an entirely new system of fortifications.

Now, what is this country doing in the face of such manifestly hostile preparations, and that at a time when Sir John Burgoyne, General Shaw Kennedy, and other experienced, far-seeing officers, are calling out for defences for our arsenals, forts, and fortresses, with rifled guns for our ports, and fortifications for the metropolis? Why, voting a ridiculously small and inadequate sum for new fortifications, and enlargement of old fortifications and buildings at Davenport, Alderney, Portsmouth, Portland, and Milford Haven. This is all of the estimates for 1859-60!

The press of every country has been teeming lately with detailed accounts of these formidable works, and with speculations as to their meaning, yet has the solution arrived at by all continental observers been least of all attended to by those most concerned. The dawning regeneration of French and Russian naval power, and the relative subsidence of that of England, has been long spoken of as an assumed thing on the Continent as one of the results of the introduction of steam. Steam is said to have rendered superiority in seamanship of comparatively little importance in the execution of naval evolutions. It is supposed that it will enable the indifferent seamen of France and the soldier-sailors of Russia to compete with the hardy tars of Britain, and it is argued that if, under the altered circumstances, we shall be met on more equal terms in any future war, so, if we do not preserve an absolute numerical superiority in ships and men, we must be content to forego our title to supremacy, and even run the risk of being exposed to invasion by a well-concerted surprise.

The commercial world and the general public have been much pleased of late by a proposed general disarmament, and, as a first step, it is said that the ships of the division Fourrichon, the armament of which has just been completed at Brest, are to be placed in port commission; the same order extending to four frigates and to the vessels of the squadron commanded by Admiral Bouet-Villaumez. It is to be observed that in France there are three conditions in which the vessels of the navy are maintained: they are either commissioned, that is, fully manned and provided, not only with the materials of war, but also with all the necessary provisions for the crews; or they are placed in port commission, that is, supplied with the former but not the latter requisites, while the hands are permitted to go about their business, but may, like soldiers, be recalled at any short notice; or lastly, the vessels are denuded of everything and laid up in ordinary. Now, it is almost unnecessary to say that the expense of stripping a ship—not only of provisions, but also of ammunition—and of supplying her with these when required, is so great, and is an affair requiring so much time, that it may be safely inferred that, if the French government should lay up many ships in ordinary, it will be a clear and undoubted proof that the hope of peace and the wish to maintain it are strong and secure. If, on the contrary, we find that the

ships not on actual service are merely put in port commission, the inference will be that the government wishes to make an appearance of a desire for peace, but is either not sincere, or has no confidence in its maintenance.

It is to our own individual activity, zeal, and perseverance that we are indebted for most of the advantages we enjoy in this country; and if we wish to know "how we are governed," or how we are protected, we must needs acquire the knowledge ourselves. The debt that the country owes, for example, to the public press, for its indefatigable efforts to obtain information, is vast. It outstrips the government in the appreciation of most matters of national importance, as much as our great companies and mercantile and industrial firms do the working of the naval, military, and transport services; and at critical periods it has signally taken the lead in prompt and well-planned action, when the authorities have broken down. But the press cannot build and arm ships and forts—it can only challenge the advisability or proclaim the necessity for such, and happy it is when it makes its voice heard over and above the habits of miserly economy, which are one of the greatest drawbacks to the British character, and the listlessness and timidity that is consequent upon such with the ruling powers.

There are other things which the press cannot always achieve, and one of these is the detailed and accurate information as to the precise state of the navies of foreign countries, as well as of the French ports and arsenals in particular, access to these not being very readily procurable by foreigners. We feel, then, under great obligations to Mr. Hans Busk, who was induced, in the earnest desire to obtain authentic intelligence, and to fully ascertain the real capabilities and present condition of the navy and arsenals of France, to visit these during the latter part of last year, and to inspect personally the works in progress at each. The results at which he arrived, not without encountering a variety of obstacles, are consigned in his work entitled "The Navies of the World; their Present State and Future Capabilities." And it appears from this gentleman's statements that the French have now 9 fast screw-ships of the line, of which one, La Bretagne, carries 130 guns; the others, L'Algésiras, L'Arcole, L'Eylau, L'Impérial, L'Alexandre, Le Napoléon, Le Redoutable, and La Ville de Nantes, 90. They have 24 ships of the line (making a total of 33) with auxiliary screws, of which 5, viz. Le Friedland, Le Louis XIV., Le Montebello, Le Souverain, and La Ville de Paris, carry armaments of 114 guns; 8, viz. L'Austerlitz, Le Duguay-Trouin, Le Fleurus, Le Navarin, Le Prince Jérôme, Le Tage, L'Ulm, and Le Wagram, carry 90; and 11, viz. Le Bayard, Le Breslau, Le Fontenoy, Le Charlemagne, Le Donawerth, Le Duguesclin, Le Duquesne, Le Jean Bart, Le Saint Louis, Le Tilsitt, and Le Tourville, 80 guns. To these must be added 14 line-of-battle ships—sailing vessels—of which one, Le Valmy, carries 114 guns; 3, L'Hercule, Le Jemmappes, and Le Turenne, 90 guns; 3, L'Iéna, L'Inflexible, and Le Suffren, 82; 2, Le Jupiter and Le Neptune, 80; and 5, viz. L'Alger, Le Duperré, Le Marengo, Le Trident, and La Ville de Marseilles, 70 guns. There were also on the stocks and in a high state of forwardness 4 fast screw line-of-battle ships, Le Castiglione, L'Intrépide, Le Masséna, La Ville de Bordeaux, all of 90 guns. Le Suffren, it is to be ob-

served, carried 6 rifled guns even at the time of Mr. Busk's explorations. Three of the line-of-battle sailing ships were also in progress of conversion. This makes a grand total of 51 ships of the line.

Now we have opposed to this, 36 screw-ships of the line, of which 6, the Duke of Wellington, Royal Sovereign, Marlborough, Royal Albert, Windsor Castle, and Royal George, are three-deckers, with from 131 to 102 guns; and 30, viz. Conqueror, Donegal, St. Jean d'Acre, Orion, Princess Royal, Edgar, Renown, Hero, Algiers, Agamemnon, Exmouth, Victor Emmanuel, Hannibal, James Watt, Nile, Aboukir, Cæsar, Neptune, St. George, Trafalgar, Queen, Majestic, Mars, Meanee, Centurion, Brunswick, Goliath, Cressy, Colossus, and Sanspareil, are two-deckers; the 3 first-named carrying 101 guns, the 11 following, as also the St. George and Trafalgar, 91, the 4 following, James Watt, 90, the Queen, 86, the 8 following, 80, and the Sanspareil (we suppose for small armament), 70 guns. The ships of the line that are sailing vessels number 43, but of these 3 are receiving ships and 1 is a coal depôt. Again, 4 of these are entered as 120-gun ships, whereas 1, the Portsmouth, has now only 46; 5 are reckoned as carrying 104 guns, whereas 1, the Devonport, has only 78; another, the Malta, 12; the St. Vincent, 46; and the Victory, 22. These ships, as also the Wellesley of 72, but with 36 guns, will probably never be used again. There are 4 of 90; 11, of 84; 4, of 80; 4, of 78; 7, of 72; and 2, of 70. Four of these ships, viz. the Royal William, Waterloo, Nelson, and Rodney, are ordered to be fitted with screws. In a country with such means and mechanical appliances as ours, there ought not to be a line-of-battle ship without an auxiliary screw.

We have 9 screw coast-guard and block ships, all of 60 guns, of which one, the Blenheim, is stationed at the Portland Roads; another, the Edinburgh, at Leith; a third, the Russell, at Falmouth; a fourth, the Ajax, at Kingstown; a fifth, the Cornwallis, at the Humber; a sixth, the Hogue, at Greenock; a seventh, the Hastings, at Liverpool; an eighth, the Hawke, on the coast of Ireland; and a ninth, the Pembroke, at Harwich.

We have 12 ships of the line on the stocks, of which 6—the Prince of Wales, the Victoria, the Howe, the Duncan, the Revenge, and the Hood—are in an advanced state, and two more of 91 guns have been ordered. This would make a grand total of 102, of which one-half may be supposed to be really available.

The result, then, is, that in as far as regards line-of-battle ships, Great Britain, which, with its colonies and dependencies, should always have half as many again as France and Russia put together, has not more available ships than France alone, and certainly not as many as France and Russia united. The numerical preponderance of guns is in favour of our screw-ships of the line, and we have, as compared with France, 36 screws to 33, and in numbers 43 sailing ships to 14, but probably really about the same effective force. We have 12 on the stocks to 4 French, besides 2 ordered, and 9 block-ships. But of these 12 on the stocks, when Mr. Hans Busk wrote, we find, by a return issued to the House of Commons of the ships and vessels added to the navy between the 31st of March, 1858, and the 1st of June, 1859, that the Revenge and Hood, both screw-ships of the line, of 91 guns, have since passed into the effective force of the empire.

With respect to the more detailed naval armaments of the two countries, France has 40 sailing frigates, 38 screw, 4 ditto iron-plated, and 19 with paddles—total, 101 frigates—as opposed to 58 sailing frigates, 19 screw, 9 paddle, and 10 screw building or converting on our side, making a total of 96. France has, then, a positive numerical superiority of frigates, as frequently intimated in both the upper and lower Houses of Parliament; and this superiority comes much greater if we are to credit those who state that, out of the 58 British frigates enumerated as "sailing," not more than 14 or 16 can be regarded as serviceable.

On the other hand, however, we have 72 sailing corvettes and sloops, 47 screw, 79 paddle, and 16 building or converting, making a grand total of 214, whilst France has only 18 sailing corvettes and 20 steamers; but France has 102 brigs and avisos, of which 35 are sailing vessels and 67 steamers, besides 55 schooners, cutters, &c., against some 50 surveying and small vessels in our navy. Add to this, it is averred that of the 79 paddle corvettes and sloops not more than 20 or 24 can be considered available.

In the matter of smaller gun-vessels and gun-boats we take the lead. We have 26 gun-vessels of from 6 to 2 guns and 162 gun-boats,* besides 8 floating batteries and 42 tenders, against 8 screw gun-vessels, 20 screw gun-boats, and 8 floating batteries. The French, on the other hand, have 73 transports at their service, an arm which we, being essentially a defensive, and not an aggressive or invading power, have not adopted in the service, although we have plenty of convertible means. We have also some 40 troop and store ships, depôts, and training and gunnery ships.

As far as mere numbers go, the relative strength of the two navies would appear to be as follows:

	Great Britain.	France.
Ships of the line	95	51
Frigates	96	97
Corvettes, sloops, brigs, and avisos	214	140
Schooners, cutters, &c.	50	55
Gun-vessels, gun-boats, and floating batteries	196	36

According to another computation, France has numerically 449 vessels, carrying 8422 guns, with an aggregate power of 77,820 horses, against 751 vessels (yachts included). The grand total of the Russian navy is 158, including 7 screw-ships of the line and 12 sailing; 11 screw-frigates and 7 sailing; 12 screw-corvettes and 7 sailing corvettes, and 7 brigs; the remainder small vessels. But in one instance we have it positively

* It would hardly be credited that any individual, aspiring to the character of a patriot and a statesman, like Mr. Cobden, should, to prove that the progress of the English had been as great, if not greater, than that of the French in their naval armament, add the gun-boats to the general total! The *Saturday Review* remarked, some time back, amusingly enough, upon this point: "The French, it appears, observing how eager we were for building gun-boats, left that portion of the operations of her alliance (during the Russian war) for the most part in our hands, and quietly proceeded to construct the most powerful men-of-war they could, instead of concentrating all the resources they possessed upon the vigorous prosecution of a war which they very reasonably considered might not be the last in Europe."

stated that not above 13 or 15 out of 43 sailing ships of the line, not more than 14 or 16 out of 58 frigates, and not more than 20 or 24 out of 79 paddle corvettes and sloops, can be considered as available for war purposes. It is manifest that such numerical comparisons are of little or no use, and indeed are rather calculated to mislead a nation into a false and erroneous estimate of its powers of defence.

The remarkable article on the comparative naval resources of France and England, which appeared at Leipsic in the "Conversations Lexicon," in the autumn of 1858, produced a great sensation throughout Europe, the more especially as the writer arrived at the startling conclusion that England's naval power is so far on the wane that, in all probability, she will shortly cease to be mistress of the ocean. The writer points, as the most significant proof of this, to the large results obtained by France from pursuing a more vigorous and well-sustained, yet economical, system of naval management, and by which she has at length risen to a level, in his opinion, as high, if not higher, than our own in naval power. The manner in which this is proved is somewhat like the conclusions we arrived at upon establishing a numerical comparison between the two powers. It is, that no just conclusions can, in the present day, when a single modern 120-gun ship, built with due regard to recent improvements, and carrying guns of the calibre now in ordinary use, could, in a very short space of time, put ten ships like the Victory *hors de combat*, be derived from such comparisons, especially when the official Navy List of England comprises every individual bottom the country possesses, whether fit for commission or altogether antiquated and past service. Quality as well as numbers must now be considered in estimating the strength of a fleet, and taking this as the point of departure, the German writer declares that France possesses an immense preponderance over us. The proofs by which such a position can alone be satisfactorily demonstrated are, however, very far from being eliminated. The respective merits of the fast and auxiliary screws, of the system of building, of the comparative armaments of English and French ships of the same rates—more especially frigates—the available resources for manning the ships, and the efficiency of the seamen, present points of contrast which sometimes tell in favour of one country and then of another, but all of which require a much more detailed and searching inquiry than it was in the power of the German writer to give to the subject.

The principal ships of the line in the British navy may, with propriety, be divided into three classes. The first of these comprises the three-deckers, such as the Duke of Wellington and Marlborough; the second, the two-deckers, such as the Windsor Castle (101 guns); and the third, the smaller two-deckers, such as the Edgar, 91, or Cressy, 80. Then there are, in addition, the altered ships, such as the Neptune, 90, Queen, 90, Trafalgar, 90 (which are three-deckers cut down); and the block-ships, such as the Blenheim, Hawke, Hogue, and Pembroke, all now 60-gun ships. Sir Charles Napier and Sir John Pakington have, however, both condemned the latter as worthless as men-of-war, and only fit to be used as floating batteries.

Sir Baldwin Walker has gone much further. In a report dated only September last, the Surveyor-General to the Navy says: "With the exception of some of the more recently built frigates, there is scarcely a sailing ship which, in its present state, is fit to go to sea, and most of

them require such extensive repairs that it would not be desirable to incur the expense. As regards the screw-vessels, all the 80-gun screw-ships which, from necessity, were converted, have the same armament as they had as sailing vessels, and are consequently so much pressed with their weights and cramped for stowage, as to render them bad sea-boats. . . . All these 80-gun screw-ships ought not, therefore, to be considered as forming part of the effective screw force, but can only be regarded as vessels fit to replace the block-ships for home service. . . . To show the superiority of the French ships of the corresponding class (80 guns), it may be stated that 5 were reduced from 100 and 10 from 90-gun ships, and are, therefore, not only more powerful sailing ships, but better enabled to stow their machinery, &c., than the English 80-gun screw-ships."

It is to be remarked that, costly as it was in olden times for rival nations to uphold hostile fleets, it has become still more so since the introduction of steam. The prime cost, for example, of a screw-ship of the line, such as the Duke of Wellington, is about 171,735*l.*, and the annual cost of maintaining in order a ship of this class (irrespective, of course, of the pay of the crew), is from 14,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* The peace complement of a sailing three-decker is 970 men, kept at a cost of 26,700*l.* a year. There would now be, in addition, the heavy item of fuel to be provided for, sometimes amounting to 100*l.* and more per day, the expense of engineers, stokers, wear and tear of boilers, machinery, &c. The average pay of all ranks, it is to be observed, was, seven years ago, 39*l.* 14s. 8d.; it is now 43*l.* 2s., or 3*l.* 9s. 4d. per man more. The expenses entailed by the reprehensible system of maintaining hostile fleets is even better exposed by a simple comparison of this kind than by one instituted on a larger scale. It must be so ruinous as to ultimately cure itself, for are the dominant nations of the world to go on always arming against one another till one or the other is bankrupt? As we act on the defensive only, so are we not to blame; the nation that, without any foreign colonies or dependencies, keeps up a vast fleet, must do so solely for aggressive purposes, and not only draws upon itself the opprobrium of all, but merits the collapse that must inevitably one day overtake it from overtasking its means.

The average duration of a ship is only thirty years, and, indeed, at the end of fifteen years, on an average, the hull of each ship requires a complete and expensive repair. During the last ten years 35 ships of the line and 46 frigates have been removed from the effective list of the navy, and, on an average, 3 line-of-battle ships ought to be produced every year, merely to maintain the navy on a proper footing as respects that class of vessel.

There is another curious consideration connected with ship-building. Not more than forty oak-trees can grow upon an acre of land so as to attain their full size or to yield each two loads of timber. In order, therefore, to build a ship like the Marlborough, the produce of seventy-six acres of oak forest of the growth of a hundred years would be necessary; and to supply the demands of such a navy as England possesses at this time would absorb annually the produce of nearly fourteen thousand acres. The demands for the different dockyards of France are almost equally enormous, whilst the woodlands of both countries are diminishing. Hence are France and England already obliged to substitute

Italian oak and African mahogany. The lighter woods used for spars come chiefly from the Baltic, from Quebec, and even from the western shores of America. The Fontenoy, lately launched at Toulon, is remarkable for having her fore-mast made out of a single tree, no doubt a specimen of the *Wellingtonea gigantea*. Another singular circumstance has been noted in connexion with this subject. It has been found that oak the produce of different countries cannot be employed in the same ship if allowed to come in contact, as, from some chemical action which takes place, the precise nature of which has not yet been ascertained, decay almost invariably takes place at either side of the junction. There is something ominous in this, and we wonder that a pine-tree, with such a name as *Wellingtonea gigantea*, could condescend to stand up as a mast in a French ship!

Considerations of this kind give rise, however, to serious thoughts as to how far ships of war might not be superseded (although it would be impossible to forego our superiority at the present moment) in future times by the adoption of defensive forts and fortifications. They are less expensive at the onset, less burdensome to entertain, and infinitely more durable, as they would also be more serviceable for the objects proposed. No time ought to be lost in fortifying our arsenals, ports, and harbours, at the same time that we strengthen our navy and army; the fortifications would remain when the ships are worn out and useless.

We have seen that of the long array of sailing line-of-battle ships, frigates, and corvettes that now figure in the Navy List, only a very limited number can be considered as seaworthy. They have an imposing appearance, it is true, as they repose in the stillness of their shadows at Sheerness, Chatham, or at Devonport; but "never more will they, at the call of patriotism or of necessity, ruffle their swelling plumage, nor, putting forth their beauty and their bravery, collect their scattered elements of strength, nor awaken again their dormant thunder." Those of them to which an auxiliary screw can be satisfactorily applied may possibly still be used. Unfortunately, however, this process of conversion, though always costly, is far from being invariably successful. Even of the 8 converted 80-gun ships—viz. the Mars and Majestic, built in 1853; the Meanee, built at Bombay in 1849; the Centurion, in 1844; the Brunswick and Goliath, in 1849; the Cressy, in 1853; and the Colossus, in 1848—hardly one can be deemed fit to be sent any distance from these coasts. They are all extremely crank, have small space for the stowage of coal and stores, and bad accommodation for their crews. They can, consequently, only be regarded as somewhat more useful than the nine memorable block-ships concerning which so much discussion has arisen. They have been expensive ships in their time, their conversion having cost upwards of half a million, and yet there is little probability that they will ever be commissioned again unless in case of some immediate emergency.

Of our other sailing ships of the line, there are several, such as the Royal George, built in 1827, and the Windsor Castle, as lately as last year, the working of which is by no means satisfactory. In addition to other defects, the tremendous weight of their spars and upper decks would seriously militate against their efficiency in war. The James Watt and the St. Jean d'Acre, again, have not sufficient steam power in proportion to their size; on the other hand, however, the Renown and

Orion are not likely, for the present at least, to be surpassed. The latter vessel has, under steam, attained a speed of nearly thirteen knots per hour, and that, too, without any extraordinary consumption of coal; the Renown, slightly larger, may be justly considered one of the finest vessels of her class in existence. That being the case, it will be satisfactory to the public to know that the Hood, Atlas, Defiance, Revenge, and Edgar have each nearly the same lines and dimensions as the Renown. The Victor Emmanuel (formerly the Repulse) and the Conqueror, though fast ships, cannot, within a knot per hour, compete in speed with the Renown.

We may well strike off from the list of British frigates and corvettes the America, Eagle, Gloucester, Vindictive, Warspite, Java, Lancaster, Portland, Worcester, President, and Winchester, and those in a still more hopeless state, as the Minerva, Mercury, Leonidas, Laurel, Latona, Hamadryad, Fisguard, Circe, Cerberus, Stag, Mæander, Leda, Isis, and Africaine. Eleven of the above vessels have never been in commission; this also may be said of the Octavia, Sutlej, Severn, and Phœbe (now converting), and of the Active, Flora, Niobe, and Creole.

If, then, we exclude all but really seviceable vessels, instead of 35 line-of-battle ships, 70 frigates, and 43 corvettes and sloops, we should only have in reality 13 ships of the line, 12 frigates, and 18 corvettes, upon which to rely in case of hostilities.

The following is the official list of sailing vessels, furnished by Sir Baldwin Walker on the 1st of January, 1859 :

	England.	France.		
	Afloat.	Afloat.	Building.	
Line-of-battle ships	35	10	0	
Frigates	70	28	4	
Corvettes and sloops	43	11	2	86
Brigs and despatch vessels	15	26	2	
Mortar vessels	45	3	0	
Schooners, cutters, &c.	48	32	0	32
Transports	0	26	0	26
Total	256	136	8	144

As a reverse to the medal, it is rumoured by the gloomy and the malcontents, that if from the 35 line-of-battle ships we deduct those converting, or ordered to be converted, there will not remain more than one (the St. Vincent) that can be deemed seaworthy. Of the rest, some, it is said, may be used for a few years as coal-hulks or receiving ships, but the remainder, such as the Illustrious, Imaum, Egmont, Implacable, Achille, Foudroyant, Carnatic, &c., can only be regarded as fit for firewood. The last mentioned, like the Nelson, Bombay, Clarence, and Hindustan, has never been commissioned.

Again, the list of French ships, as given above, was compiled from the latest information received at the Admiralty. That board, however, had not the advantage of a personal reconnoissance and study, like that effected by Mr. Hans Busk, in the French naval ports and dockyards. According to that gentleman, 14 line-of-battle ships (sailing) is the number afloat, as given in our previous summary. Then, again, the French have 15 sailing corvettes, mounting from 12 to 16 guns; 39, instead of 26, brigs, carrying 4 to 12 guns; and 36, instead of 32,

schooners and cutters. They have 5 sailing mortar-vessels—all new vessels, having been launched since March, 1855.

With respect to our first-class screw-frigates, the Doris and Diadem take precedence for speed and armament. Each, indeed, carries a tremendous armament, consisting of two 68-pounder pivot-guns, and ten 68-pounders on their upper decks, while upon their main decks they have each twenty ten-inch guns. The aggregate weight of the guns in either ship is no less than 123 tons. The Orlando and Mersey rank next, but they have as yet been subjected to no definitive trial. Of the imposing list of 50, 42 and 40-gun sailing frigates, not more than 15 are declared to be worth conversion, or likely ever to be commissioned again; the rest are unworthy to figure in the Navy List. Three is the number of frigates officially prescribed to be launched annually in time of peace. This year, however, five new vessels of that description will be added to the fleet; these are the Narcissus, 50 guns, and 400-horse power; the Immortalité, 50 guns, and 600-horse power; the Ariadne, 32 guns, and 800-horse power; and the Galatea, 28 guns, and 600-horse power. In addition, the four sailing vessels of this class (averaging from eight to ten years old), Phæton, Phœbe, Sutlej, and Severn, are to be forthwith converted, and at the same time to be lengthened forward, aft, and amidships.

The determination of the French government to build a number of iron or steel-cased ships, imperatively obliges us to follow their example. The French vessels so cased follow the lines and dimensions of the Napoleon, one of the best, if not the finest ship in their navy; but they will only carry 30 or 31 guns, and the metal sheathing is from 10 to 11 centimetres (about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches) in thickness. Two similar ships are, it is said, to be commenced forthwith in this country, although it has been shown, by trials recently made, that this iron casing will only repel hollow shot or shells; heavy, solid projectiles of wrought iron, or those faced with steel, having been found, on repeated trials, to perforate the thickest covering which has ever been adopted, and that, too, even at considerable ranges. These vessels will be the most expensive ships ever constructed in this country, and it is thus that the restless ambition of a neighbouring nation and potentate keeps up an unavoidable, yet ruinous, race of expenditure.

In such a race, however, it is quite certain that our means and industry will ensure ultimate triumph. Upon careful computation, it appears that, between 1848 and 1858, we have built 24 ships of the line, 21 frigates, 35 corvettes and sloops, 1 floating battery, 2 gun-vessels, 186 gun-boats, 2 troop sloops, 2 tenders, and 1 yacht. During the same period "the screw" has been applied to the stern ports of 9 line-of-battle ships, 7 block ships, 4 mortar ships, and 1 store ship, while a good many vessels have been bought. It is proposed that we should have, by the autumn of the present year, 15 more screw line-of-battle ships, thus raising the entire number to 56, as well as a considerable augmentation to the list of frigates. A powerful party in the House of Lords and Commons declare that they will not rest satisfied till they have 70 screw line-of-battle ships afloat, and they are right; if France is determined, without colonies or dependencies to defend, to run a race of naval expenditure with us, and which can therefore only be for hostile purposes, however much we may pine for forts with rifled guns to defend our ports, and

however much we may apprehend "secret surprise" from skilfully adapted means of transport, still we should not only maintain our numerical superiority at sea, but we should make it an utterly ruinous vaunt on the part of France that she holds, or even held, the keys of the Channel! Few events in this country have already excited greater amazement in France than the announcement of the proposed augmentation in our navy, revealing, as it does, the magnitude of our resources and the extent of our capabilities for naval operations.

If we refer back to the list of the French steam navy we shall find that they possess 37 screw-ships of the line; 38 screw and 19 paddle frigates, besides 4 to be covered with five-inch iron plates, and now in process of construction; 20 steam corvettes; and, including gun vessels, floating batteries, screw gun-boats and transports, complete or building, exhibiting a total of 265 vessels, mounting collectively 5500 guns, and provided altogether with engines of 77,820 horse power.

When we contrast this powerful force of ships of the line and frigates with our own reliable ships of those classes, it cannot be said that we are at the present moment as well provided as we ought to be. A Paris journal, after commenting lately on the naval forces of the two countries, observed: "We have 7 ships of the line, 53 frigates, 66 corvettes or sloops, 32 schooners, and 8 brigs more than England; while she has 1 floating battery, 9 mortar vessels, 12 transports, and 130 gun-boats more than we possess."

Greater reliance may, however, be placed in the following comparative view of the relative strength of the two steam navies as far as regards line-of-battle ships and frigates:

English.	No.	Guns.	Horse Power.
Ships of the line afloat (screw)	33	3089	17,550
Ditto building	17	1646	11,500
Frigates:			
Afloat	28	993	15,090
Building	6	256	3,600
Total	84	5974	47,740

French.	No.	Guns.	Horse Power.
Ships of the line afloat (screw)	32	2878	20,790
Ditto building	8	758	5,800
Frigates:			
Afloat	37	1216	17,000
Building	9	442	3,300
Total	86	5294	46,890

This gives a very slight superiority to France, and that only in frigates; but it does not comprise the 4 iron-plated ships building, each of which is to mount 36 guns, and to be provided with 800 or 900 horse power, and 2 of which are now in an advanced state at Toulon. These *frégates blindées*, or *cuirassées*, as the French call them, are to be substituted for line-of-battle ships; their timbers are of the scantling of three-deckers; they will be provided with 36 heavy guns, 24 of them rifled, and 50-pounders, calculated to throw an 80-pound percussion shell. Such is the opinion of French naval officers respecting the tremendous power

of these ships, that they fully anticipate the complete abolition, sooner or later, of all line-of-battle ships.

England has, however, on her side, 9 block-ships afloat, each carrying 60 guns, but they are not, as before observed, fit for sea; and 9 of the English ships of the line, carrying collectively 720 guns and engines of 3600 horse power, are only 80-gun converted ships, and certainly inferior to the French ships of the same class. But then England has 15 ships of 100 guns and upwards, with an aggregate of 1694 guns, and engines of 10,800 horse power; while France has only 6 ships of 100 guns and upwards, with 700 guns and 3740 horse power.

Since 1852, France has increased her screw line-of-battle ships from 2 to 37, of which 4 are building and 4 converting, exclusive of 3 more ordered to be converted; this has been effected by the conversion of 23 sailing ships and the building of 14 screw-ships. During the same period England has increased her screw-ships of the line from 17 to 52; 10 of which are now in process of construction, and 6 of conversion. Altogether, 27 sailing ships have been turned into steamers, and 25 new screw liners have been built or are now completing. Since 1852, therefore, the addition to the French navy of screw-ships of the line, including those complete, as well as those upon which work has still to be executed, is 35; while 33 of the same class have been added to the navy of England. France has likewise increased her steam frigates in the last six years from 21 to 57; while England has only increased hers from 22 to 34. This great superiority in steam frigates on the part of France, in the event of war, might be of serious consequence to this country, especially in relation to the interruption of commerce.

On the other hand, the French steam corvettes and sloops, which in 1852 were 31, are now only 20, while those of Great Britain, which in 1852 were 59, are now, including large and small craft, as also 7 vessels since reduced from frigates to sloops, 142; our screw floating batteries are 8 as against 5 French; our screw gun-boats are 162, and those of France 28; and the entire steam navy of Great Britain now amounts to 530 vessels of all denominations, of which 464 may be deemed effective, while that of France numbers 265. Lord C. Paget would add to this 159 steam vessels over 1000 tons each, and 72 between 700 and 1000 tons, making 231 *merchant steam vessels*, which might be made available for defence; but we put little trust in such resources. True, they might be made to carry Armstrong guns, if such were in readiness, but the shipwrights of the country wanted to convert them would, at a crisis, be to a man engaged in other more imperious demands upon their time.

Besides the 52 English screw ships of the line already specified as built or completing, there are 4 more sailing line-of-battle ships destined to be fitted with screws. These would raise the number of British screw-ships of the line to 56, and the whole could be completed by the year 1861. By that time, also, at the rate of their present progress, the French will be in possession of 40 screw line-of-battle ships, and certainly of 4, if not 6, of the iron-plated frigates.

A commission, consisting of experienced naval officers, appointed last year by the emperor to revise the organisation of the navy, reported that, by the year 1860, the French government will have a steam fleet which, with a large proportion of large transports, would enable them to move an army of 60,000 men, with all its horses, ammunition, and

materials, together with one month's provision for the whole; and that, by the spring of 1860, they will have afloat, and in perfect order, a fleet of 40 screw-ships of the line, 6 iron-plated frigates, 30 screw and 19 paddle frigates, and 26 steam transports of the class of the Calvados. This is surely an intimation full of significance.

While the superiority in every respect of English machinery over French is universally admitted, it is not a little curious to find that, although since 1855 there has not been a single line-of-battle ship laid down in France, nor one three-decker on the stocks, the total addition made to the horse-power of engines for line-of-battle ships and frigates, since 1852, has been as follows:

	Horse Power.
England	26,493
France	41,340
Difference in favour of France . .	14,847

On the other hand, England has added 15,073 in excess of France to the horse-power of engines for vessels below the rank of frigates, viz.:

	Horse Power.
England (including 8690 for gun-boats) . .	28,537
France (including 2240 for gun-boats) . . .	13,464
	15,073

The effect of steam, it is also to be observed, in revolutionising naval warfare, and placing non-maritime nations more upon a par with such as are essentially maritime, will also be a good deal controlled by the supply of coal, in which respect Great Britain has manifest advantages over other countries. A French writer, admitting this fact when discussing the effects of the change in its reference to France and Great Britain, comforts himself with the thought that, at all events, "en aplanissant d'une manière absolue le chemin de la mer, elle a détruit la barrière qui rendait cette contrée inattaquable, et a ouvert en quelque sorte dans ses frontières une brèche qui s'agrandira tous les jours." This is, no doubt, what the French really look to in their prodigious struggle going on to outvie our navy—not so much the upholding of a perpetual superiority at sea, as our definite humiliation at one fell blow!

The practical difficulties of manning the British navy are well known to be much greater than in France. The continuous service system has, however, been one of the greatest boons to seamen, especially to boys entering the service, and will, sooner or later, give us an effective navy, but, in the mean time, the still existing system of paying off ships, inadequate wages and provisions, the caprices of captains, and the system of irresponsible flogging, which, it is to be hoped, will be superseded by courts-martial, combine, with a number of other grievances, to make the royal navy no boon to the merchant seaman. Various plans have been suggested by royal commissioners and by dissentients, as Mr. Lindsay and others, to meet these difficulties, but no satisfactory solution has yet been found of that difficult problem which involves the maintenance, constantly, during peace, of a large body of men suitable for manning the navy—having at the same time available reserves to be brought rapidly into action upon an emergency—without diminishing, injuriously, the industrial resources of the country. Many plans have at various times been suggested, many projects have been tried, but we are still almost

as far as ever from the possession of an organised system which should meet all the exigencies of the case.

The present reserves of the country consist of: 1. The Marines now quartered ashore; 2. The Coast-Guard; 3. The Coast Volunteers; 4. Short Service Pensioners. It is suggested that to these should be added a new body of men, to be called the Royal Naval Volunteers, to keep up the navy at an efficient standard, and that the inducements to join this force shall be—payment at short periods, pension at the age of fifty to fifty-five, payment for time spent in practice, admission to the coast-guard, and a participation in the benefits of Greenwich Hospital. On their part, they are to engage to practise gunnery, and to serve in case of emergency; and conditions would be framed to secure their coming forward to join the navy within a very short time after their services were required.

Thus, by the arrangements proposed by the royal commissioners, the whole amount of reserve at her Majesty's disposal would be:

Reliefs in the home ports . . .	4,000	
Coast-guard	12,000	
Marines embodied	6,000	
Ditto short service pensioners . .	5,000	
Seamen, short service pensioners . .	3,000	
		30,000
Royal naval volunteers . . .	20,000	
Naval coast volunteers	10,000	
		30,000
Making in all		60,000 men.

Our present force comprises, adding the new levies made by the recent bounty of some 40,000 seamen, 7000 boys, 15,000 marines, and 40,000 more from reserves, constituting a total of 102,000. But Mr. Lindsay considers that there should be the capability of raising this number, on the shortest notice, to at least 120,000 men and boys. He would begin by doubling at once the number of marines, and would prefer seeing that force raised to 40,000, as they would form the best possible garrisons for the different seaports, while they could be embarked at a few hours' notice, if need were, their duties on shore being taken by the line, the militia, or by volunteers. It is difficult to see what objection can be raised to so rational a suggestion.

Mr. Lindsay would also further increase the coast-guard, hold out still stronger inducements than have yet been suggested to the naval coast volunteers; and he would, moreover, extend the system of training boys. Besides which, he would organise two reserves from the merchant marine: one of 18,000 men from the coasting trade, and the other from the over-sea service.

A comparison of the available resources which England and France respectively possess, under the head of mercantile marine, presents the following results:

NUMBER OF VESSELS REGISTERED.

ENGLAND.		FRANCE.	
Sailing. . .	24,406	Sailing. . .	14,845
Steam . . .	1,813	Steam . . .	330
Total . .	26,219	Total . .	15,175

In France one man is employed to every $11\frac{1}{2}$ tons, exhibiting upon the 1,052,535 tons of shipping registered an aggregate of 90,217 men. In England one man is employed to every $19\frac{3}{4}$ tons, which gives upon the 4,491,377 tons of shipping registered an aggregate of 227,411 men. This does not include men employed on river steamers. But France can avail herself of the services of every able-bodied seaman in the country in the imperial navy, which is not the case in Great Britain, where impressment will, probably, never again be had recourse to, at all events under similar circumstances as have occurred before. From the researches of the French commission, it was found that the real number of able-bodied seamen in the merchant service, in the year 1850, was 38,500, including officers, marines, and seamen. At the same time 16,000 were serving in the imperial navy, showing a total of 54,000 men. The general conclusion which the French commissioners arrived at was, that, allowing for every contingency, France might rely upon 40,000 seamen perfectly qualified for maritime warfare, and on 20,000 more taken partly from the register, and partly from the army, and able to render good service when acting in combination with the first class.

Admiral La Susse, one of the witnesses examined by the commissioners, stated that at that time he computed the number of registered seamen, from twenty to forty years of age, at 50,000. Adding the men that might be selected from the army and from the infanterie de marine, France, in case of war, could, in his opinion, count upon 90,000 men, a quantity thus sufficient to man every vessel in the fleet.

Such, then, are the results of this disagreeable comparison. Other powers may keep what fleets they choose; with us it is a vital question that we should not be overpowered.

It might be thought, indeed, that we had had enough of deadly feuds and battles, seeing that, out of the hundred and sixty-seven years intervening between 1688 and 1855, sixty-seven were devoted to war and carnage. During the whole of that time, whoever else might be against us, the French were our most constant and indefatigable enemies; only once, and that during the late Russian war, they were our allies. The aggregate cost of these sixty-seven years of struggle with our various foes on land and at sea, was just 1,500,000,000*l.*, or, on the average, rather more than 22,000,000*l.* a year—that is, about 85*l.* per minute during that long period!

But there is no help for it. The only comfort we have is in the reflection that armed and hostile demonstrations do not originate with us. Our policy, like our morality, is pre-eminently peaceful. France, without dependencies, can have no object in a vast naval armament but hostility. While she can reduce her naval expenditure to the minimum, it is not so with us; we cannot afford, without any land defences, to let our fleet be inferior to that of any rival power. Still shall we never seek war, although the attitude of other powers may force upon us to act on the defensive; and if any such powers are induced by ambition, cupidity, or national jealousy and hatred, to assail us, we can justly rely upon the great Governor of the World and controller of all things to be with us, who have not sought, but have ever wished, and still wish most truthfully, to avoid the horrors of war, bloodshed, and devastation.

THE OLD KEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

STRANGE commotion was in the abbey of Pommeroy. A young child was dying. Children die every day, are mourned and forgotten: but the circumstances attending this child's anticipated death were deemed to be strange. It was the third infant of Leolin and Lady Anna Pommeroy's who had thus been prematurely cut off, and all unexpectedly. Some slight ailment, common to infancy, had attacked it, it was thought to be recovering, and now it was seized suddenly with convulsions. Precisely had it been so with the two former, now mouldering away in the Pommeroy vaults: would this child follow them?

But that very morning it had been better; almost well; and Leolin Pommeroy had stood over its cradle laughing and talking, as he discussed with his wife some joyful news. It had been the dream of his later life to dispossess the young lord of Pommeroy and to reign in his stead: there was but one way of hoping to accomplish it—the getting the Court of Rome to annul the marriage of the young lord's parents. For this, had Leolin been working for years, now hoping for success, now despairing. That morning he had received a letter from one of the cardinals, giving him strong hopes, founded upon new grounds. Lady Anna was then with her child, and Leolin went to tell her, motioning the attendants away.

"At last, Anna!" he exclaimed, "I shall soon once more hail you as lady of Pommeroy."

"Have they dissolved the marriage, then?" she returned, in a quiet voice, as if the news were a matter of indifference to her.

"No; and they will not do it; the marriage is to stand good, once and for all. But the Vatican will refuse to recognise any as lord of Pommeroy, save Rupert—my brother Rupert, the wanderer; and it will recognise me as lord, during Rupert's absence. Rupert, you know, can never return, so I reign for life."

"Leolin, darling, it is not just: the young lord is the heir, failing Rupert; let him reign. How can we be happier than we are?" added Lady Anna, looking up with a bright smile. "The baby is almost well: what more need we care for?"

Leolin Pommeroy bent over the cradle. The baby smiled at him, and closed its little fist round the forefinger Leolin had placed within it. It was a fine boy, about six months old. "You young Turk! you'd like to keep me your prisoner, would you? He will be quite well in a day or two, Anna."

"Oh, quite. Leolin," she continued, in an impassioned whisper, "I think if this child had followed the other two I should almost have died."

Leolin brought his face up from his boy's and bent it on his wife's. "Forget his danger, Anna love, he is well again: and therefore the more

reason why I should look after the succession: our child must succeed me in it."

Lady Anna laughed. "There may be logic in that hope, Leolin, but there's certainly not reason. Your brother Rupert is older than you; and, I should fancy, not likely to be a long liver: at his death the young lord must be lord of Pommeroy without dispute."

"We don't know that," said Leolin, significantly: "let me once get into power as the reigning lord, and things may turn out as I will."

This was in the morning. At seven that evening a terrified woman burst into the dining-room with the news that the baby was in convulsions. Lady Anna, with a stifled cry, flew to its chamber, followed by her husband. The child's life was ebbing fast.

Lady Anna turned her white face upon her husband—it was full of deep meaning, of dread, and she spoke in a whisper. "There is some strange fate upon us, Leolin, and you provoke it. Three times have you been on the point, or seemed to be, of dispossessing that boy, Sybilla's child, and each time our child's life has paid for it. When the news first came, two years ago, that Rome would aid you to dispossess the young lord, our baby sickened, and died ere the day was over. One year ago, and news came the second time that Rome would certainly aid you to dispossess the boy, and our second baby died. Now you have heard to the same effect again, and this, our last darling, is dying. And yet—Leolin!—you are not a bit nearer your ambition than you were, for the young lord is the lord still."

"I am astonished at you, Anna! At any other moment I should reprove you. They have been mere common coincidences, such as occur in everybody's life. Put away fancies so ridiculous, my dearest."

"I wish I could put away my baby's danger," she returned, in a wailing tone. "Oh, Leolin! I tell you I think I shall go with him, if he is to die."

Leolin could do no good in the sick-chamber, men do not like to stay in such, and what with nurses and other attendants there was no room for him. He was ardently attached to the child, and he went outside and paced underneath the piazza in the court-yard, feeling that he would almost give his life to save that frail one flitting away. But ere he had left his own hall, a noble-looking boy, of eleven or twelve years old, entered it and confronted him. It was Leolin's bête noire, the young lord of Pommeroy.

"Will you tell me how the baby is, Uncle Leolin?" he began. "They have been bringing tidings to mamma that it is worse. Is it true?"

"Get out, you serpent! how dare you enter my house?" foamed Leolin, venting his anguish and his ill-temper on the child. "All this is through you," he added, though what feeling prompted the words, he best could tell.

The child, Rupert, did not answer him: his face expressed sorrow for his intemperate uncle: noble in mind as in person, he would not retort. But another did; one who had stolen in after the young lord. Though but a child yet, she had the haughty, the fearless spirit of the Pommeroys, and she could speak as intemperately, if she pleased, as could her Uncle Leolin.

"I can tell you what, Uncle Leolin; you are a fool, and nothing less."

"Hold your tongue, Mary. What do you do here?"

"I came because I saw Rupert coming. And I shall not ask your leave to go where I please in the abbey, I shall ask his. He is the lord, and you only live in it because he lets you. It is a good thing for you that I was not a boy, or you should not."

Leolin constrained his temper, feeling how worse than absurd it was to betray it to these children: feeling how beneath his dignity it would be to resent Mary Pommeroy's words. "Indeed," cried he, with an air of indifference.

"It is a very good thing," she repeated. "Had I been a boy I should have been the lord in spite of you all: you don't think you should have been allowed to treat me as you treat Rupert. The abbey laughs at you, behind your back."

"What do you say?"

"It does. Everybody in it—except, I dare say, Lady Anna, and she would, if she were not your wife. Mamma laughs at you, and the lady laughs at you, and the servants all laugh at you; they say, 'The fool Leolin Pommeroy makes of himself through his envy of the young lord!' Why, you might just as well try to dethrone the Pope himself, you know, as try to dethrone Rupert."

Leolin Pommeroy held wide the hall door, and sternly motioned the children through it towards their own apartments. The young lord walked away courteously, but Mary Pommeroy went with a defiant step, and a defiant and gleeful laugh.

"If you are so rude, Mary, you shall not be the abbey's lady when you grow up," spoke Rupert, reprovingly. "You don't hear me retort upon Uncle Leolin. If people are not civil to me there's the more reason, mamma says, for my being civil to them, to teach them better manners. And a true lord of Pommeroy, she says, is always courteous."

"I shall be the lady," returned Miss Mary Pommeroy, paying attention to the first part of his sentence only—"I shall, and I will. Everybody says I ought to be, and so do you say it, Rupert. I shall rule the abbey when I grow up, and everybody in it, except you."

Leolin had gone out and was pacing the piazza, his heart full of resentment and bitterness. Resentment against what, or whom? He could not have told, had he been asked. It was an indisputable fact, that each of the times which had seemed to bring his wrong and ambitious dreams near to him, had witnessed the death of his child—the first, the second, and now—Leolin was sure that it was dying—the third. Was a fate pursuing him? Leolin, in his superstition, asked himself the question.

It was a cold night in January, very bright, the stars and the moon shining. He had no overcoat, but he did not feel the want of it: his inward fever of thought kept his body warm. He had not paced there long when his sister came to him, her face unusually dark and stern.

"Leolin, what is it that is amiss with the child?" she began.

"Convulsions," was the curt reply. "He is dying."

She walked by his side in silence for some moments. "Why do you bring it upon yourself?" she presently said, in a low tone.

"*Bring* it upon myself?" repeated Leolin, with almost a scream of defiance.

"You bring it upon yourself," calmly repeated Miss Pommeroy.

"Leolin, how dare you, how can you be so mad, as be ever striving to deprive Sybilla's child of his rights?"

"Because he is Sybilla's child," was the answer.

"Psha! He is George's. And George was the lord of Pommeroy. You cannot kick against fate, Leolin: but fate can kick against you. Have you forgotten the scene of Gaunt's death-bed?"

"Who told you of that?" he quickly uttered.

"It is known abroad, Leolin. You will do well to recal his words: they might have been to you either a blessing or a curse: hitherto you have made them the latter. '*As you deal by this child, so may you be prosperous in your own children.*' They were Gaunt's words to you, Leolin. And how have you dealt by the child? and how have you prospered in your own children? Be wise in time: do away with your animosity and your plots against Rupert, and then perhaps you may be happy in children of your own."

"We are a superstitious race, I know," sarcastically rejoined Leolin, "but I have yet to learn that importance should be attached to the prejudiced ravings of a dying man."

"What did Gaunt himself tell you?" quickly returned Miss Pommeroy—"to take heed how you despised the warning of a dying man. Leolin, there are things in earth that we cannot explain or account for, things that we may not dream of in our limited philosophy: why is it that the words of one, dying to this world, are so often found to be warnings, true as if they came from heaven? Is it, that, at that moment, the spirit has caught a portion of the divine knowledge it is hastening to, and can discern the future? I know not: you know not: but we both do know that these death admonitions are often strangely worked out: we both know that Gaunt's warning to you has so been."

"You are dreaming, yourself, Joan."

"A good thing if we had all been dreaming, of late years," was the reply. "You received news from Rome this morning."

"From the new cardinal. They will not annul the marriage; that question is set at rest. But they will recognise Rupert—our brother Rupert—as the lord, and me as his sole representative."

"What end will that answer?" scornfully returned Miss Pommeroy. "Rupert will not live for ever; he cannot; and then the boy is lord of Pommeroy again: the true, reigning lord, to be dispossessed by none."

"That time may be far off, further than your life or mine, for we may never hear of Rupert's death. He may be dead now, for all we know: and until we do hear of it, I shall be the lord of Pommeroy."

"You never will, then, Leolin. I tell you that you cannot act against fate. I see not how you will be prevented, but you will be; for fate has been working against you ever since Gaunt's death. And how little you make yourself in the sight of all around, you, a Pommeroy. Only this night you insulted the boy, and the tale of it is running through the abbey."

"So he went whining away with it, did he?"

"No. But you spoke in the hearing of Mary Pommeroy. And you know what she is."

"I know that she has an insolent spirit, and that it ought to be beaten out of her."

"She has Guy's spirit: but Mary has her good points. Mrs. Pom-

meroy has not repressed her will, and it has grown to a mastery, but she is a truthful child and the soul of honour."

"You are all in league against me——"

"Leolin!"

"You are. You would wish me tamely to give up my pretensions to my father's home and honours, in favour of that changeling boy, Rupert Pommeroy."

"Leolin, you forget yourself. George was older than you, and Rupert is George's son and heir. You have been wrong from the beginning: right is right, and cannot be set aside: had you been a true Pommeroy, you would never have sought to do it. Even Lady Anna sees how wrong you are."

"I care not who sees it," foamed Leolin. "I will be lord of Pommeroy in spite of you all, and it is no puny child, born of Sybilla Gaunt, who shall——Joan, what is the matter?"

They were then in front of the west tower, and Miss Pommeroy had halted in her walk, and stood gazing upwards as if turned to stone. She clasped Leolin, and pointed to the window of the haunted room. "Leolin —see!—there!"

Close to the window, glaring down upon them with its ghastly face, was the spirit of the ill-fated Guy, lord of Pommeroy. At times, for the last few months, it had been conspicuous, frightening the inmates of the abbey to sickness, almost to death. Never had it looked more shadowy, more ghastly, than it looked now.

Joan Pommeroy hid her head and shivered, Leolin groaned: but before a word was spoken by either, Mrs. Pommeroy had joined them.

"Leolin, I can no longer bear it," she sobbed forth in her horror, "it is killing me: something must be done, something devised. I would rather die, than live the life I am leading."

"Devised!" echoed Leolin Pommeroy, "devise resistance to a spirit that is not at rest! Who can do it?"

"I could bear all, but for that look of reproach it carries in its eyes," continued Mrs. Pommeroy, with a shudder. "Did you notice that to-night?"

"A reproach that tells home to her," thought Leolin, but he was humane enough not to say it. "Why do you sit where you can see the west rooms, Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"I must sit there; I must: some power that I cannot resist fascinates me to it. Let me be where I will, no matter in what part of the abbey, at Lady Anna's, at Sybilla's, or out in the grounds, or away in the village, the moment dusk creeps on I am compelled to go where I can see the haunted rooms. It is as if a cord drew me; I cannot resist it, and there I sit and watch—and watch—and shake and shiver till I see the spirit, and then, when it comes, I cry aloud for aid or I faint away. If it does not come, I am ill with expectancy, and watch through the livelong night; feverishly yearning for what I dread to see. It is killing me."

"You should leave the abbey for a time."

"It would follow me," moaned Mrs. Pommeroy.

As she spoke, again the figure appeared at the window, for a moment only, and then seemed to vanish into air. A choking sob caught the breath of Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Leolin," whispered Joan, "they bring news of your child."

A servant was approaching whom they knew to be from the sick-room. Her countenance was mournful; her tread heavy. Leolin turned to her with a bursting heart.

"It is gone, sir. And my lady is senseless."

The Pommeroys observed curious customs. One was, that on the event of a death in the family, a large melancholy-looking flag with the Pommeroy escutcheon was hoisted half-mast high over the abbey gates, and kept there so long as the corpse remained above ground. The flag was white and the escutcheon black, and altogether, as it waved about, it put spectators in mind of a skull and cross-bones.

The flag was kept in the keep: to keep it in the abbey would have been a violation of the old Pommeroy habits: consequently, as soon as the child was gone, the first order issued was to fetch the flag—the death-flag, as it was called in the abbey and in the neighbourhood. Jeffs and one of the other serving-men were deputed to the mission. They had left the abbey behind them, and were turning off to the grassy hollow that would take them to the keep, when they encountered Bridget, who had been spending the day with her sister, and consequently knew nothing of what had just happened.

"Thee'rt home early," cried Jeffs, who was fond of adopting the familiar mode of speech.

"Ay," answered the woman, "I grew restless, and I couldn't stop. Whenever these fits of restlessness come upon me, I look upon it that it's a sign I'm wanted elsewhere. Anyways, I was fidgety, and I came away."

"We are off to fetch the death-flag."

Bridget drew in her breath. "Who is gone?" she asked, in a tone of awe.

The young child.

"He! Why, he was all but well this morning."

"At all events, he's gone now. And the lord has been seen again," added Jeffs, in a whisper.

"Has he!" responded Bridget, with deeper awe.

"He was at the tower window, ghastlier than ever. Mr. Leolin saw him and Miss Pommeroy."

Bridget gave a shiver; her "flesh was creeping," she said. "Which of you two will go along with me to the abbey gates?" asked she.

Neither volunteered, and neither would, even at Bridget's urging. They must speed away to bring the flag, they said: Mr. Leolin brooked no delay in his orders, any more than did the rest of the Pommeroys. Bridget was at a nonplus: what with the death she had just heard of, the news that the ghost was abroad that night, and her own superstitious feelings and fancies, she did not care to go on to the abbey alone, short as the distance was. There appeared but one alternative, and that was to accompany the men to the keep, and come back with them: at any rate, it would ensure her companionship.

They proceeded unmolested along the low ground, and were ascending the slope of the keep, talking in an under tone of dread things. All in a moment something swiftly passed them with a rush and a whirl—it was close to them, they might have put out their hands and touched it, and

its stony eyes glared upon them as it passed—the apparition of Guy, lord of Pommeroy. Bridget clutched hold of her companions, with an awful shriek, and sank upon her knees on the ground: the men's hair rose up above their heads, and their teeth chattered.

How they lugged Bridget to the narrow doorway of the keep, or how they got to it themselves, and thundered at it till Jerome came, they best knew. Bridget made a rush at old Jerome and seized his legs, thereby pretty nearly upsetting him. "The saints have mercy on us all, Jerome! there's the ghost in the hollow."

"It was here this blessed night," wailed Jerome.

"Here!"

"Inside the keep. I saw it with my own eyes. What have you come here for?"

"The death-flag. Lady Anna's child's gone."

The old man lifted his hands. "How many more of the Pommeroys are to go, ere death shall be satisfied?"

"One more," whispered Bridget; "Mr. Rupert: and then the poor wandering spirit of the murdered lord will be laid to rest. I have said it from the first."

They were going home, the two men bearing between them the furled flag, for it was large and heavy, and Bridget catching hold of both of them and walking with her head ducked down, when a most extraordinary incident occurred. Walking towards them in the cold winter's night, without bonnet or shawl or any other wrappering over her evening dress of black velvet, with rich white lace on its low body and sleeves, came Mary Pommeroy. Bridget, who had lifted her eyes at the footsteps, shrieked out again, for she positively thought it had been a spirit.

"They are saying in the abbey that papa's in the hollow to-night," said the young lady, as they stopped in their astonishment, "and I have come to see. I have never seen him: others have professed to distinguish him at the haunted windows, but I have not: I want to see what he is like."

"She is off her head!" ejaculated Bridget, in a half-whisper.

"You are off your head yourself for saying it," retorted Miss Mary Pommeroy. "Is it so strange I should want to see papa, with all this commotion about him in the abbey? Brill came in just now, and said he had seen the lord in the hollow; they had to give him some brandy, for he was prostrate with fright. And I have come out to see him. I will see him if he is to be seen."

"And you have no fear?" uttered Bridget, aghast.

"Fear!" scornfully returned Mary Pommeroy. "No. I have the Pommeroy spirit, but not the Pommeroy superstition."

"You will catch your death, Miss Mary," returned Bridget again, while the two men stood uncovered in the child's presence. "Could you have put nothing on you, if you must have come?"

"Of course I could not: had they known I was coming, they would have stopped me. Have you seen anything of papa?"

"What has come over her?" Bridget continued to mutter: "it's against human nature to be so devoid of fear. We shall see nothing, Miss Mary," she added, aloud; "a looked-for ghost never comes."

As if to confute the woman's words, the same rushing sound, as of

garments passing them, was heard, and a shadowy figure neared them. Its dull eyes were strained on the child, and the child's were strained on it—the spirit of her father. Mary Pommeroy, brave as she had professed herself, shuddered forth a smothered cry, as she looked after it gliding away in the moonlight; and, to increase the solemnity of the scene to the horror-stricken group, the death-bell tolled out at that moment from the abbey chapel, for the soul of the infant, just departed.

II.

The lady of Pommeroy sat in her drawing-room with her boy, the young lord, when a servant entered and said that Jerome had come up from the keep and craved speech of her. She desired him to be admitted. The abbey was sunk in silence and sadness: nearly a fortnight had elapsed since the burial of the infant, but Lady Anna Pommeroy's life had since then hung upon a thread: she was beginning now to recover, and everybody was glad. Jealousy and dissension reigned in many hearts in the abbey, the retainers of one household even would cherish ill-feelings to those of another, and perhaps the only one who was really beloved by all, was Lady Anna. Had she died, it would have been regarded as a great and universal calamity.

Jerome came in, his white hair flowing on his shoulders. Of late years he had acquired a sad look of care. "I would speak with the lady alone," he said, bending his head with reverence.

"Rupert, my darling, go into the study to your tutor," said the lady of Pommeroy.

"I would rather pay a visit to Mary, and hear her tell about the ghost again, mamma."

"As you will, my boy: it is your hour of leisure."

"Jerome," cried the young lord as he passed him, "has it been seen at the keep since?"

The old man shook his head. "I misdoubt me, sir, that it will soon be laid."

"The servants have sat up to watch, but it has never been seen since the night it appeared to my cousin Mary in the hollow, when Jeffs and the other were bringing home the death-flag. I wish I had seen it: they talk so much of the strange face of my Uncle Guy."

"Madame," said Jerome, drawing near to the lady of Pommeroy as the boy withdrew, "the closing scene is certainly at hand."

"You think so, Jerome?"

"Nay, it is no thought. If ever the death-sweats were gathering on a man, they are now gathering on him. I said I should come up to the abbey, and he did not say me nay: times and times, when I would have come up before, he has said, 'No: wait: when the death-sweats are on my brow, then summons them.'"

"I will come down," said the lady of Pommeroy. "And bring—whom?"

"None but Mr. Leolin."

"Not Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"Madam, no. I could not take upon myself to counsel it. His hatred to her is deadly. I go also for Father Andrew."

"Jerome, you have had a trying time. If it be in my power, as the mother of the young lord—he will be the true lord now—to recompense your fidelity in any way——"

"The lady is very kind," interrupted Jerome. "I have seen the Pommeroys dwindle away, one after another; the old lord first, and then his sons, all save Mr. Leolin: nothing is left for old Jerome, but to hope soon to go after them."

"Nay, but I trust you will live many years, Jerome. These dark days will pass away, and there may be comfort in store for you yet. You would be faithful to my child."

"Faithful to your child, madam! Ay, that would I. Is he not a Pommeroy? and was not his sire, Mr. George, with his merry heart, dearer to me than some of the rest were?"

Jerome backed out as he spoke. He took his way to the residence of Father Andrew, which was close at hand, and saw the priest. "Father," he said, "you must come with me to the keep."

"What's up now?" cried the priest, who was fond of his joke. "Have you got a goose for supper, and want me to help you carve it and eat it? I'm at your service. But it's fast day, Jerome."

Jerome dropped his voice to one of grave import. "It is to shrive a dead man."

"To—shrive—what do you say?" wondered the priest, who had never known Jerome joke before.

"To shrive the erring soul of a dead man, father: a man who has been dead to the world more than nine years. I bid you come in the name of the lords of Pommeroy."

Meanwhile the lady of Pommeroy attired herself for walking, and she then sought Leolin in his apartments. Visits from the lady to him were rare indeed; his resentment against the young lord precluded much courtesy between them, and he looked surprised. One of Leolin's felt grievances against the lady of Pommeroy was, that through her judicious treatment and management—at least, very much was no doubt owing to that—her son, instead of dying off, a sickly shoot, was growing up strong and hearty, promising now to be as healthy and powerful in body as were any of the famed lords of Pommeroy.

"Leolin," she began, "I have had a summons to the keep, and I am about to obey it. You must go with me."

"A summons to Jerome?" was his sarcastic retort.

"Jerome brought it me. He would have brought the like to you, but that I deemed it better to come to you myself. One is lying there, at the point of death, who would see both you and me."

Leolin was surprised and staggered. "Lying at the keep! Who?"

She dropped her voice to a whisper. "The lord of Pommeroy."

Leolin could not comprehend. He stared at her in amazement and confusion.

"He who has been an exile and a wanderer for these nine years, Leolin, my brother-in-law and your brother. He is come back again, the true and only lord of Pommeroy, and he is under Jerome's care at the keep—dying."

Leolin caught up his hat as one dazed, and went forth with her. "Poor Rupert! poor ill-fated Rupert!" he uttered, "is he back at last!"

Leolin, in the courtesy of a gentleman, though from his indulged ill-feeling it went against the grain, gave her his arm. The lady of Pommeroy took it, and they bent their steps through the hollow towards the keep; Leolin turning his head from side to side in the twilight that was fast gathering. "Pray the Virgin that Guy's spirit may not appear to us this night," he murmured, half aloud, in his superstition.

"Ah, Leolin, do not fear," she said; "it will soon be laid now."

"With Rupert's death," he returned: "some of them have said it. When did Rupert arrive?"

"Speak of him as the lord, Leolin. I told you, years ago, that none else had any legal right to the title."

Jerome was already back, and Father Andrew was alone with the invalid. "How is the lord now, Jerome?" the lady inquired, as they were admitted to the keep.

"As he was, madam. There will be no change for the better."

Father Andrew came down from an upper room almost immediately. If ever a man looked perplexed and scared, he did at that moment. "The Sacraments are to wait," he said, staring at Leolin; "the lord would see you first."

Jerome led the way up-stairs, and held the door of a chamber open, for the lady of Pommeroy and Leolin to pass in. Leolin approached the bed on tiptoe. The windows were narrow and deeply set in the wall, and the daylight, besides, was growing dim, so that he had to bend over the bed to discern the features of him who lay upon it. "Rupert, welcome home," he said; "Rupert——"

With a cry that sounded too wild in its terror for anything human, Leolin Pommeroy started back. He saw not the handsome Rupert lying on the bed, but the ghastly features of the apparition; the glazed eyes and the hare-lip of Guy, lord of Pommeroy.

Sybilla laid hold of Leolin to detain him, perhaps to reassure him. "It is Guy himself, Leolin," she whispered; "it is not his spirit."

Leolin sank down on a chair, utterly confounded, the drops of perspiration oozing from his forehead. He was doubting whether he was in a dream: he was doubting what was true around him, what false: he was doubting whether that, on the bed, was Guy in the spirit, or Rupert in the body, with the semblance of Guy's face. The head turned itself slowly round on the pillow, and the dull eyes sought his. "Leolin, my brother," came to his ear in a hoarse whisper: and the voice was Guy's; not Rupert's.

"Leolin," cried Sybilla, "you will recognise Guy as the true lord of Pommeroy: whatever may have happened, while he lives, the title is his——"

"Guy, yes! yes!" Leolin interrupted; "who would dispute *his* right?"

"Well, Leolin, he has never forfeited it. It was Rupert who was killed, not Guy."

"I cannot understand," he uttered.

"In that scuffle in the haunted room, the one killed was Rupert," she resumed. "It was supposed to be the lord, and he was buried as the lord, but it was Rupert. The lord escaped."

"I beat him to death," broke in the lord from his bed, in a tone of concentrated fury. "I put a bullet in his head, and then I beat his

face to pieces. Leolin, he was your brother and mine, the son of our father and our mother; nevertheless I but gave him what he richly merited. I am on my dying bed, and I tell you but the truth: let it pass."

Leolin was confounded still. "The spirit haunting the next rooms—your spirit——"

"Was myself," interposed the lord. "Can you wonder that I haunted them in the body, to gaze on what was once my happy home?"

"You brought nearly death to some of us, death from terror, Guy," spoke Leolin, reapproaching the bed.

"Had I brought death to one who saw me, who watched for me, I should have brought her her deserts," ferociously spoke the lord: "Rupert paid the penalty of his guilt; she, equally guilty, lives. But people don't die from fright, Leolin; and the rest of you can make the ghost a joke for your future lives."

Leolin was turning things over in his mind. "Did you know it was no ghost?" he asked, addressing the lady of Pommeroy.

"I knew it: I and Jerome alone," she replied. "Stay, Leolin—I see what that reproachful look means: you think I ought to have told you and Lady Anna. But I was under an oath of secrecy to Guy, not to breathe a word of his existence. Once or twice I thought you must have suspected the truth, when I insisted upon it that *the lord* was the lord still: you could not expect I should call the sinful, erring Rupert lord of Pommeroy: at least you ought not to have expected it."

"And how did you learn it?" demanded Leolin.

"I will tell you. When the news of the fatal affray came out to us in India, the full particulars of Guy's murder by Rupert, my husband had no scruple in assuming his right as lord of Pommeroy. We were up the country on the hills, having gone there for my health and the children's—we had two then. George had temporary leave of absence, and we discussed our plans, which were for him to sell out, and that we should return to England and live at the abbey. Imagine our consternation, then, when we were visited there by Guy—by Guy himself, the dead lord, dead as we had supposed."

"I startled you, Sybilla," spoke up that hoarse voice from the bed; but it was growing feeble now.

"You startled George more, Guy," she replied. "I believe he really did think it was your spirit, as they have thought here. We learnt the true version of the affair, Leolin: we learnt"—the lady dropped her voice as she spoke—"the wrong, the provocation done to Guy by Rupert. He said he should be a wanderer for ever, and he insisted upon George's retaining the title and revenues of Pommeroy. George acquiesced, as a matter of precaution, for it might have been dangerous to let it get abroad that Guy lived; but come over to assume sovereignty here, he would not. Guy would take but the merest pittance for his own wants, and we enjoyed the rest. Upon George's death, Guy came to me again; he pressed me to return home, and assume sway at Pommeroy in right of my child, and I obeyed."

"In a few hours' time he will be the true, legitimate lord of Pommeroy," interrupted Guy. "Leolin, your opposition to him must end with this night."

"I thought Rupert was alive, you see," stammered Leolin, feeling

suddenly ashamed, he could not tell why, of his machinations against the young Rupert.

"And what if he had been?" retorted Guy, with all his old sternness, "who else, save the child, had a right to be the reigning lord? Sybilla, he is a brave boy: I have heard much of him from Jerome: he will make a more worthy lord than some of us did. Is it true that he and—and—my child—are attached to each other?"

"Very much indeed. But, Guy—if I understand the bent of your thoughts aright—I would remind you that because they are attached as children, it does not follow that they will be, as man and woman."

"I know that," he faintly replied; "I was but looking to a contingency. Should it prove that the attachment continues, Sybilla, you will not set your face against my child, from remembrance of her mother's sin?"

"I will not," she solemnly said. "You have my promise."

"And Leolin, be you a witness to her mother, should the question ever arise, that it was *my wish*," he laid a stress upon the words, "should other circumstances be favourable to it, that my child should become lady of Pommeroy. I have made my will, and you are Mary's guardian."

"Guy," Leolin interrupted, "you talk of dying, but I know not what disease is upon you. Is there no hope?"

"None."

"If there were—you might live amongst us again, and resume your position as chief. There would be no punishment inflicted on you: you but avenged yourself on one who did you foul wrong."

"Resume my place amongst you again!—with *her?*"

"Divorce her," hissed Leolin, between his closed teeth.

"No. But for my child, I should have done that long ago. As it is, I leave her to her conscience. I am dying of an incurable, inward disease, Leolin, induced by mortification and grief. It was that brought me to England again; I came to consult the medical men in London. After a few months' stay there, during which I learnt that nothing could be done for me, and that a short period must close it, I came down last autumn to Jerome. When my father on his death-bed made me promise that the keep should be Jerome's home in his latter days, he little thought it would also be mine. Here I have been since autumn, and here I shall die."

There was a great deal yet that staggered Leolin. "How could you have got into the haunted room unseen?" he asked.

The lord looked up at his old servant, who was in his full confidence, and had been in his father's before him. "Shall we tell him the secret, Jerome? strictly speaking, it ought to be known but to the lords of Pommeroy. I imparted it to George: and Sybilla holds it for her child."

"Ah, sir, what matters it?" was the answer. "The future lords of Pommeroy will have less cause for secrets, maybe, than some of those that are past. And Mr. Rupert knew it."

"Yes, and so brought the curse upon the house," impetuously spoke the lord. "There is a subterranean passage, Leolin, from this place, the keep, to the haunted room in the west tower. The entrance to the room is behind the nun's picture; the panel turns noiselessly. That was how Rupert entered—that was how I entered, and caught him there. It is how I have entered lately, when it has been my pleasure to roam about

those rooms in an evening: there is a set of keys to their locks: the bunch hangs in the underground passage."

Leolin turned to Jerome. "You knew of this secret communication, between the keep and the abbey?"

"Before you were born, sir."

Again Leolin bent over his brother. "Guy, is it to be made known—the fact that it is you who lived, and that Rupert died?"

A smile, actually a smile, but a ghastly one, flitted over the lord's face. "By to-morrow morning I shall be as dead as Rupert, what then can it matter to me? Yes, it must be made known, for the sake of the young lord's right; that will now be indisputable; and my will must be proved. You have marvelled, I hear, that George, during his reign, and Sybilla since, suffered a large portion of the revenues of Pommeroy to accumulate: the sum thus realised is mine, to dispose of as I will. Most of it will be yours, Leolin."

His voice had been growing so feeble while he spoke that they were alarmed, and suggested the recal of Father Andrew, who was waiting below. But, before they retired, Leolin again put a question to the lord. "Guy, would you not see your——I mean Mrs. Pommeroy?"

"Not while I live. Bring her to see me as the breath goes out of my body. Tell her it was to *him* she brought death that night; not to me. Tell her that if I have been lenient in suffering her to retain my name and the rights she forfeited, she owes it to her child. I would have seen Joan, but she is away again."

The priest took their place and they retired, to sit round the fire in the lower room of the keep. Leolin buried his face in his hands and mused. "I cannot understand, even yet," he suddenly spoke, looking at Jerome. "If Rupert was the one killed, how was it he wore the clothes of the lord?"

"It was but the coat," said Jerome. "After he was dead, the lord took off his own and put it upon Rupert. He put the contents of his own pockets about him: he wished it to be thought—it was a sudden impulse, he told me—that he was dead, and that Rupert had escaped: perhaps he thought it would make his own escape easier to accomplish."

"You knew of it, Jerome?"

"I learnt it the same night. I came to the keep, where I knew the one escaped must be, and there I found the lord. I supplied him with food and clothes till the day of the grand funeral, and then, Mr. Leolin, I left the abbey and came to the keep for good. The lord looked on at his own funeral, and when the country was being scoured for Mr. Rupert, he was decaying in the great vaults, and the lord was with me, in hiding. Soon after, he made his escape in disguise."

"Then, when Bridget and others professed to see the apparition of the lord, it was the lord himself they saw!"

"It was, sir. I warned him not to stir out of the keep, but he was restless, almost mad, and would steal out in the dark of evening, and stride about the hollow. Several saw him on the night of the funeral. And since his return this time, he has done the same."

"No wonder we took him for a ghost," exclaimed Leolin; "he is worn to a shadow, and there is a dead, glazed film over his eyes: I never saw it before in a living person."

"Sorrow and grief will change the best of us," cried Jerome: "and what the lord has suffered these nine years, he alone can tell."

"Especially if remorse be added," said Leolin, in an under tone, "and the lord cannot have been free from that. His own conduct, in the first instance, led to the consequences."

"Sir, blame him not," cried Jerome, lifting his careworn face. "It may be that he could not go aside from it; or she either: there was the prediction hanging over them, and it had to be worked out. Will the lady," he added, turning to her, "suffer that room to remain as it is, with all its wicked memories?"

"Surely not," replied the lady of Pommeroy, rousing herself from a reverie. "Its associations shall be removed, so far as my aid can do it: the whole wing shall be renovated and embellished, and the nun's picture destroyed. Leolin, I ask you a question again that I asked you years ago: Shall it be peace between us? Surely you will not now refuse."

Leolin Pommeroy put his hand into hers. "It is of no use acting against fate, Sybilla: your child must be the lord now, and no wish or power of mine can hinder it. But this very evening, before I learnt the startling fact of Guy's return, I had promised my wife never again to move act or part against the young lord. I shall love the boy yet; I should have loved him before, but that I steeled my heart against him. We shall be happier together than we have hitherto been."

With the grey light of morning, Mrs. Pommeroy, in wonderment and dread, was sent for to the keep. They were taking her into the chamber without preparation, but Sybilla, with her woman's heart, interfered. "It is to see him who was once your husband," she whispered: "be prepared for the shock."

Listening as one who hears not, and shaking in her bewilderment, she went on. Guy, lord of Pommeroy, lay there, dead now. She started back with a cry of horror, as Leolin had done.

"I told you to be prepared," said the lady. "He is at rest at last. These nine years he has been wandering, a miserable exile, wandering in the body, Mrs. Pommeroy; not in the spirit."

"What trick are you playing me?" she gasped.

"No trick," struck in Leolin. "The one who was killed in the haunted room, who was buried with all the honours as chief of Pommeroy, was Rupert; not the lord. The lord has but died now. You have been yearning in your heart, Mrs. Pommeroy, for the return of one, who was gone from the world for ever. It was Rupert who expiated his sin on that wretched night."

Mrs. Pommeroy felt as one baited. With a vast effort she rallied her courage and tried defiance. "Then, if the lord has been alive, I have been the real lady of Pommeroy: and you," turning to Sybilla, "a usurper."

For the moment none spoke, but Mrs. Pommeroy quailed from their looks of reproach: even Father Andrew, who had mostly a kind word for all, stood with his arms folded and a stern brow. Leolin broke the silence.

"No," said he, "you have not been the real lady of Pommeroy. You forfeited your claim that fatal night. The lord suffered you to retain his name and abode; but he accorded it, he bade us but now say, for the sake of his child." And Mrs. Pommeroy's face fell, to be hidden in her

hands, for she could not bear that they should gaze on its glow of shame.

"Better touch him, madam," put in superstitious old Jerome, compassionately: "it's said that when we touch a corpse we don't dream of it: better just touch him."

Once more, and, in one sense, for the second time, Guy, lord of Pommeroy, was consigned to the vaults of his forefathers, not with the honours of the chief of Pommeroy, but as a younger brother: the ceremonious grandeur had been given to Rupert. But the crowds, assembled to witness it, were beyond precedent, for the wonders had been made known, and the people flocked together from far and wide. Following, as chief mourner, in right of his position, as head of the house, was the young lord of Pommeroy; and, walking close behind him, came Mary, led by her Uncle Leolin. Jerome was after them. And the death-flag was waving over the gates of Pommeroy.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

BY FITZ-HERBERT.

> He, who to seem more deep than you and I,
> Extols old Bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
> Mistake him not: he envies, not admires;
> And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
>
> POPE'S *Imitation of Horace.*

WHO the envious poet above referred to, that underwent a lash from the author of the Dunciad for having praised our ancient British bards, could have been, I cannot tell: but you, my reader, will perhaps accord me a verdict of acquittal from feeling envy against existing sons of song, so far as the ignoble vice of detracting (as Pope will have it) from present genius may be exhibited by my venturing to point out a few merits due to the Irish variety of the great Celtic order of bards. In truth, I am thoroughly uninterested in drawing "odorous comparisons" (as Dogberry says) between poets, such as Taliessin of old celebrity, and Tennyson of modern fame, or between Cormac O'Daly *na feisoge fadha* (of the Long Beard) and Longfellow, being myself no builder of the lofty rhyme, and, therefore, claiming to be considered impartial in the matter of criticising the performances of that bearded bard and any of his fellows. But, indeed, a review of that retrospective and particular nature is not in my thoughts, since I do not propose to offer much criticism on literary labours of a class so antique and foreign as are old Gaelic effusions. Nor is it intended to harp upon the merits of the Irish bards in their character as harpers, further than to strike a few strings in praise of the emblem of Ireland, still honoured by being borne in the royal arms of our empire. The best claim, indeed, of these ancient musicians, to renown, consists in their having composed those exquisite airs, that, when married by a high priest of poetry to immortal verse, formed the beautiful union of harmony and sentiment all the world

admire under the name of "the Irish Melodies." I have so much, at the same time, to say anent these professors of music and singing, considered in their capacity as members of a past body politic—and very potent members they were—that it seems preferable to touch the chords of their quality in this remarkable regard first, and so leave my flourish about their musical talent to serve as a favourable wind-up.

Bards supplied the place of records and books in those unlettered ages when all that men wished to remember, when poetry itself—the only indestructible gift that genius bequeaths to the world—was dependent for preservation upon memory. One of the finest passages in Reed's "Introduction to English Literature" reminds us, in proof of the ancient use and vast value of poetry, that when, on one occasion, it was the divine purpose to imprint upon the memory of the Israelites what should endure from generation to generation, the minister of the divine will was inspired to speak in the impassioned strains of the imagination; and thus, in the song of their leader and lawgiver, the dying Moses, they were taught not-to-be-forgotten lessons. "Sing us one of the songs of Sion!" afterwards asked their enslavers. That song had lately been but too much forgotten. The paragraph in the work above referred to is too glowing and grand for us not to quote it: "The last tones," writes the gifted American author, "of that voice which had roused his countrymen from slavery and sensuality in Egypt, and cheered, and threatened, and rebuked them during their wanderings, which had announced the statutes of Jehovah, had proclaimed victory to the obedient and judgment on the rebellious—the last tones which were to go on sounding and sounding into distant ages, were the tones of poetry. The last inspiration which came down into the soul of Moses burst forth in that sublime ode which was his death-song. And why was this? 'It shall come to pass,' are the words, 'when many evils and troubles are befallen them, that this *song* shall testify against them as a witness, for it shall not be forgotten out of the mouth of their seed.'"

The greatest extoller of old bards that may, perhaps, be met with is Lord Macaulay, who, in the earliest of his splendid series of essays, the eloquent critique on Milton's works, writes thus: "Men talk about old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief." This is, verily, exalting, as Pope says, the sires of poetry. If such effects are traceable simply to its art, poetry was a power, indeed, such as Timotheus wielded. The brilliant essayist continues: "The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous." And he concludes, with little discernment, by observing: "Such feelings are very rare in a civilised community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry." In this last remark, we have the key to the mystery of bardic power. Superstitious faith, which remains with peasants for ages after it has been cast off by the educated classes, was the true ground of bardic authority.

It was not a poetic composition that so much swayed the multitude, as their belief that the bards were endowed with supernatural knowledge; since the mere repute of possessing such knowledge gave enormous power over intensely ignorant masses. The caste that claimed authority were

hereditary and professional successors of priests of Baal, and of Druids, augurers and *magi*, or magicians; and their paganism, or heathen doctrines and superstitions, have been so little eradicated by Christianity, that charm-verses still find purchasers among the English peasantry, as well as among the more credulous Irish. Originally, a verse, or *carmen*, whence our word *charm*, had a magical signification, such as the "neck-verse" worn by a criminal at execution, and the charm-verses used to cure various maladies. The first Earl of Orrery, in describing a victory he had gained over the Irish, after a battle in which their priests had encouraged them by charms and holy-water, observes: "Certainly they are a people strangely given over to destruction, who, though otherwise understanding enough, let themselves be still deluded by ridiculous things, and by more ridiculous persons."

The more ancient bards, as successors of Druidic astrologers, principally acquired their power by means of astronomy, in those dark ages before any such instrument as received its name from Lord Orrery's title had been invented.

In those pagan times knowledge of almost any sort was the monopoly of the Druidic castes, and, as such, was easily employed in governing the vulgar. It was, however, I repeat, the assertion of *supernatural* knowledge that invested those castes with their extraordinary influence, and, as they pretended to obtain it by study of the stars, hence the devoted attention to astronomy and the awe-inspiring character of astrologers. A very superficial acquaintance with the movements of the heavenly bodies enabled a college of Druids to predict eclipses, conjunctions of planets, and, perhaps, the appearance of such a comet as, in the year 1858, struck much terror on the superstitious; and we may be sure that men who could evince what seemed an intimate and marvellous knowledge of the visible heavens, would not scruple to impose on a credulity they could not enlighten, but announce themselves exponents of the will of heaven. Besides this tremendous source of authority, they were in sole possession of another, less cogent, but third in importance in savage society. This lay in the fact that their minds were the legal depositories of the time. The power derived from this range of knowledge was, of course, far less compelling in its nature than the sword, the authority that ranks second to supernatural in force upon human affairs. Yet we obtain a fuller idea of the origin of "the almost miraculous power," as Lord Macaulay terms it, exercised by an ancient bard, in reflecting that one of his functions closely resembled one fulfilled by a family lawyer, or man of business, since, as a *shanachie*, his head served in place of the tin-box in which your solicitor guards your title-deeds, proofs of pedigree, and, in brief, your rights of property. This comparison of a poet's head to a pigeon-hole in an attorney's closet requires an explanation that may be given thus. The country or tract of land possessed by each clan was owned by the clansmen in common. The chieftaincy, or kingship, was elective; choice, however, being restricted to the *senior* line, of whom the eldest male was to be preferred, and declared the clan seigneur, provided his personal qualities and mental characteristics, such as bodily vigour, courage, and generosity, qualified him to lead his kinsmen in war, and govern them in peace. These were the first principles of clan polity: but we may readily believe that such republicanism, with an elective president, became modified, in course of time, into a kingship

more despotic than any original seigneur had dared to assume, and that, notwithstanding the law of male gavel, or partition among males, on the utopian notions of fraternity and equality, his Gaelic majesty, say Cathal of the Red Hand, would take the liberty of parcelling the country he governed among his immediate relatives. Naturally, like Napoleon I., he would indulge in nepotism, and make his sons, brothers, uncles, and nephews the finest princes in his power. Gradually, therefore, seniority of line, that is to say, descent from recent seigneurs, or lords *de facto*, gave the first legal claims to enjoy life portions of the land belonging to a great tribe; and also, if the claimant were an aspiring warrior, occasionally induced him to seek the clansmen's votes for the seigneurship of the sept. As for the mode of voting, it is outside our theme, further than to hint that as, in the sixteenth century, contested elections depended for their result upon sword suffrage and ballot by bullet, bards competent to sing clever electioneering squibs must have been useful political agents. Considered as genealogists, it is manifest that, in times when each freeman of a clan regarded his pedigree as the charter of his civil state, giving him rights and claims on soil and suffrages, he must have been well inclined to treat the clan bards, who preserved and enunciated it, with distinguished consideration. Ludicrous as recitals of Rees ap Griffin, ap Owen, ap Hoel, ap Cadwallader, &c., appear, we can quite comprehend why Patrick Mac Teigue Mac Flanagan delighted in proving descent from his direct paternal progenitor, O'Brallaghan, since it was this lusty patriarch that acquired and peopled the O'Brallaghan country.

Therefore pedigree is the main argument of most Celtic poetry, as indeed of nearly all ancient Irish battles, down to the night when O'Rourke's guests, in the ode entitled "The Revelry of O'Rourke, who has not heard of?" (almost literally translated by Swift), quarrelled over the ever-recurring question of Who's who?

My gentle reader, if not of clan extraction, may need all this digressive explanation, though he or she may hardly care for this department of my theme. But I think it is clear that the poetic art, in its modern sense, was not the science that invested Celtic bards with their marvellous power. Their authority manifestly arose from their pretensions to supernatural knowledge, and fell from them gradually, with the advance of real knowledge. Hence the bitter animosity of their order, in pagan times, to Christian missionaries. Very inferior to this pseudo-celestial department came the sublunary one adverted to, their vocation of preserving the stock of mundane science, which, being merely oral, was handed down traditionally. For this vocal purpose they invented the arts, firstly, of alliteration and jingling of words, whence their name, *jongleurs*; secondly, of metre, whence their songs were termed madrigals; and lastly, of rhyme, whence their name, rhymers. In this their system was the same as that on which we ascertain how many days there are in a given month, by means of the most useful piece of poetry in our language, commencing, "Thirty days hath September."

The word *bard*, which seems to have originally signified a singer, is not an appropriate name for a poet, or composer of poetry. The Irish terms for the latter were *fileadh*, or prophetic poet, and *ollamh dann*, or professor of the art of poetry. It was considered beneath the dignity of a composer of verses to sing them, as "hoarse Fitzgerald" used to bawl

his creaking couplets in a tavern hall; so every *fileadh* of eminence retained his bard, who sang what his master had elaborated. The bards, however, seem sometimes to have broken into song of themselves, and to have otherwise so much encroached upon the prerogatives of the poets, challenging to possess equal acquaintance with the sciences special to the higher caste, as to occasion the bitter jealousy usual to two of a trade. The *fileadha* claimed to be adepts in certain sorts of political or civil information, such as, though quite dead knowledge in our eyes, was of business importance to clans and their chiefs. Thus the author of "The Book of Rights," in which the rights and revenues due to the several kings throughout Eire are laid down, protests, after enumerating the customs and duties payable of old to the monarch:

> It is not known to every prattling bard.
> It is not the right of a bard, but of a poet,
> To know each king and his right.

That author, indeed, as a staunch asserter of the claims of his order, begins his rhythmical revenue account-book by insisting that the right of each king shall be a question to *bards* for ever, but that the solution

> Shall be found along with the *Taeidhean*,
> With the chief poet of the Gael constantly.

In fact, this national laureate arrogated to be a judicial authority; so that the *Taeidhean*, a symbol of his station, which was a specially ornate mantle, was equivalent to the state robe of a lord chancellor. Here we have one of the strongest grounds on which the power of Celtic poets was based. Our author, indignant at the bare idea that bards might dare to assume his authority, continues:

> No one is entitled to visitation [to make the bardic
> visiting circuit] or sale [of his poems]
> If he is not a truly learned poet,
> In the use of various kinds of knowledge;
> Unless he knows the tributes and stipends, &c. &c.
> He is a rock of an ollamh [professor]
> When he comprehends the stipends, &c.,
> So that he can recite them all
> In each noble meeting.

That is to say, an assembly of the noble, or free men of the country, to whom that act of recitation was a repeating of their oral title-deeds.

> Let him not be an old rusty vessel,
> Influenced by wealth and friendship.
> He shall not be able to bind usages
> On great and noble tribes,
> Unless thus he variously distinguishes;
> And to his emoluments he is not entitled.

To be able to bind usages attached a real importance to the office of poet, who was the living registry of customs and privileges. Another poem, of similar legal character, written when laws were laid down, not in statute-books, but by the law-made-easy method of rhyme, concludes, having recapitulated the prerogatives of the monarch and the four provincial kings, as they existed in the eleventh century:

He is not entitled boldly to make the [bardic] visitation of a province,
Nor to the poet professorship of Eire,
Nor to that he asks, be it ever so trifling,
The poet to whom these [premises] are unknown.

In theory it was good that doctor poets, who, taken their degree in some college of the order, should decree on questions of right; but, in fact, their decisions were little respected in a land where might was right, because the sword was the only remedy. I must acknowledge, at the same time, that I have met with a curious proof that the poetic powers of bards formed, agreeably with Lord Macaulay's view, a principal source of their influence. The instance is, that among the ancient Welsh, the *musicus aulicus*, or musician of the hall of a chief, was entitled to the best heifer taken in a raid, provided he had previously sung an inspiriting chant.* Here, clearly, we obtain a notion of the value of a bard, who, in such cases, performed the part of brandy, such as was served out to the Russian soldiers in Sebastopol.

Reverting to the words of that distinguished and ennobled essayist, who, viewing poetry in its original sense of a creation (whence the Scots used to term a poet "a maker"), and premising that children are, of all people, the most imaginative, observes that, in a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. "It is, therefore," he concludes, "in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection." The greatest of poets, he who "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," has, indeed, given a just idea of the working of the art in which he excelled, in these felicitous lines:

As the imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

It has, nevertheless, been asserted that imagination produces no more than memory can supply, since none can idealise what neither eye has seen nor ear heard. If then it be true that imagination is merely drawn from memory, those whose memories are best stored may be understood to possess most richly the chief ingredients of the poetic talent. Yet, let me say, that if the heat of genius, the *vis animæ fervidæ*, be wanting, the mind's train of thought may indeed be crowded with ideas, but the fiery engine is not there that shall draw it up the heights of the temple of fame.

The ancient Irish bards, we are considering, knew nothing of steam and electricity powers, as means of annihilating time and space; and, in short, so meagrely were their minds stored with civilised imagery, that their machinery from this vast warehouse is quite primitive and contemptible. Again, take them on their own ground, the rocky wilderness, with its beasts of prey, and the fowls of its keen air, I am of opinion that those old poets yield in love and appreciation of the sublime and beautiful to the educated Londoners of our own day, to whom little flowers peeping from under a rock, and the mere lichens adorning its surface are delicious and rejoiceful. What frenzied Gaelic bard ever described nature in her glory with fuller admiration than did George Gordon,

* Hon. D. Barrington's Observations on the Statutes.

fifth Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in manufacturing Lancashire? To him, high mountains were a feeling; and, he asks:

> Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
> Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
> Is not the love of them deep in my heart
> With a pure passion? Should I not contemn
> All objects, if compared with these? and stem
> A tide of suffering, rather than forego
> Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
> Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
> Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

How shall we turn from this nervous verse to the pulings of Celtic children of the muse? Let us cry, "New lamps for old!" new wit, fancy, and wisdom, in lieu of old and incomplete. Some one said once, that more wit and pleasantry were uttered at many a modern dinner-table in London, during the hour after the soup, than would have furnished out a half-dozen of jokers of such jokes as Lord Bacon has taken the pains to record. To judge by his repertory of jests, our ancestors were easily pleased. Every one knows that the ancient office of jester, or fool, is now filled by jocose "diners-out;" and, it is agreeable to believe that these latter are, professionally and generally, considered superior to their predecessors, and far excelling the dull fellows who gave dinners in Elizabeth's time. A poem is not better for being old than a joke is, especially if both are indifferent, and if the former neither makes us smile nor teaches us what is worth learning. One fault to be found with old Irish poetry is, that it is far less humorous than are contemporary English ballads, such as the stirring series styled "Robin Hood's Garland," so replete with merry jests and quaint repartees, that one can laugh at as if they were as good as new. Seriousness, verily, is the characteristic of most of the elder poetry; a quality *Elia* accounts for, in his inimitable essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," by the want of candlelight among our troglodite ancestors, who, says he, found it useless to be witty, since, being in the dark, any one that made a joke must have had to feel his neighbours' cheeks to ascertain if they grinned.

"New lamps for old!" is the best cry since, though it was bad in the mouth of the African magician in *Aladdin*—modern illumination as far excels the knowledge of men who lived in caves, as our gas, bude, and electric lights outshine a rushlight. This cry is implied and recommended in the remarkable apophthegm of Lord Bacon, that "the antiquity of the world is not in the past time, but in the present." Our own age is the oldest, and all recorded knowledge and experience is ours. Of the art of poetry it must be true, as of other arts, that its general perfectibility has increased with the growth of time. In this view, let me, without pausing to compare the rude rhymes of old Irish bards with the polished odes and lyrics of Moore, and forsaking the theme of the poetry of "The Island of Song" for a glance at that of neighbouring lands, observe how the poetic talent of Scotland brightened from the time when Archdeacon Barbour versified the exploits of the Bruces, and when Sir David Lindsay threw off his coarse and clever satires, to our own age, when it has been enriched by the elaborate perfection of the muse of Abbotsford. Again, it is the artistic inferiority of Chaucer and Spenser, far less than the obscurity of their archaic diction, that has rendered them half eclipsed by the brilliant galaxy of modern English poets. In-

dividual talent will, of course, shine forth in its degree of magnitude, in whatever age the luminary may appear: yet assuredly not so brightly during general darkness, as if assisted by reflected and borrowed lights. For my critic self, much as I despise premeditated and unimproving plagiarism, I stoutly uphold the principle that there should be no monopoly, no patent right, in poetic and literary ideas, but that the best merit consists in the most felicitous expression of them. Molière's frank avowal as to wit, "C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout où je le trouve," is a candid acknowledgment of this Gallic poet's freebooting practice, in respect of the airy good he coveted, and a plain pleading of "guilty" to any arraignment for plagiarism before a court of literature. Such *brigandage* as to grosser matters was, no one need be reminded, "the good old plan," a time-honoured custom, among Gaelic chiefs, to whom nothing came amiss in a raid, unless it were too hot or too heavy; and we may be sure that their bards were prevented from improving their compositions in similar fashion solely by their state of ignorance.

Shallow as I propose my disquisition on the merits of antique Irish versification to be, I may notice that there are no depths to sound that would afford any proofs of extraneous gold having been mingled with the rough native ore; and that, moreover, however depreciatory may be my criticisms, they are quite fortified by those of the author of "Lalla Rookh," who, in his history of his country, dismisses Brian Boru's chief poet and secretary with the remarks that the remains of this royal bard's composition give by no means a favourable notion of his poetic powers; and, as for the rhythmical distichs, or *ranns*, scattered through annals, "their meaning is of the most negative description." The value of all these ancient specimens of lore consists, indeed, not in their poetic merit, which is *nil*, but in the facts of history they have preserved; the flies being, in this case, richer and rarer than the amber. Verses having been, before parchment and paper were invented, the medium of recording, we are not entitled to criticise runes and ranns, that were merely meant to keep certain traditions, as to events and laws, in national memory, as if written by bards whose eyes were rolling about at the time in fine frenzy.

Taking the poetic merit of early specimens of verse that might claim rank above mere law and history distichs into consideration, I avow the nugatory state of my taste for these relics, and remember the rough remark of a stern opponent of the claims of Macpherson's "Ossian," the great philosopher of Fleet-street, Dr. Johnson, in thus summing up the accomplishments of Highland poets: "The bard was a barbarian among barbarians, who, knowing little himself, lived with others that knew no more." This summary of the ancient condition of Celtic knowledge, or want of it, cannot be refuted. Many of those bards were blind, and took up their vocation in default of capability to follow any profession but music, for which the very deprivation of one of the physical senses especially, as is well known, adapted them. Knowledge was quite shut out from them by entrance at the sight. Nevertheless, the same natural defect did not preclude "the blind old man of Scio's isle" from describing the shield of Achilles, nor, though also clouding the vision of Milton, prevent his rapt intelligence from piercing either above the empyrean, or to the dark shades below.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By Sir Nathaniel.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?)—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!
Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,
Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XXI.—Flavius Josephus.

The credit enjoyed, first and last, by Josephus, as the "great Jewish historian," has been fluctuating enough. Denounced by his own countrymen, he was valued at the highest rate by early Christian writers, who accepted him without demur as a witness in favour of much wherein they were polemically interested. Then again he was scrutinised in no friendly fashion by more searching investigators of a later day. Bayle* mentions, in his article on Abimelech, that his indignation against *Josèphe* was a thing of very long standing, as well as of firm standing too. Le Père Hardouin is so hot against *Josèphe*, that he can't bear to hear him called Joseph, the name of a Christian saint: le bon Père has nought but scorn for the renegade Jew, and insists on calling him *Josèphe*, nothing (not a letter, not one poor vowel) less†—no one, that we are aware of, disputing the excited Father's liberty to take that liberty (if it be one) with the name in question.‡ Basnage is another pronounced opponent. Baronius in his Ecclesiastical Annals does Flavius Josephus some damage. Salien and Salméron withhold not the scourge from his shoulders. Bochart, Le Clerc, Gillet, Calmet, and others, show up his habit of tampering with the sacred text, and wresting a plain record to suit his crooked purpose. Voltaire is shrewd and caustic—is himself, in fact—in his strictures on the denationalised Hebrew. Later again there has been a reaction. The authority of Josephus has been defended by

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* Dict. hist. et littér.

† "Je ne veux plus l'appeler *Joseph*, ce serait le confondre avec saint Joseph. . . . Je n'ai que du mépris pour ce *Josèphe*; car je le nommerai toujours ainsi." Father Hardouin is something piquant in a pet.

‡ More telling and more dignified is the remark of Manasseh Ben Israel, in allusion to the historian's Romanising ways—that his histories should have borne the name of Flavius, not of Josephus.

various apologists—some of them perhaps interested ones, such as Jost,* the German author of a History of the Israelites since the age of the Maccabees, who maintains the excellence of this suspected witness, and lauds his veracity at the expense of that of Eusebius, the pseudo-Philo, the pseudo-Hegesippus, and many obscure Roman and Greekish-Roman writers, and scribblers of legendary lore. In our own country a turn in the tide, in Josephus's favour, has occurred since Dr. Traill's translation,† which gave occasion to a cautious reviewer to observe at the time, that the credibility of the historian, after having been admitted without question, or strongly maintained rather for the sake of ulterior considerations than on the ground of its own merits—and next unduly depreciated for no better reasons—was now rising again in general estimation, as inquiry and research disclosed fresh evidence in its favour: the historical character of Josephus in this respect being compared to that of Herodotus—"both have been subject to unreasonable suspicion, and both are now vindicated by the results of recent investigation in a manner at once satisfactory and surprising." But sturdy objectors there are, and will be, on whom the surprise will act as a very mild shock, and to whom the satisfaction will be found utterly wanting. Both at home and abroad there are scholarly thinkers who can't be brought to terms with Josephus, and who leave to others of more penetrable stuff the joys of being thus satisfied and surprised. As examples of this recalcitrant and, if you will, ultra-protestant class, may be named, among English scholars, Thomas de Quincey; and among French, Philarète Chasles. Both are anti-Josephite to the back-bone, each in his peculiar way.

The latter, M. Chasles, has written a rather elaborate essay on the subject, which occupies the first seventy pages of his *Etudes* on Early Christianity and the Middle Ages. The former, Mr. de Quincey, has taken Josephus to pieces, leaving whoso will to sweep up the bits, in more than one of his multifarious tractates—in the ingenious paper (more ingenious, may we say it? than convincing) on the Essenes, and in the grave and gay disquisition on Secret Societies. Given Josephus as an enshrined εικων in the Temple of Fame—then are both gentlemen, the Briton and the Gaul, stalwart iconoclasts, neither of whom is in the mood to forget his own particular swashing blow. And to Josephus a niche of the kind has been appropriated, with all the honours. Witness Chaucer in the House of Fame:

> Alderfirste loo ther I sighe,
> Upon a piller stonde on highe,
> That was of lede and yren fyne,
> Hym of secte Saturnyne,‡

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* Interested, inasmuch as Herr Jost had nobody but Josephus to consult on the entire period of his *Geschichte* which deals with Herod and Vespasian (as M. Chasles remarks)—so that if Josephus be objected to, as untrustworthy, there is thus far an end put to Herr Jost's History: naturally therefore, as human nature goes, or poor historians' human nature at least, the learned and really painstaking Herr is anxious to uphold against all assailants, and certainly against considerable odds, the validity of the only evidence extant for his use.

† Posthumous—edited by Mr. Isaac Taylor.

‡ Chaucer makes Josephus of the sect of Saturn because, according to the commentators, Saturn it was that presided over the frightful famine, pestilences, and slaughters which the Jews endured during the siege of Jerusalem, as related by this historian.

> The Ebrayke Josephus the olde,
> That of Jewes gestes tolde;
> And he bare on hys shoulderes hye
> The fame up of the Jurye.*

Dan Chaucer was a Christian poet, and only followed in the wake of Christian doctors when he thus exalted one whom the Hebrew race repudiated. In the feud between Christian apologists and Jewish unbelievers, Josephus was hailed as an ally, and treated as one worthy of highest consideration, by the former. It was enough that good Israelites rejected his evidence, to make good Christians accept it without qualification. These latter, as M. Chasles observes, shut their eyes to his contradiction or falsification, in numerous passages, of the words of the Old Testament; they forgave him his Pharisaic doctrines, and his wholesale omissions: they simply discerned, in his writings, one prodigious testimony in favour of the sanctity of their faith, Jerusalem destroyed and the Messiah avenged. Accordingly, this spectator of the catastrophe which fulfilled the prophecy, this pathetic narrator of disasters foretold in Christian records, became, virtually, and on the strength of this one fact, a Father of the Church. "St. Jerome, Eusebius, St. Gregory, all the Christians of the first six centuries, accepted him without a question. They were fain to make a Christian of him even, or a semi-Christian at the least.† They pretended that Saint John the Baptist had poured the water of baptism on his head.‡ Not content with admitting him as one of the most veracious historians of all antiquity, they devoted whole volumes to the elucidation of the one little paragraph found in his works, be that paragraph genuine or not, which refers to the advent of our Lord. "These insignificant lines," says M. Chasles, "which have been discussed with indefatigable *acharnement*, may belong either to Josephus, or a scholiast, a Christian, or a Jew, without either convulsing or weakening the foundations of the Christian religion."§

In truth, the importance attached to the controverted passage by the conflicting parties does seem to have been unreasonably exaggerated. Some eight lines it consists of. Count up the letters these eight lines contain, and then the volumes which have been written for and against them, and the volumes, we are assured, will outnumber the letters. Yet to what do the eight lines amount? What is the *quale* of their little *quantum?* They tell that about the time of Pilate's administration, "there lived a wise man named Jesus, who wrought miracles and was crucified." Wherein does such a statement, be it interpolated‖ or

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* Chaucer: "The House of Fame."

† Daubuz., "De Test. Flav." 93, 221 *sqq.*

‡ Hudson. 18, 6, 2.

§ M. Chasles refers, in illustration of the *infatigable acharnement* characteristic of the disputants, to Chr. Arnoldi's Letters on the Testimony of Josephus, to Huet's "Demonstr. Evang." and the article "de l'Autorité de Josèphe" in the *Huetiana*, &c.—especially, however, to Père Gillet's "Trad. des Antiqu. jud.," where may be found an accurate as well as copious collection of the opposing arguments in this much-vexed question.

‖ "True it is," writes Mr. de Quincey, "that an interpolated passage, found in all the printed editions of *Josephus*, makes him take a special and a respectful notice of our Saviour. But this passage has long been given up as a forgery by all scholars. And in another essay on the Epichristian era, which we shall have occasion to write, some facts will be laid before the reader exposing a deeper folly in this forgery than is apparent at first sight."—*On the Essenes.* Part I.

genuine, affect either way, for boon or bane, the Christian religion? The vassal of the Romans, and willing to have it so, Josephus could hardly venture to glorify, in a book written for the Flavian house, the cause which Tacitus stigmatises with contempt: in short, the passage contains, as our French critic remarks, nothing of the nature of an *éloge*, but only the briefest possible *résumé* of certain facts. "What after all do these eight lines prove? Josephus may have written them; they are marked by his ordinary caution and his habitual reserve; or he may not have written them, true to the custom he never forgets, to hold his tongue whensoever the *not* holding it may do him a mischief."*

Assuming Josephus to have actually omitted all allusion to the Messiah, it is not, as a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has suggested, altogether irrelevant to reflect that for the whole thirty years which Thucydides comprises in his work, Socrates was not only living, but acting a more public part, and, for all the future history of Greece, an incomparably more important part than any other Athenian citizen; and yet that so able and so thoughtful an observer as Thucydides has never once noticed him directly or indirectly. "There is no stronger proof of the weakness of the argument from omission, especially in the case of ancient history which, unlike our own, contained within its range of vision no more than was immediately before it for the moment."†

De Quincey gives full credit to the renegade Jew's well-wishers, for their natural and amiable desire to think the best they can of the one solitary witness, the one exclusive authority, concerning the last conflict of Jerusalem. He does not wonder, he says, at the pious fraud which interpolated these eight lines. He does not blame, far from it—he admires those who find it necessary (even at the cost of a little self-delusion) to place themselves in a state of charity with an author treating a subject like this, "the most affecting section of ancient history." Gladly, he professes, would he suppose, as a possibility about Josephus, what many adopt as a certainty. But he has scrutinised Josephus too closely for that; and the result is, that he pronounces Josephus to be an unprincipled man, and an ignoble man; one whose adhesion to Christianity would have done no honour to our faith—one whose adhesion to Christianity would assuredly was not a Christian—one who was not even in any tolerable sense a Jew—one who was an enemy to *our* faith, a traitor to his own: as an enemy, vicious and ignorant; as a traitor, steeped to the lips in superfluous baseness.

Josephus had only too much interest, says M. de Sacy, to represent his compatriots as frenzied madmen; for he had been a traitor to their cause. "The pen of the deserter is traceable in every word of his history. He

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* Chasles sur Flavius-Josèphe, § II.

† See the admirably-written essay on Socrates, in the form of a review of Mr. Grote's seventh and eighth volumes, *Quarterly Rev.*, vol. lxxxviii.

It is observable, by the way, that Josephus has no word to say, good or bad, about the "false Christs," as such. He calls them, as Mr. Merivale remarks, *λησται*, *αρχιληστα*ί, *γοητες*, *απατεωνες*, and "false prophets," but never *ψευδοχριστοι*. "He makes no more allusion to the false Christs than to the true Christ. The subject of the Messiah was one he shrank from contemplating in any shape. This may account for his silence about the persecution of the 'Christians' by Nero at Rome, even supposing these to have included the turbulent Christ-seeking Jews."—*Merivale's Romans under the Empire*, vol. vi. p. 536.

wrote it at Rome, in the enjoyment of leisure, which his favour in the eyes of Titus had procured for him, a rich and influential man, while the defenders of Jerusalem were wandering to and fro, without a place of refuge, or else had come to a cruel end." Elsewhere, however, the same kindly censor has this passage: "He [Josephus] had been witness of the events he relates; he had heard with his own ears the cries of those women and children who were crushed beneath the ruins, consumed in the flames, of the Temple. . . And we are conscious, in reading Josephus, that at Rome, in his palace, his remorse perhaps contributing to this result, he still heard those cries, and was again en eye-witness of that day of desolation everlasting!"*

Mr. Merivale justly calls attention to the variations in the Jewish historian's own account of his conduct, when placed in command of Galilee, in the "History" and in the "Life." The former work, we are reminded, had been written soon after the events themselves, in which he bore so eminent a part, when he had fallen into the hands of the Romans, and had consented to purchase their favour by a tribute of unlimited admiration. In this work, the History of the Jewish War, "it was his object to excuse to his countrymen his own recent defection; to represent the fidelity with which he had served their true interests, as agent of the party who sought to preserve their nation, though with the sacrifice of its independence; to charge on the rashness of the Zealots the ruin which had actually befallen them, from which he had himself escaped by timely but justifiable submission." Not so in the "Life." *That* was composed twenty years later; and in the Autobiographer's reply to the "insinuations of a personal enemy, that he had deserved ill both of Jews and Romans by the aimless obstinacy of his defence," we discern one who seeks no longer to keep up appearances with his countrymen—all sympathy between him and them being virtually extinct—but who "devotes all his ingenuity to showing that he was throughout a covert friend of Rome, seeking, under the disguise of prudent patriotism, to smooth the progress of the invaders, and deliver Palestine into their hands. If a cloud of suspicion hangs to this day over the head of the historian, he owes it to this shameless representation of his own conduct. The ardent upholders of a Jewish nationality, which has survived in some sense the fall of Jerusalem nearly eighteen centuries, still denounce him, from his own words, as a renegade to their cause."† Yet, while admitting that his equivocation is patent, and allows of no defence, it is Mr. Merivale's belief that of the two representations Josephus gives us of his policy, the former is the nearer to the truth;—that he was more faithful to his professions, in fact, than he wished, at a later period, to be supposed; that he has falsely accused himself, to preserve the favour of his masters, of crimes which should only have gained him their contempt. "He seeks in vain to repudiate the glory which must ever attach, in his own despite, to his skill and prowess. Allowing for many exaggerations and misstatements in both, according to their respective bias, I still regard the *Wars*, rather than the *Life*, as the genuine record of the campaign in Galilee."‡

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* De Sacy: Variétés historiques, 192, 201.

† See Salvador's History, ii. 15, 49.

‡ Merivale's Romans under the Empire, vol. vi. pp. 549 *sq.*

The personal character of Josephus may be regarded, to use the words of one of his ablest advocates, "as an historical enigma," of which the solution may well puzzle any known system of apologetics. "No writer of credit," says Professor Traill, "has ventured to call in question his eminent ability, either as a public person, or as a writer; and if in estimating his merit as a learned and literary man, we duly consider the disadvantages attaching to his Jewish education, and the tumultuous circumstances of his early life, we shall scarcely be able to refuse him a first place among the highly cultured minds of his own times." Dr. Traill proceeds to argue, what few will care to contest, that his personal story exhibits Josephus as a leader of consummate address, and of inexhaustible resources, of much promptitude in action, and prudence in council; one who, even if he failed in his conception of the nobler qualities of human nature, understood it perfectly as it is more ordinarily exhibited on the theatre of real life, and knew right well how to avail himself of those fitful impulses which sway the multitude. "Character," the learned professor then goes on to observe, "whether intellectual or moral, is to be estimated not in the abstract, but by the aid of some comparison, explicit or implied, with individuals of that class to which the one in question obviously belongs. But we must ask, to what class does Josephus belong, and with whom might we attempt to compare him? Like his nation among the nations, so he, in the midst of the great convention of illustrious men of his own or of other times, stands apart. Nay, and this is the very edge of our perplexity, he stands severed even from his own people! Is he a Grecian? but yet he is no Greek: he is of the Roman State,—but yet he is no Roman: he is a philosopher,—but he belongs to no school: and though he be a Jew, he is not of the Jews; for by them he is repudiated with the liveliest resentment,—while by himself they are treated with a calm pity, almost as if he were giving the history of a race extinct!"*

Yes, the blood of Josephus ran fearfully cold. There is only too much of blighting truth in the, at first sight startling, application that has been made to *him*, of Wordsworth's almost blood-curdling lines—

* * * * *

A fingering slave;
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.†

Is it asked, what act in the life of Josephus, what course of acts, can justify the application to *him* of a character so revolting? Then let the questioner bethink him of Josephus playing Our Own Reporter, Our Special Correspondent, at the funeral ceremony of his mother country. Josephus stood note-book in hand, as it were, as the sad procession passed by, and jotted down the particulars of the display. It is as though he were watching the bier of his mother borne by, "and they that bare her stood still," while he took an inventory of the effects, with a master-undertaker's eye to display, and with all the practised calm and alien apathy of a mute.

But on this point listen to one who has put the case as strongly as it can be (more strongly, some will think, than it ought to be) put:

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* Traill's Josephus, vol. ii. † "A Poet's Epitaph."

"The overthrow of his country was made the subject of a Roman triumph—of a triumph in which his patrons, Vespasian and his two sons, figured as the centres of the public honour. Judæa, with her banners trailing in the dust, was on this day to be carried captive. The Jew attended with an obsequious face, dressed in courtly smiles. The prisoners, who are to die by the executioner when the pomp shall have reached the summit of the hill, pass by in chains. What is their crime? They have fought like brave men for that dear country which the base spectator has sold for a bribe. Josephus, the prosperous renegade, laughs as he sees them, and hugs himself on his cunning. Suddenly a tumult is seen in the advancing crowds—what is it that stirs them? It is the sword of the Maccabees: it is the image of Judas Maccabæus, the warrior-Jew, and of his unconquerable brothers. Josephus grins with admiration of the jewelled trophies. Next—but what shout is that which tore the very heavens? The abomination of desolation is passing by—the Law and the Prophets, surmounted by Capitoline Jove, vibrating his pagan thunderbolts. Judæa, in the form of a lady, sitting beneath her palms—Judæa, with her head muffled in her robe, speechless, sightless, is carried past. *And what does the Jew?*

"He sits, like a modern reporter for a newspaper, taking notes of the circumstantial features in this unparalleled scene, delighted as a child at a puppet-show, and finally weaves the whole into a picturesque narrative. The apologist must not think to evade the effect upon all honourable minds by supposing the case that the Jew's presence at this scene of triumph over his ruined country, and his subsequent record of its circumstances, might be a movement of frantic passion—bent on knowing the worst, bent on drinking up the cup of degradation to the very last drop. No, no: this escape is not open. The description itself remains to this hour in attestation of the astounding fact, that this accursed Jew surveyed the closing scene in the great agonies of Jerusalem—not with any thought for its frenzy, for its anguish, for its despair, but absorbed in the luxury of its beauty, and with a single eye for its purple and gold. 'Off, off, sir!'—would be the cry to such a wretch in any age of the world: to

——spit upon his Jewish gaberdine,

would be the wish of every honest man. Nor is there any thoughtful person who will allege that such another case exists." For, our indignant commentator affirms, while traitors there have been many—and perhaps traitors who, trusting to the extinction of all their comrades, might have had courage to record their treasons—certainly there is no other person known to history who did, and who proclaimed that he did, sit as a voluntary spectator of his buried country carried past in effigy, confounded with a vast carnival of rejoicing mobs and armies, echoing their jubilant outcries, and pampering his eyes with ivory and gold, with spoils, and with captives, torn from the funeral pangs of his country. That case is unique, without a copy, without a precedent.*

Elsewhere the same determined denouncer has returned to the charge in similar terms. "Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims,

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* See the Second Part of De Quincey's speculations "On the Essenes." (1840.)

went as to a puppet-show, sat the long day through to see a sight.* What sight? Jugglers, was it? buffoons? tumblers? dancing dogs? or a reed shaken by the wind? Oh, no! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror—to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy—to see the mysteries of the glorious temple dragged from secrecy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then when this was finished, a woe that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves, he goes home to find his *atrium* made glorious with the monuments of a thousand years that had descended through the princes of Hebrew tribes; and to find his luxury, his palace, and his haram, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsurrendering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours, that the only traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honour."†

Josephus had won the favour of Vespasian by hailing him as the promised Messiah of his down-trodden fatherland. He seems to have hailed the Roman Imperator by the prophetic title of "Desire of all Nations." The Roman Imperator could not think of leaving such a coadjutor, such an adulator, such a men-pleaser and time-server as *that*, in chains. That would be too bad, said he. Αισχρον ουν, εφη. . . κ.τ.λ. So Josephus was "manumitted." The prince of the people let him go free. More than that, Josephus received the Roman name of Flavius, and was honoured with many honours. Abjuring the customs of his fathers, he married a captive of Tarichea. Titus, the *deliciæ* of his own Roman race, became the *deliciæ* of his new namesake, the Flavian Josephus. The ex-Jew accompanied the future emperor to the siege of Jerusalem,—indicated the best points of assault, superintended the labours of the military engineers, and harangued the besieged on the expediency of a surrender at discretion, until the harangue was cut short, and no doubt an eloquent peroration lost in consequence, by a shower of stones hurled with alarming force and plenty against the rhetorical renegade.

Indeed, the first great mistake, it has been with justice remarked, which is commonly made respecting Josephus, is that of regarding him

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* M. Chasles properly dwells on the fact, that only in Josephus is the description of this spectacle to be found, and in *him* detailed with a truly ignominious exactitude. Whereas Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and Zonaras are satisfied with recalling, *en passant*, the triumph of Vespasian and Titus, as though they fully partook in the conquerors' disdain for the conquered race,—Josephus makes amends for their silence; omits nothing; forgets nothing. While confessing the absolute incapacity of language to reproduce all this pomp and splendour, he essays to emulate the splendour and perpetuate the pomp by the magnificence of his own rhetorical displays. He tells how the statues of Victory are of ivory and gold. How the piled-up trophies weigh down their staggering supporters. How the gold of Chaldæa, the precious stones of India, the embroidered stuffs of Babylon and Ecbatana, glitter on every side. Dazzled with the sheen, the Jew spectator has no sigh for the fallen country at whose cost, nay, by whose life-blood, the holiday procession before him is paid. He can gaze on, and describe, the Golden Candlestick of Seven Branches, and adorn his description with his best "fine writing." He has no word of sympathy for the captives, his brethren after the flesh, as they are haled along: no pang of resentment at this public insult to the God of his fathers; for he remembers not, or cares not if he does remember, *que ce Dieu outragé est son Dieu, et qu'il assiste aux funérailles de son pays.* (See Chasles' *Etude*, § I.)

† De Quincey on "Secret Societies," Part II. (1847.)

as a Jewish writer—the more rigid in his creed because he belonged to the sect of the Pharisees. What say the Jews themselves? "We receive not this Josephus," is the declaration of the great commentator, Isaac Abrabenel. "He has written much, but he has always falsified the truth in order to raise the face of the Romans—like a slave in the hands of a severe master who dares to speak only as his master pleases. Thus, there are many things in his work which were written only through fear of Roman displeasure. He addressed his masters with sonorous phrases and honeyed words which they knew not to be flatteries; he praised his masters to the utmost of their desires. Finding himself at Rome in the midst of the kings and senators of the earth—placed under their very eyes—he described events as he knew that they were graven in their false opinions. He is not a historian but a flatterer."* Josephus himself acknowledges, says Mr. de Quincey, that Vespasian was shrewd enough from the first to suspect him for the sycophantic knave that he was: but then Josephus it was who performed that particular service for the Flavian family, which was the one *desideratum* they sought for and yearned for. "By his pretended dreams, Josephus had put that seal of heavenly ratification to the ambitious projects of Vespasian, which only was wanting for the satisfaction of his soldiers. The service was critical. What Titus said to his father is known:—This man, be he what he may, has done a service to *us*. It is not for men of rank like us to haggle and chaffer about rewards. Having received a favour, we must make the reward princely; not what he deserves to receive, but what is becoming for us to grant. On this consideration these great men acted. Sensible that not having hanged Josephus at first, it was now become their duty to reward him, they did not do the things by halves."† Whether he employed the influence his flattery had thus secured to him, for or against his fellow-countrymen, has been made a point of debate; Dr. Traill, for example, maintaining that he served them to the best of his means, without much zeal, perhaps, but steadily and sincerely. Dr. Traill is convinced, and would convince others, that the writings of Josephus everywhere bespeak the temper and views of a man not pure in principle, but not sordid; not, indeed, powerfully conscious of serious truth, and yet sincerely holding his belief, so far as positive belief could root itself in a mind like his. "Not the Maccabeus, or the martyr,—and yet willing and ready to take in hand whatever might safely be attempted *with the hope of serving and saving his country*, and of recommending its institutions to the good opinion of mankind, or at least desiring to screen his people from the contempt and hatred which met them as a scourge in every city of the empire."‡

The fact is, nothing could be more repugnant to the Judaism, such as it was, *sui generis*, of Josephus, than the Judaism of Judæa. While zealotry flourished in Jerusalem, and the spirit and age of the Maccabees seemed revived with power, Josephus was a latitudinarian, a quasi-rationalist, who, not content with enjoying and promulgating his own scheme of Hebrew theology, tried to bolster it in all its flagrant incon-

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* Is. Abrabenel, Comment. on Book of Daniel.
† De Quincey: "The Essenes," Part II.
‡ Traill's Josephus, vol. ii.

sistency on Moses and the Prophets. For instance, in his anxiety to conciliate Gentile readers, and to smooth over the Jewish right and *duty* of hostility to polytheism, what does he say but that the Jews really do not allow themselves to ridicule or condemn other modes of worship! "For my own part," he formally protests, "I do not bring into question other men's religious practices." Surely, you might have stopped there, Josephus. For one of your lineage, and of your sect—the straitest sect of the Jews—that was going far enough. But no; Josephus can go a good way further than that, without blushing: "In truth," he continues, "it belongs to us as a people to preserve our own usages;—not to inculpate those of other nations. And our legislator expressly forbade our either ridiculing or defaming those whom the nations around us regard as divinities."*

O Shame, where is thy blush!

Mr. Isaac Taylor is one of the best disposed of Josephus's apologists; but in a note on this passage he is fain to remark, "This was a bold assertion, and one which his adversary might have easily refuted. Are not the gods of the heathen contemptuously handled by David and the prophets? and are not the worshippers of stocks and stones declared to be stupid and absurd? This scorn of idols and idolaters had increased, not diminished, among the Jews."† No wonder that the ugly word *mensonge* occurs so often in Philarète Chasles's *étude* of the not-at-all over-nice *Josèphe*.

The abbé Anselme *a raison* when he complains of *Josèphe* that, in all his writings, "il avait les Romains sous les yeux, et songeait à leur plaire." Hence the avidity observable in the God-and-Mammon-serving, Jehovah-and-Belial-concordat-making historian, to establish, wheresoever he sees an opportunity, some analogy between Bible miracles and Pagan stories. In the same manner, according to our French censor, he makes Moses chant a canticle in hexameter verse; and confounds the passage of the Red Sea with that of the sea of Pamphylia by Alexander's troops (observing, that God who permitted the one may well have permitted the other), and assigns to the high-priest Mattathias a purely stoical discourse, that seems borrowed from Zeno or Carneades. At the close of his "Antiquities," he announces his design of one day completing his work, and of clearing up all doubts respecting the rites of the Jews, their abstaining from certain kinds of food, and their customs in general; that is to say, he will accommodate these national customs to Roman ideas. "Such is the aim of all his writings; they form one long commentary, the object of which is to overcome the antipathy and contempt of Rome, by winning her good will and esteem. This piece of systematic compromise is the work not merely of a courtier who, disabled from abjuring, transforms himself—who muffles his voice when it utters what is unpleasant, and conceals his thought when it wounds—but moreover of a clever diplomatist, who endeavours to identify himself with those who have him in their power."‡

Dr. Traill's predecessor in the task of translating the Jewish historian, "Wicked Will Whiston," makes the curious discovery that Josephus was, after all, a Christian. Mr. de Quincey has particular reasons for pulling

* Josephus contra Apion. II.
† Taylor's Natural History of Fanaticism, chap. vii.
‡ Philarète Chasles.

to pieces this conjectural assertion, and accordingly insists with his wonted force that so far from being a Christian, Josephus was not even a Jew, in any conscientious or religious sense—that he had never taken the first step in the direction of Christianity, but was, as many other Jews were in that age, essentially a Pagan; as little impressed with the true nature of the God whom his country worshipped, with his ineffable purity and holiness, as any idolatrous Athenian whatsoever.

On the whole, therefore, Josephus, as an historian, is to be viewed, according to De Quincey, as under a perpetual *surveillance* from what may be called the *police* of history—liable to suspicion as one who had a frequent interest in falsehood, in order to screen himself. "Nothing shows the crooked conduct of Josephus so much as the utter perplexity, the mere labyrinth of doubts, in which he has involved the capital features of the last Jewish war." He durst not, his relentless castigator contends, have told, even had he known—which, by his critic's hypothesis as to the *Christian* character of the Essenes, he did not—what was the ostensible ground alleged for the war. "He must have given a Roman, an *ex parte* statement, at any rate; and let that consideration never be lost sight of in taking his evidence. He might blame a particular Roman, such as Gessius Florus, because he found that Romans themselves condemned *him*. He might vaunt his veracity and his παρρησια in a little corner of the general story; but durst he speak plainly on the broad field of Judæan politics? Not for his life. Or, had the Roman magnanimity taken off his shackles, what became of his court favour and preferment, in case he spoke freely of Roman policy as a system?" The zealots who held out to the last, in the beleaguered city, were odious in person, in principle, in policy, in everything, to a man of so diverse a temperament as this so-called Pharisee. He could, Pharisee-like, thank Heaven (and the Romans) that he was not as these other men were. And when he discussed in history their doings and darings—their pertinacity in patriotism, after *his* once demonstrative patriotism was gone to the dogs (of Gentiles)—their persistent defiance of the world conquerors who came to defile the holy and beautiful city where their fathers worshipped in prosperity, and *towards* which they worshipped in adversity and exile,—be sure that he who so transforms the Maccabees* that we scarcely recognise them, would colour after his own heart the heroic, if also turbulent and impracticable men who yet loved the hill of Sion, after Josephus had found metal more attractive in the seven hills of Rome, and who still fought for her temple and would fight to the death, long after *he* had cast in his lot with the foe, and thought it no shame to find a shelter and a refuge in the abomination of desolation itself.

But with all our abuse of the Romanised Hebrew, let us keep in mind

* Well may M. Chasles call it a *curieuse étude*, the transformation undergone by the two Books of the Maccabees in the penmanship of Josephus. These intensely Jewish warriors are changed into Stoics of heroic cast. They show not a trace of that indomitable attachment to Jewish manners which forms the essence of the original record. Josephus thoroughly effaces their unconquerable spirit of fanaticism, in order to exhibit nothing beyond moral strength under physical torture, and thus give scope to declamatory comments in the true Pagan tone. We listen to expositions in the style of Seneca, of Cicero, of Carneades. But the Israelite—the most bigoted of exclusionists, whose divine right it is to be bigoted, whose incumbent duty it is to be exclusive—where is he?

the debt we owe him for his narrative—whatever may be its imperfections, omissions, or misrepresentations—of the last act in the great Tragedy of *Judæa Capta*. A theme to inspire the coldest blooded of penmen, recreant though you call him, or miscreant,* or what you will! A narrative which the foremost of those who pronounce "Josephus" dull reading, in effect *un*readable, must surely except from such a censure. Readers of various tastes, and of clearly distinct orders of mind, certainly do own to finding Josephus a dry author. Such Madame de Grignan seems to have accounted him—judging by the quasi remonstrance in one of her mother's renowned epistles, wherein the Sévigné tells the Grignan, apropos of readings for November nights, that it would really be an ineffaceable disgrace not to read through Josephus—to stop short, stick fast, or break down, in that toilsome task. *Ce serait une honte dont vous ne pourriez pas vous laver, de ne pas finir Josèphe.*† Hélas, continues madame mère, if you knew what I have got to finish, and what are the sufferings I endure from the style of my Jesuit author (Maimbourg), you would bless your stars and think it luxury to have such a *beau livre* to finish as Josèphe!—One surmises, however, that the elder lady suffered not much more from the Jesuit, than did the younger‡ from the Jew.§ Cowper in one of his Olney letters (1783), descriptive of *his* November nights' entertainment, thus expresses his opinion of the historian: "L'Estrange's 'Josephus' has lately furnished us with evening lectures; but the historian is so tediously circumstantial, and the translator so insupportably coarse and vulgar, that we are all three weary of him. How would Tacitus have shone upon such a subject, great master as he was of the art of description, concise without obscurity, and affecting without being poetical! But so it was ordered, and for wise reasons no doubt,

* Entering upon the subject of Josephus's denial of the aggressive antipolytheism of the Jewish religion, Mr. de Quincey exclaims: "Hitherto Josephus is only an apostate, only a traitor, only a libeller, only a false-witness, only a liar; and as to his Jewish faith, only perhaps a coward, only perhaps a heretic. But now he will reveal himself (in the literal sense of that word) a *miscreant*; one who does not merely go astray in his faith, as all of us may do at times, but pollutes his faith by foul adulterations, or undermines it by knocking away its props—a *mis*believer, not in the sense of a heterodox believer, who errs as to some point in the superstructure, but as one who unsettles the foundations—the eternal substructions. In one short sentence, Josephus is not ashamed to wrench out the keystone from the great arch of Judaism; so far as a feeble apostate's force will go, he unlocks the whole cohesion and security of that monumental faith upon which, as its basis and plinth, is the 'starry-pointing' column of our Christianity. He delivers it to the Romans, as sound Pharisaic doctrine, that God had enjoined upon the Jews the duty of respectful homage to all epichorial or national deities—to all idols, that is to say, provided their rank were attested by a suitable number of worshippers. . . . . Does the audacity of man present us with such another instance of perfidious *miscreancy?* God the Jehovah anxious for the honour of Jupiter and Mercury! God the Father of light and truth, zealous on behalf of those lying deities, whose service is everywhere described as 'whoredom and adultery!'"

† Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné, 3 Nov., 1675.

‡ And yet, in a letter dated only ten days later, we read: "Je vous remercie du goût que vous avez pour *Joseph* [sic]; n'est-il pas vrai que c'est la plus belle histoire du monde?" (Ibid. Nov. 13.) Was Madame de Grignan then a real admirer, after all, or only, to please her mother, a piously fraudulent pretender?

§ A fortnight later still, for example, we find Madame Mère returning to the charge: "Ne lisez-vous pas toujours Josèphe? prenez-courage, ma fille, et finissez *miraculeusement* cette histoire." (Ibid. Dec. 1.)

that the greatest calamities any people ever suffered, and an accomplishment of one of the most signal prophecies in the Scripture, should be recorded by one of the worst writers. The man was a temporiser too, and courted the favour of his Roman masters at the expense of his own creed; or else an infidel, and absolutely disbelieved it. You will think me very difficult to please: I quarrel with Josephus for the want of elegance, and with some of our modern historians for having too much. With him, for running right forward like a gazette, without stopping to make a single observation by the way; and with them for pretending to delineate characters that existed two thousand years ago, and to discover the motives by which they were influenced with the same precision as if they had been their contemporaries."* Charles Lamb, again, condemns "the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew)" to the limbo of Unreadable Books.† On the other hand, Robert Southey, one of Cowper's biographers, and of Lamb's most trusty friends, found Josephus the best of good reading before he was in his teens, and was excited by Josephus to some of the earliest and most ambitious of his many early and ambitious "heroic epistles in rhyme."‡ We may object to the dry circumstantiality of Josephus, or else to his impassive chilliness, or to his rhetorical ornamentation and his laboured endeavours at effect; but in crises at least of his chronicle, his subject asserts its own stirring power, and moves the reader, however unmoved the writer. The most artistic of narrators, the most dramatic, picturesque, and profoundly earnest, may be searched in vain for what surpasses in the sublime§ that recital of the signs and wonders which marked the closing scene of all—when the gates of the Temple were flung open by no human hands, and the thunder of no human voice resounded from the Holy of Holies, to announce the ruin of an infatuated people, and the departure of a long-forbearing God.

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* Cowper to the Rev. Wm. Unwin, Nov. 24, 1783.

† "I have no repugnance. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

"In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large: the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without:' the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding." —*Essays of Elia*: "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading."

‡ In his twelfth year Southey became possessor of the "whole works of Josephus, taken in by me," he says, "with my pocket-money in threescore sixpenny numbers,"—and still in good condition, and held in affectionate remembrance, when he was writing his Autobiography, in the fall of life.

In his thirteenth year Southey wrote an "heroic epistle in rhyme," from Alexander to his father Herod, "a subject," he tells John May, "with which Josephus supplied me."—*Life of Southey*, vol. i. pp. 117, 119.

§ That once celebrated scholar, Mr. Mathias, who gained a name by being anonymous, thus estimates "that wonderful section" in the seventh book of the Jewish War: "The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Æschylus himself."—*The Pursuits of Literature, Bk.* IV. *l.* 473, *notes.*

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Bushby.

I.

The heavens are red with wild devouring fire,
Blood-stained Rebellion shows her frightful head;
On pour the insurgents, by fierce passions led.
Riot and rapine hang on murder's car,
And all the horrors of a servile war.

Chapman's *Barbadoes.*

It was a lovely West Indian evening; the tropical sun had set in all its splendour, and the gorgeous clouds of crimson and gold, which canopied the western horizon, had gradually melted into the softest blue. The evening star reflected a long line of sparkling light over the dancing waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and the clear moon had just risen above the distant hills, tingeing with a silvery hue the waving branches of the graceful cocoa-nut trees. The din and the heat of day were past; the plaintive cooing of the mountain dove might now be heard, and the sighing of the wind through the rustling canes "made music to the lonely ear." Sweet odours came wafted on the cooling breeze from hundreds of wild aromatic shrubs; and the brilliant fire-flies glanced their ruby light in many a mazy round.

It was the voluptuous hour which the black inhabitants of the West India Islands dedicate to unmixed, undisturbed enjoyment. Here, might be seen groups of negroes dancing to the sound of the sprightly violin, the tambourine, or their favourite *banja;* while the satirical words of the songs, screamed by the women, and the constant accompaniment of clapping of hands, added to the general hilarity and noise, for, with negroes, *noise* is indispensable, whether to mirth, sorrow, or anger.

There, were parties lounging almost at full length on the little platforms before the doors of their houses, enjoying in its utmost luxury *il dolce far niente,* or engaged in smoking their long tobacco-pipes, while clouds of smoke rolled lazily from above their heads. Some of the women might be observed more actively engaged in "boiling pot"—viz. preparing in the open air a supper of no unsavoury viands for themselves, their husbands, and their children, whilst the latter were generally to be seen munching huge "junks" of sugar-cane, or roasted Indian corn.

It was at this idle, yet busy hour, about forty years ago, before the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies had taken place, that, on a plantation called Orange Valley, a number of negroes were assembled in a ruin at a remote part of the estate, where the now dismantled dwelling of a former proprietor had stood. The house had been blown down in one of those dreadful hurricanes which so often devastate the blooming islands of the West. It had never been rebuilt, because its situation, at the extremity of a long gully, and at the foot of a semicircle of hills, was thought to be too much exposed to the violence of the

winds. The rank grass now grew in its unroofed halls, and few cared to approach "de old-time house," for it was supposed to have become the abode of a wehr-wolf and the haunt of jumbees. Its grey walls, however, now afforded concealment to a number of negroes who had met at the request of one in authority among them. They had met to hear lessons of rebellion, and rapine, and murder preached to them from the lips of a white man, who professed to be a minister of religion!

But the Reverend Jabez Judd, as he chose to dub and to style himself, had no real claim to the character he had assumed. He had never studied for the Church, he had never been ordained, nor had he ever ascended a pulpit in his life, in his own country. He had been brought up, it is true, among a strict sect of Dissenters, amidst whom his father—a respectable carpenter—had been a shining light; but he was a very unworthy member of the sect to whom he nominally belonged, and from his bad disposition he had been a "a thorn in the flesh," as they termed it, to his parents from his childhood.

His real name was Benjamin Budd, and he had been a journeyman farrier in the suburbs of a seaport town in England. He was a quarrelsome, ill-tempered fellow, who delighted in making mischief whenever he could. At last he got into a serious scrape from his violent temper—he killed one of his fellow-workmen; not exactly from any predetermination to commit murder, but in a fit of ungovernable fury; and as he had often been heard to threaten the man whom he disliked that "*he would do for him*," the jury would very probably not have given a verdict in his favour, therefore he thought it best to abscond at once.

Fortunately for him a ship was about to sail from the seaport close to which he lived for the West Indies, and knowing the second mate, he managed to get quietly on board. He was able to pay for a steerage passage, and he gave himself out as a holy person, who had had "a call" to go as a missionary to enlighten the black heathens in the benighted West India Islands. He bought a Bible from one of the sailors, and stole two or three tracts from a *serious* fellow-passenger; with this small stock in trade, and a large stock of impudence, he commenced his career as a missionary, to teach and to preach the word of life to "the unsuffocated Genteels," as a native apostle denominated "the unenlightened Gentiles," meaning the lower class negroes.

The Reverend Jabez Judd was soon on friendly terms with the above-mentioned native apostle, the two worthies agreed to work together, and it was very edifying to see the white man and the coloured man—regardless of their different pedigrees and skins—uniting in their efforts to bring the poor negroes into the odour of sanctity as far as was possible. The Reverend Jabez was very efficient in thundering about hell-fire and eternal punishment; while the blander Dr. Obadiah Stephens, or as the people called him, Docta Tiefhens* (he *did* steal poultry sometimes), took the opposite side, the higher, at all events, the more pleasing ground, and painted the joys of Paradise in a fashion alluring enough to his hearers, certainly, but savouring more of Mahometanism than of Christianity.

* Negroes generally make sad havoc among names; even those of their partisans *par excellence*—Wilberforce, Macaulay, and Fowell Buxton, which surely deserve reverential precision from them, are rendered absolutely ludicrous by the absurd manner in which they are pronounced, when mentioned at all.

Dr. Obadiah, whose phraseology was rather peculiar, generally commenced his orations by bespeaking the attention of his auditors, while he "*derided a word of reason, i. e.* "delivered a word in season," which he always did with the orthodox nasal twang. However, the two worthies got on—there is scarcely a community on the face of the earth where impostors may not succeed, for a time at least.

The Rev. Jabez Judd and his coadjutor both felt secretly inclined to foster rebellious principles among the negroes; they foolishly fancied that if an insurrection took place they would become great people, and be enriched on the spoils of the wealthier inhabitants of the island. Being both perfectly ignorant and uneducated men, they did not know—what all history proves—that the first movers in every rebellion are sure to be sacrificed sooner or later to the jealousy of the furious mob whose evil passions they have themselves aroused.

Mr. Judd had gone on cautiously, both from the fear of being betrayed, and from the still greater fear of losing too soon the contributions which he levied rather unsparingly on the purses and property of his negro followers. But his doctrine had spread; and there were not wanting many bad subjects who eagerly acquiesced in his plan of a revolt.

On the evening in question an unusual number of negroes had assembled at the "old-time house," many of whom were in the secret, and many who had only gone from curiosity. Aware that they could not all be depended upon, the white and the mulatto incendiaries avoided appearing among them: but they delegated their honourable task to an old negro, who had been long celebrated as an Obeah-man, and who, consequently, was held in great respect, not unmixed with dread and dislike, by the generality of the negroes.

Mounting a kind of pulpit formed by a space on the ruined wall, old Nestor, the Obeah-man, commenced the business of the evening by "giving out" portions from some favourite hymns. One was:

> Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
> Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
> To liberty assert your claim,
> And fight in the Redeemer's name!
> Help from above will guard the weak,
> Your freedom—bought with blood—go seek!

In singing these hymns the greater part of the assembly joined; and much emphasis was placed on those lines which referred to "claims to liberty," and alluded to "freedom bought with blood." It was evident that the negroes took these expressions literally, as applying to their *temporal*, instead of their spiritual, state, and had no idea they were used in a figurative sense.

When the singing was concluded, the Obeah-man addressed to his congregation a sort of inflammatory harangue, in which he set forth their wrongs and their rights; but chiefly he dwelt on the inducements to become free by the destruction of the white inhabitants, of the male sex at least, many of the "buckra women" being "too purty" to kill. He enlarged upon the fondness the people of Great Britain had for the "pore niggers," and assured them that the English people thought "black men could do no sin," so they might murder the white men as fast as they pleased.

"Den," he wound up with, "after all de buckra men gone to de debil—noting more to do. You can drink all de wine in dem cellars—you can chew all de canes in de cane-pieces—eat all de sugar in de boiling-houses—and drink whole poncheons of rum. And den de work of de Lard will be finissed, and dere will be great joy, as Mass' Parson says, among de saints in heben, and de saints upon eart! Eamen!"

The orator then descended from his elevated post, and a dead silence for a few moments pervaded his bewildered audience. The hint of unlimited grog made a deep impression on some of the sable gentry; but there were others who shuddered at the idea of the wholesale murder which was to precede the promised libations of rum, and not a few had the good sense to wonder where more rum, and wine, and provisions would come from when their masters' stores were exhausted.

After leaving the accustomed donations for their avaricious pastors, the negroes began to separate, but it was not until a late hour of the night that some of them reached their own habitations.

II.

THE owner of Orange Valley was a young man, whose father, like many West Indians, had spent his fortune with too lavish a hand, and left to his son an estate so much encumbered, that the income derived from it did not admit of his living in England in the style to which he had been accustomed, and from which he was not willing to descend.

Augustus Evelyn at twenty-four had the choice of retiring to rusticate in some cheap country town in Britain—of studying some profession—or of returning to the West Indies, to keep together, as best he might, the shattered remnants of the once-flourishing property which he had been taught from infancy to expect was to be a splendid inheritance. Of these evils he chose the last. To wear out life on an uncertain pittance, in idleness, and amidst the dulness of a little country town, was not to be thought of. He had not interest to rise beyond mediocrity in the law; he was too fond of amusement to undertake conscientiously the rigid duties of a clergyman; he was too old to enter the army or the navy; and he had neither the wish nor the capital to embark in mercantile affairs.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the dissuasions of his English friends, the pity, the sneers, the evil auguries with which he was beset, he resolved on "burying himself alive," as they called it, in his native island. That he *kept* his resolution was a great stretch of fortitude and magnanimity—it could not be expected that he would have any pleasure in the prospect before him—and he sailed from England under all those excited feelings of fondness and deep regret which have so often been experienced by young West Indians on leaving the shores of Britain, and the remembrance of which serves, in maturer years, sometimes to increase the disappointment they feel on returning to those cherished scenes of their youth.

Evelyn did not dislike his own country; he did not anticipate, as had been predicted to him, that he would die of yellow fever in three days after his arrival, or be struck by a coup de soleil, or undergo the more lingering horror of being starved to death. But he *did* dread the

monotony of a residence in the West Indies; he groaned at the ennui that was awaiting him, and lamented to his gay companions the want of society, the dearth of amusement, the absence of all literary pleasures which he anticipated in those distant scenes, amidst which his father—a sensible, well-informed man—his mother—an elegant and accomplished woman—had spent the greater part of their days.

"Ah!" sighed he, as he threw himself into the mail for Falmouth, then the packet station, and where he was to embark, "it should be written on the shores of each of these remote and dreary islands,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate!"

But Augustus was only twenty-four; he had not, therefore, outlived the elasticity of youthful spirits—those buoyant spirits that form the charm of the first stages of life, and that, after any temporary depression, rebound again so soon! He became accustomed to the vicissitudes of a voyage as well as to its dulness, and when the packet approached in rotation the lovely islands of the Caribbean Sea, their beauty took him by surprise, and he could not help confessing that his native soil was worthy of admiration.

"But I shall find nobody to speak to!" he exclaimed, with the self-conceited arrogance of youth and the ignorance of prejudice. "Associating with the natives is out of the question."

Had the natives known that such was his contemptuous opinion of them, he would have been left to the enjoyment of it in solitude and neglect, but his father and mother had been much esteemed in the island, and their son was welcomed with warm hospitality.

Notwithstanding his disdain of colonial society, Evelyn was inconsistent enough to accept with alacrity of every invitation. He went to balls public and private, to less formal soirées, to dinner-parties, private concerts, maroons, and card-parties; nor among the list of amusements were wanting private theatricals and races.

He could not exactly define to himself what he expected his countrymen and countrywomen to be; certainly quite a different race of beings from those who inhabit the Old World—narrow-minded, stupid, and limited in their ideas as in the extent of dry land around them. He was stupid enough himself to forget that intellect, that gift of God, belongs not exclusively to any nation or any climate; that it is developed by education, and that West Indians, with a few exceptions, enjoy the same advantages of education as do the stationary inhabitants of more temperate climes. Evelyn was astonished to find society in his native island composed exactly of the same materials as society of a similar class in England.

But in proportion as he found himself agreeably surprised in the people of his own rank in the colonies, his English prejudices in favour of the labouring population became weakened. He had expected too much from them, and disappointment could hardly fail to attend his actual acquaintance with them. To be "a negro" was, in his unreasonable imagination, to be generous, faithful, forbearing, humble in spirit yet lofty in fortitude, stoical, self-denying, returning good for evil. In short, his fancy had bestowed on the but lately civilised descendants of African savages, or the half-civilised savages themselves, the elevated character

that is alone to be found among the most sincere disciples of the sublime religion of Christ. What wonder such exaggerated and unnatural expectations were disappointed?

If, as we are told, the natural man is corrupt, how can greatness and goodness in the highest degree be expected among men but a little removed from their natural state? In them, the absence of *bad* should be considered positive *good.* But negative virtue of this kind was not to be prized by one who anticipated a mixture of heroic and amiable qualities.

Evelyn had landed at a part of the island distant from his estate, and he had been detained there a few days; at length, however, he made his appearance on his paternal property, Orange Valley, and highly was he gratified by the reception he met with from his negroes. They surrounded his carriage, they lifted him from it in their arms, they hurraed, and shouted "One tousin welcomes to a' we dear 'nyoung massa!" "Happy for see massa 'mong him own people!" "Gar Amighty bless massa!"

Overcome with emotion, Evelyn could at first only utter in broken words his thanks, his kind feelings towards them, his warmest wishes for their future happiness. At length he became more master of himself, and before he left the gang he had promulgated his intention of holding a levee next day, at which he should be ready to listen to *all* grievances with a view of redressing them; to hear *all* petitions with the resolution of granting them. Three holidays were by his orders accorded to the gang, and they were not backward in availing themselves of the means of revelry which he caused to be largely distributed.

The next day came, and with it, at the appointed hour, detachments of the discontented negroes. Some walked briskly on, laughing at their "*moomoo*" of a young master, and determining to put his good-nature to the test; others lagged sheepishly back, as if they did not well know of what they were going to complain, or for what to sue. When they had all assembled, and Evelyn had placed himself at a table with writing materials to make notes of their grievances and requests, they all began to talk at once, and each striving to make himself or herself heard, their voices arose to such a pitch that Evelyn was compelled to thunder "silence" in an authoritative tone. He might as well have hoped to hush the ever-rolling waves of the Atlantic; *silence* was not to be had; but after a time the negroes began to drop into talking parties of six or seven.

In consequence of the clamour and of their endless digressions, Evelyn obtained but a very confused and indistinct knowledge of their complaints and wishes in general. Some few, however, had been audible, and he felt rather awkward in the recollection that he had pledged his word to fulfil the latter. One man particularly implored to be "*unmarried.*" He had entered into the bonds of wedlock partly to please "Mass' Parson," and partly to acquire a legitimate right to a barrel of excellent salt pork; but the pork was consumed, and Mass' Parson still rebuked him for his sins.

"Wha for den," urged Quaco, "me mus keep married? Me tired too much ob dis *biglock*, as Mass' Parson call it. Me want massa please to break it, and let me get free from she."

Evelyn shook his head, and professed his regret that to grant the boon

was out of his power; whereupon Quaco retired, apparently much provoked and disappointed. Poor Quaco! Some of his white brethren of the vast human family, in greater countries, may perhaps have a fellow-feeling with him in the matter of the inconvenient indestructibility of this said "biglock."

By far the greater number of petitions were to remove the petitioners from working in the fields. The men were all convinced, and endeavoured to convince their master, that they would make very skilful tradesmen, and the women were equally loquacious in praises of their own qualifications for ladies'-maids, cooks, laundresses, sick-nurses, &c. In vain Evelyn harangued on the utility and value of field labourers, on the certainty of ruin if all deserted the cultivation of the ground, on the want and misery which would ensue; each man and each woman thought the rest of the gang might work in the cane-fields with propriety and comfort, but each claimed exemption for himself or herself. Finally, they all departed in high dudgeon, because their master "fool 'em all, and no wort he word."

Evelyn had flung himself on a sofa in quite as bad humour as his negroes, and from the same cause—the disappointment of unreasonable and ridiculous expectations—when Mr. Lawson, the manager of the estate, was announced. He came to give an account of his stewardship, but the proprietor of Orange Valley was too eager to enter into all his own crude and ill-digested plans to listen to matter-of-fact statements. He was intent upon emancipating the negroes upon his own individual estate, without any reference to the rest of the colony. They were to give their word of honour to be peaceable and industrious, to cultivate the soil, and to remain tenants for life. He spoke of the blacks not as they really were, but as the heroes and heroines into which his wild fancy had transformed them; and Mr. Lawson, a sensible, practical man, could scarcely preserve his gravity when he listened to the Utopian ideas of the Johnny Newcome. But finding that arguments were thrown away upon Mr. Evelyn, and wisely thinking that opposition would only increase his mistaken zeal, he took his departure as soon as possible.

Evelyn set himself to work to draw out contracts, which the negroes were to sign, binding themselves to perform a certain quantity of estate labour, in consideration of being made free. He had been as busy as the mosquitoes would let him, had scribbled over some quires of paper, and had nearly prepared the various documents, when circumstances, giving a new bent to his volatile thoughts, suddenly checked him in his Quixotic career, and arrested his sage schemes.

III.

Our juvenile enthusiast had fallen in love, and now thought more of making himself agreeable to the fair Isabella Walton than of becoming the liberator of his black bondsmen.

He had heard of Isabella from the first day of his arrival—indeed, before his arrival—for she had gone out to the West Indies two years previously, by the same packet that afterwards conveyed him, and the captain had been eloquent in praise of her beauty and fascinating manners. A few hours after he landed, as he was walking up the principal street of the

little town of —— with a gentleman who had gone on board to receive him, he observed a number of young men on horseback and on foot, crowding round a carriage which was standing at the door of a fashionable *store.* He pointed them out to his companion, and asked what was their attraction.

"It is the beautiful Miss Walton's carriage," said the gentleman. "She is the reigning belle of the island, the idol of all the men, and the envy of all the ladies."

"Is she really pretty?" asked Evelyn, with a sneering air.

"*We* think so; but you will doubtless soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself, for no party is thought complete unless graced with Miss Walton's presence."

"Are they rich, these Waltons?"

"Mr. Walton was formerly considered rich; but bad crops and worse prices, high duties, and the enormous charges on estate supplies, have materially impaired the largest West Indian fortunes."

"What sort of a girl is this beauty of yours? I mean, is she chatty, or a piece of still life?" inquired Evelyn, carelessly.

The cheek of his companion flushed as if with an emotion of anger, while he answered, "You speak very much de haut en bas of Miss Isabella Walton; *here*, she is never mentioned but in terms of respect and admiration. However, as to your questions, she is anything but *still life*, and yet she cannot be called *chatty.* Miss Walton is a very superior young woman, and it says much for her good sense that she has not been spoiled either by the very odd education which a whimsical father has given her, or by the adulation she universally meets with in society."

"What is odd about her education?"

"Why, her father had her taught Greek and Latin, and everything, I believe, that her brother learned at school. That was not so strange, but he made her learn the use of pistols and other fire-arms. She is a capital shot, and also very skilful in archery."

"She will never enlist me among her admirers, then," said Evelyn, "not if she had the charms of a Venus. I cannot endure either a masculine woman or a pedantic woman, and to possess these united qualities would render the most beautiful girl on earth odious in my eyes."

"But Isabella is neither masculine nor pedantic; they say she studies a great deal at home, but in society she dances, and plays, and sings like any other girl."

From that moment Evelyn conceived a secret dislike to Isabella Walton, whom he chose to believe to be a bold, brazen-faced, unfeminine young woman, who only attracted admiration by the arts of a finished coquette.

Two or three days after this his friend took him to the race-ground, it being the last day of the races, and here again was Isabella's barouche surrounded by gentlemen, eagerly courting her notice. Evelyn could see a tall, slender figure standing in the open carriage, but her parasol was so held that he could not even obtain a glimpse of her features. He was not a little piqued that nobody offered to present him to her, and, in fact, he felt altogether chagrined and disappointed that he, a handsome, dashing young man, just arrived from England, did not seem to make a great sensation among "the natives."

When the race was over, Mr. Walton, who had hitherto been entirely

engaged in observing the horses, came up and requested to be introduced to him. Evelyn concluded that an introduction to the daughter would immediately follow, but at that moment her carriage drove off, and all chance of his making her acquaintance that day was at an end.

At the first ball to which he went, he of course expected to meet Isabella, and he had determined not to be induced to dance with her. But she was not there: she had gone with her father to spend a few weeks with some friends in another island, and loud were the regrets of the gentlemen on account of her absence. Evelyn hoped that by the ladies, at least, he would have the consolation of hearing their favoured rival abused. But no—even the ladies praised her; they were too prudent or too amiable to hazard one unfavourable remark, and all, whether sincerely or insincerely, wished she had been there. Evelyn felt more than ever incensed against the unknown Isabella, at the same time that he could not utterly repress his growing curiosity to see her.

At length the Waltons returned home, and Mr. Walton proposed to invite Evelyn to their house for a few days. Isabella, who was mistress of her father's house, her mother having been dead for some years, made, however, so many objections to this proposal, that Mr. Walton agreed only to ask him to dinner.

Mr. Walton laughed at Isabella's disinclination to become acquainted with the son of his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, and endeavoured to persuade her that she would find him "a very fine fellow." But Isabella could not pardon Evelyn for having imbibed the prevalent English prejudices against West Indians, nor his having formed a contemptuous opinion of his own countrymen, an opinion which Evelyn had taken no pains to conceal, and which had been duly reported to Isabella.

"I think the less we see of Mr. Evelyn the better, papa," she said. "I understand he looks upon us all as semi-barbarians, therefore it is superfluous to trouble him with our *savage* hospitality. He must be a very impertinent, supercilious young man. I have no patience for *West Indians*, at least, who assume such airs."

"Oh, pooh, Isabella! it is merely the nonsense and affectation of a very young man; we must not send him to Coventry for such youthful sins."

"Well, ask him to a formal party, since you will have him here, papa; but, for Heaven's sake, spare me the annoyance of being domesticated with him for days."

An invitation to dinner was accordingly sent to Evelyn, and accepted by him, though, in accepting it, he determined to show Miss Walton as little attention as possible, and to convince her that *he*, at least, was not to be subdued by her boasted charms.

Isabella, on her part, had resolved to take no more notice of Evelyn than good breeding rendered necessary; though not vain, she was conscious of her beauty, she knew the power it gave her, and she determined to use that power to mortify, if possible, the overbearing stranger.

Thus predisposed to dislike and to slight each other did Isabella Walton and Augustus Evelyn meet.

Evelyn was lounging on a fauteuil in Mr. Walton's drawing-room,

languidly replying to those who from time to time addressed him, and looking as if he thought himself a much finer gentleman than "the bores" around him, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and Isabella gracefully advanced, cordially greeting some, and courteously, but more distantly, receiving others of her guests. In sudden amazement at the blaze of beauty which burst upon his sight, Evelyn started up and remained standing while she walked through the room. It was now his turn to be noticed, and Mr. Walton introduced him to his daughter. Albeit his previous resolves, Evelyn's salutation was more profound than fashionable, but Isabella, slightly curtseying, passed on to another part of the room, where she was speedily engaged in gay conversation, without seeming at all to be aware of the honour Mr. Evelyn had done her father and herself by accepting their invitation.

Evelyn felt mortified and confused; he was ashamed of himself for having involuntarily risen when Isabella made her entrée, and he had nothing for it but to sit down awkwardly. Yet he could not feel anger against the beautiful girl, on whom his eye was now riveted with intense admiration.

"No, I never saw any one half so lovely!" said he to himself; and in truth few could have been more perfect in form and feature. Isabella was above the common height, but not awkwardly tall; her figure was slender, yet round; her hands and feet small; her throat, long and finely turned, was white as alabaster; and her brow was also of dazzling fairness. Unlike the generality of ladies in the West Indies, there was a rich bloom on her cheek—not the chubby red so often to be met with among the *country* beauties of England, Ireland, and Scotland, but a tint delicate as that of an opening rosebud. Her hair was of a dark and glossy auburn, while her pencilled eyebrows were still of a deeper shade. Her eyes, full of intelligence and expression, were of a bright hazel, that peculiar colour which seems to change, sometimes appearing of a sparkling black, sometimes of the softest blue; and her small, well-formed mouth, with its short upper lip, had, along with an expression of firmness, a sweetness in its smile that was quite enchanting.

"And this beautiful creature is the person I have been teaching myself to dislike and despise!" internally exclaimed Evelyn, still gazing at her as long as he could without rudeness.

"It is a pity that young men should be so conceited and presumptuous," said Isabella to herself, as she glanced towards Evelyn; "he has an intelligent and agreeable countenance."

At dinner, Evelyn, as the greatest stranger present, was placed next to Miss Walton, while on her other hand sat a deaf old gentleman, who piqued himself on his skill on carving, and who was too much engrossed with that occupation, and with demolishing the viands before him, to waste much time in conversation. The lady on the other side of Evelyn was one of those unsociable beings who never venture, in company at least, to put forth more than a "yes" or a "no;" and he was soon tired of dragging from her these alternate monosyllables. Isabella and Evelyn were, therefore, reduced to the necessity of maintaining profound silence, or of speaking to each other. Insensibly they began to converse, and before dinner was half over they were engaged in lively discourse.

"A pleasant young man this, after all," said Isabella to herself.

"What a charming creature!" thought Evelyn. In short, they were mutually pleased; and when the gentlemen joined the ladies after dinner, Evelyn sought Isabella with the air of one who did not much fear being unwelcome, and who was anxious to renew an agreeable tête-à-tête.

Many were their subsequent tête-à-têtes; sometimes in a crowded ball-room, sometimes at a quiet dinner-party, often in Isabella's drawing-room, during the sultry hours of morning, and oftener still on the lone wild shore, when the last fading rays of the declining sun cast a purple haze around, or the moon's bright beams were dancing on the glittering waves.

Evelyn was an altered being; so, too, was Isabella. A new charm seemed to have been added to her existence, an intoxicating sense of happiness such as she had never before experienced; very different, indeed, from the triumph of gratified vanity, or the calm consciousness of domestic peace. It was the charm of young and happy love, casting, as it were, a spell of enchantment around her. The waving of the cocoa-nut branches, the rustling of the distant canes, seemed more musical than ever; the wild flowers that she trod on in her path seemed to blossom in brighter luxuriance; the very air of evening seemed more pure and balmy.

Evelyn and Isabella, though they had at first met under inauspicious circumstances, had now become warmly attached to each other, and they were not doomed, like too many others, to know the misery of blighted hopes.

They married, and found all their visions of happiness realised; for, though the less volatile Isabella possessed, perhaps, the stronger mind, both were amiable, both ardent in temper, and cultivated in understanding.

Evelyn gave up the scheme of making all his negroes *suddenly* free, and applied himself, with Isabella's advice and assistance, to increasing their comforts; providing them with sound moral and religious instruction, and endeavouring to raise them by degrees in the scale of civilisation to a level with the free peasantry of other countries, thus to fit them for the enjoyment of rational liberty.

Still, freedom and equality were his favourite themes, though he never could exactly define what he meant; and many were the arguments which he and Mr. Walton held on these subjects, both, perhaps, being partly right, and both partly wrong.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

By W. Charles Kent.

VII.—BURNS AT MOSSGIEL.

Bright dews of labour on his brow,
Warm passion in the ruddy glow,
Deep-flushing lustrous eyes below—
What love flames back
Where through green leaves the white gleams flow
That mark *her* track!

Sweet glimpse but of a rustic girl
With tartan veiled, whence streams one curl,
Where fluttering witcheries unfurl
Love's springe of hair—
Of ringlets, yea! the pink, the pearl,
His heart to snare!

Among the rippling wheat he stands,
A tawny reaper with brown hands,
That swathe ripe sheaves with crackling bands,
Or with keen blade
Sweep gold waves back from stubble-strands
With shocks arrayed.

Rough, sunburnt, stalwart son of toil,
To till, to sow, to glean the soil,
How fair for thee that ringlet's coil
That lures thy gaze!
Not rudest lot thy fame shall foil
To chant her praise!

One moment there, one moment gone,
Quenched seems the arrowy beam that shone
That twinkling golden tress upon
In trills of light—
Hope's shadowy mist of dreamings drawn
Before thy sight!

Seen through which tremulous haze of hope,
Spread wide before thy fancy's scope—
As when o'er midnight's mystic cope
God's gems are seen—
Strange visionary splendours ope
And shine serene.

A young athletic peasant, thou!
Full soon Fame's crown shall gird thy brow,
Thick gemmed with scarlet berries' glow,
'Mid bristling leaves,
Thy sceptre, but a sickle now,
Sway souls for sheaves.

That wondrous sceptre of thy song
Shall ever to thy land belong,
While every rapture, every wrong,
That thrills thy breast,
By sympathy shall thrill the throng
Thy woes have blest.

Then million millions yet unborn
Will hail with joy this autumn morn,
When, loitering 'mid the ripened corn,
Thy glorious eyes
Watched through yon maze of leaf and thorn
Thy life's best prize.

Thy bonnie Jean, thy winsome wife,
Sweet blossom of that rugged life—
Rough rind with tenderest fibres rife,
Whence bloomed yon flower,
Rich guerdon of thy manhood's strife,
With healing power.

Was not her type that gowan fair,
When, toiling down the glebe of Ayr,
Thy footstep tracked the hissing share
That turned the mould,
And pity yearned that jewel rare
With love t' enfold?

The bonniest lass of blithest charms
Thou e'er didst win with wooing arms,
To soothe thee midst the world's alarms
In home's dear rest,
With looks whose merest memory warms
Thy manly breast.

The fairest of them all was she—
Yon "lass that made the bed for thee!"
To whom thy trust in grief may flee,
By anguish riven—
When Highland Mary e'en shall be
Still loved in heaven!

Unheard as yet Fame's trumpet-call
From yonder lowly labours' thrall
To grand Walhalla's deathless hall,
Where waits his throne—
Yon peasant-poet counts worth all
Her love alone!

Around him thus the day-beams shine
O'er locks more black than raven's crine,
O'er glittering orbs of light divine,
And radiant face,
Where sentience thrills each lordly line
With nerves of grace.

Ah! better, Robin, thus to stand
With sickle aye in healthful hand
Than leader of a brawling band
With gauge or bowl,
When bowed to sordid craft thy grand
Heroic soul!

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.*

The question of negro slavery having been recently the subject of so much sharp controversy in connexion with the system of free immigration introduced by the Emperor Napoleon, our readers will probably be glad to receive any information which may serve to throw light on the present condition of the slave trade in its principal stronghold—Brazil. In M. Dabadie's very interesting work we find much valuable detail on the matter. Himself an ardent opponent of slavery under any garb, he devoted much time and research to the question during a recent visit to South America, and we purpose to condense his remarks, as proving where the slave trade must be vigorously attacked if we desire its utter suppression.

After passing a well-deserved encomium on the English cruisers, our author is forced to the conclusion that, despite all the willingness they have displayed, they have only succeeded in putting a slight check on the slave trade. Swift sailers, built expressly for the trade, still land every year thousands of negroes at Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco. This results partly from the neglect of the French cruisers and the complicity of the Brazilians, who never capture a slaver save when compelled; and partly from the immense profits derived from the trade. The slave dealers rapidly amass enormous fortunes, which open up to them the path to honours and the highest offices in a country where slavery is generally regarded as necessary. Their calculation is very simple: if one vessel out of five arrive safely, a considerable gain is realised. In addition, they manage matters so that all the personal risk is run by men whose names are borrowed at a price, but who receive an infinitesimal share of the profits. To what cruelties such a system leads, the following extract from the *Morning Chronicle* of February, 1858, will supply a proof. "We learn from the Cape that the steamer *Sappho*, while cruising off the west coast of Africa, sighted a suspicious-looking vessel of about 900 tons, which, on being chased, ran ashore. The *Sappho*, being prevented from approaching by the shallowness of the water, lowered its boats. The slaver did the same, after throwing overboard eight hundred negroes. When the boats' crews boarded the vessel, they found four hundred negroes still on board, who were taken to Sierra Leone. The slaver was burnt, and during the operation, her men fired on the *Sappho's* boats from the shore. Half the negroes thrown overboard reached the land, the rest perished in the waves."

Brazil is the only country in South America which enjoys a monarchical government, and is also the only one that has maintained slavery. This is not surprising: the Brazilians imagine that slavery is a question of life or death for them. The owners of the soil are convinced that, were the negroes emancipated, their fields would remain uncultivated, and general misery succeed the present opulence. The middle classes in the towns, accustomed to the enjoyments of miserable sloth,

* A travers l'Amérique du Sud. Par F. Dabadie. Paris: Ferdinand Sartorius.

subsist by the labour of their slaves; a portion are employed in domestic duties, while the others are sent out to earn a fixed sum, which they must pay every night, under pain of punishment. Many slaves are also let out by the month: the men as cooks, workmen, waiters, &c., the women as nurses, washerwomen, &c. Many of the female slaves are allowed to sleep from home on condition that they pay a double sum next morning. We need not point out what a frightful system of immorality this must entail. Still, the number of slaves would have insensibly diminished in Brazil, and slavery would end there some day without any dangerous crisis, if the government had the wisdom to enforce the existing laws. But it eludes them on every occasion, for they were only passed to satisfy England. Instead of seeking out the detainers of newly-imported slaves, who are free by law, the latter are abandoned to all the horrors of illegal servitude. Even worse: a number of these unfortunates, seized on board slavers by the imperial authorities, and placed as domestics in the national *fazendas*, were killed one fine morning by false death returns, and sent secretly to the estates of certain officials, or friends of the ministers. Even the nurses at the Foundling Hospital return the black children as dead and sell them for their own advantage. This would appear incredible, had it not been publicly stated in the *Jornal do Comercio* of the 7th of August, 1857. This is all very barbarous and scandalous; but no one in Brazil is roused to indignation by it; the French colonists less than any. Even the decree of 1848, which menaced them with the loss of citizenship if they did not give up their slaves, has been of no effect. Even French officials have been known to violate this wise law, while simple English merchants, rigorous observers of the laws of the country, restricted themselves to the employment of free negroes.

At the present day Brazil is evidently the most active home of slavery. This deplorable institution has lost none of its force there, and no serious reform has been tried to ameliorate the lot of the slaves. If the statistics published by Dr. Lobo in 1850 are exact, the city and suburbs of Rio Janeiro contain 100,599 slaves of both sexes, out of a population of 266,466. If to these are added the liberated negroes and mulattoes, we find that the African race is equal or superior in numbers to the whole white and Brazilian races. Of all the different African tribes forming this slave population, the Minas are by far the most interesting. They possess a rare beauty of form, which induced an artist friend of our author to remark, "A Minas, if guillotined, would be a *chef-d'œuvre* of nature." Tall, robust, and well set up, they combine rare elegance of posture with herculean strength. Hence they are generally employed in the most fatiguing labour; to them is entrusted the duty of carrying from the warehouses to the ships the huge bags of coffee, which would crush an ordinary man. The Minas is, besides, intelligent and haughty: obedient to the Koran, he resigns himself to slavery as a law of destiny, but he will not let himself be brutalised. He does not regard himself as inferior to the white man, does not humiliate himself before him, never asks mercy when being flogged, and sees his blood flowing with a stern stoicism, at times emitting glances of concentrated fury. In spite of the isolation in which it is sought to keep them, the Minas have a strong sense of their humiliation; they regard one another as members of the

same family, keep up their mother tongue, love their wives fondly, are jealous of them, and adore liberty. This love of freedom, joined to an indomitable energy, is very disquieting to their masters, who often detect the germs of conspiracy, and apprehend the fate of the whites of St. Domingo. It is certain that, were it not for the strict watch kept on them, the Minas, who have already proved their contempt of death in terrible insurrections, would speedily rend their fetters. In the mean while, many of them avenge by the knife or poison the excessive cruelty which renders their life a martyrdom. The Minas women are not less interesting than the men. Owing to their intelligence, they are employed in the sale of fruits, poultry, and fish, either at the various markets or in the streets of the city, where they walk about with their baskets on their heads, and frequently suckling a new-born babe. Their costume is extremely picturesque: it consists of a turban, a red or black bodice, a coloured skirt, and a long scarf, in which they drape themselves with a negligence full of coquetry. They are fond of neatness, and even luxury; you never see them without necklaces of coral or beads, earrings, gilt bracelets, and rings on all their fingers. These magnificent negresses display, under the heaviest burdens, a suppleness of movement, and gestures full of careless grace and majesty. There is nothing artificial or conventional in their charming postures: it is the naïveness of nature combined with the dignity of a queen.

Some persons are mildly astonished that slaves are generally idle, intoxicated, thievish—in a word, prone to every vice. But could it well be otherwise? Instead of trying to develop their innate faculties and feelings, every effort is made to stifle them. Instèad of enlightening these pariahs, their masters seek to brutalise them. Before all, it is desired that they should not reason—for in that case they would reflect on their lot—and that they should venerate white men as demigods. Each morning, on rising, the slave runs to salute his master with a deep bow, accompanied by a quaint pantomime, or even by kissing his hand, and falling at his feet. If he discuss, even with the most touching humility, any order or caprice of his master, he is struck; if his lips murmur the slightest word of his mother tongue, he is struck; he is taught the love of family by separating him from his wife and children, who are sold in various quarters; he is taught justice by overwhelming him with acts of injustice; he is taught dignity by repeating to him incessantly that he is a brute and not a human being; he is taught the rights of property by denying him even property in himself, and by selling him or pledging him like an old shawl. And, as if the part played by the slaves in these abominable transactions were not sufficiently lowering, some masters degrade them still more by making them sell themselves. They are provided with a piece of paper, on which is written the sum asked for them, and are sent off to find a purchaser, with the words "Go and sell yourself where you can." Such unfortunate beings may be seen wandering about the streets of the city, often accompanied by friends, who point out their good qualities to the passers-by.

The Black Code of Brazil has a Draconian severity, and the judges, convinced that "it is necessary to give lessons to the dangerous class of slaves," apply it most readily. Death is written on every page, and, with monstrous refinement of cruelty, it too often avenges on an inno-

cent slave the crime of a culpable master. The timid rage of the authors of this code, which insults humanity equally as it does reason, has invented extenuating circumstances of wonderful effect. Whenever a band of negroes is found guilty of any crime, and two or three of them may be spared the punishment of death, they are sent to the house of correction to receive six hundred blows of the *chicote*. It has been proved that by the three hundredth blow of this enormous knotted lash the strongest man is cut to ribbons and deprived of life. The *Casa de Correcçao* is situated at Matacavallos, one of the suburbs of Rio Janeiro. This large, handsome, cleanly building, surrounded by delicious vegetation, and commanding a superb view, is, externally, a palace, but, internally, an inferno. If a slave has committed any fault—if his owner finds him indocile—he sends him to the *correcçao*, himself determining the duration of his stay in this accursed place, and the number of blows he is to receive. Gaolers in the pay of government, well versed in the business, seize the slave, shave his head, and give him his allotted punishment with a zealousness bordering on ferocity. A police regulation forbids more than twenty-five lashes being given in the course of one day; but they are administered by such a vigorous arm, that the skin begins to peel off with the third blow. When these wounds do not prevent it, the slaves confined in the house of correction are employed on public works. They are, however, liberated immediately on the requisition of the master, who pays 200 reis, or about threepence, for each day of imprisonment.

If the fear of the *correcçao* and the rigour of the punishment administered there, justly or unjustly, terrifies some negroes, there are others whose character is hardened by it, and whom it rouses to vengeance. In such a case, their terrified masters get rid of them, or, if they have any motive for keeping them, "sell them for Rio Grande," according to the usual expression. These are sales involving a condition of the right of repurchase. The slaves exposed to this penalty are sent to the southern *estancias*, where half savage overseers condemn them to intolerable labours, and, on the slightest excuse, make them undergo the extremity of cruelty. Thus, they attach them to the tails of their horses, which rarely stop till they have trotted or galloped several leagues, dragging after them the sufferer who has not had the strength to keep up with them. Too often he is found to be a hideous corpse! The idea that led to the erection of the house of correction was certainly good. The government desired to protect the slaves against the arbitrary conduct of those capricious masters who do not measure the chastisement by the fault committed, and only too often beat innocent men for the sake of amusement. Since the establishment of this prison, no one would have the right to strike his slave, and a law was passed to that effect, which, if rigorously adhered to, would have prevented many crying abuses. But this law is now *vox et prætereà nihil*, and the hatred of the Africans is so inveterate in Brazil, that but little heed is paid to it. Even at the present day you may see in the houses of many masters (principally among the Portuguese) a complete arsenal of instruments of torture to be applied on the blacks, and recalling the Inquisition, of fearful memory: heavy iron collars, *cepos* with screws, in which the feet and neck are confined; handcuffs bristling with spikes to lacerate the flesh, &c.

It would be an instructive and yet terrible history that described the

sufferings and ignominy produced by slavery. We will quote here some instances that came within M. Dabadie's personal cognisance for the edification of those gentlemen who simply believe that the blacks are treated with paternal kindness. One individual (a Frenchman), considering the *chicote* too anodyne a punishment, was accustomed to strike his slaves on the knees with bamboo rods. A priest coolly stated in our author's presence that, to afford himself some amusement, he fastened one of his slaves to the ceiling by the feet and hands. The unhappy being was to remain the whole night through in that position. The pain drew from him at first groans, and at last shrieks. The priest, who was in bed in an adjoining room, angry at not being able to sleep for the noise, ordered his victim to be soundly beaten while still in the same position. When he gave the word for the slave to be released, he was just on the point of drawing his last breath! A young lady of eighteen, very pretty, and timid before company, was a perfect Caligula to her male and female slaves. The overseer came once to tell her that a certain negro, condemned by her to receive the punishment of the *chicote*, had not a sound spot on his body. "Smash his teeth, then," was her reply, and they were broken with a crowbar. Another young lady, marvellously beautiful, well educated, and married to a Portuguese officer, was left forty slaves on the death of her father. She displayed such ferocity towards them that the overseer even hesitated to obey her orders. This perfumed monster, with her angelic smile, managed, however, so well, that at the end of a year nearly all her slaves had perished beneath the lash. Any reflections on our part would be useless in the face of such horrors. Moreover, M. Dabadie assures us that he could quote a thousand instances of the same nature. We can certainly assume that the slaves return their masters hatred for hatred, and even evil for evil. It is easy to suppose, too, that they seek to escape from the humiliation and martyrdom reserved for them. There are considerable numbers who prefer the free existence of the forest, with hunger as a companion, to the material life granted them in slavery. All the woods round Rio are full of Maroons, who live on the scanty fare supplied by nature. The police agents, known by the name of *pedestres*, hunt them even in the mountain passes, and bring them back for a decent reward to the houses of their masters, who never fail to flay the runaways.

Sophists who regard slavery as an excellent institution, and try to make us believe in the happiness of the yoke, assert that the blacks, far from loving liberty, detest it, and would be puzzled what to do with it. Our author replies that this is an utter falsehood: liberty is the fixed idea, the cherished dream of the majority of the slaves: and they will do anything in the hope of its realisation. Some will save up penny by penny a scanty sum, the sight of which alone gives them the courage to live; others seek in gambling or the lottery the means of purchasing their freedom (they club together, and will even steal from their masters in order to put into the lottery); the least patient among them escape secretly from the spot were tyranny has enchained them, and brave every imaginable danger to regain their home. Here is an instance, selected at hazard, in December, 1850. The British steamer, the *Rifleman*, while proceeding on a cruise, sighted off Cape St. Thomas, about fifty miles from the coast, a suspicious-looking *lancha*. The commander pursued it,

and sent a boat's crew on board. They found there nine blacks, a negress, and a mulatto girl of sixteen. On being questioned, they stated that they belonged to the people of Campos, and had escaped with the intention of gaining the African coast. They had no nautical instruments or provisions, merely sufficient water for a week! If there were any doubt left as to the love the slaves have for liberty, the immense number of suicides committed by them would supply an undeniable proof. There are beings among this unhappy race who greet death as a deliverance, with an heroic calmness and obstinacy which nothing can conquer. This is so notorious that the overseers find it a most difficult task to prevent suicides at the *fazendas*, and the Black Code of Brazil orders one hundred and fifty blows of the *chicote* for every black who attempts self-destruction. But this does not stop them; when a continual watchfulness prevents them from hanging themselves they eat earth, which, at the expiration of a certain time, brings on consumption. Others swallow their tongue. M. Dabadie knew at San Janeiro a black man, of the name of Antonio, who attempted his life thrice, and always with the same resolution. The first time he hanged himself. He was still breathing when the cord was cut, and replied coldly to those who demanded the motives of his behaviour, "I would sooner die than be a slave." The second time he leaped from a second-floor window, and was picked up bleeding and with his limbs broken. He recovered from his wounds, repeating that he would sooner die than be a slave. The third time he laid his stomach open, and without a groan cut off and threw away a portion of his intestines. He was found stretched on the ground, and yet the physicians succeeded in restoring him to life. But instead of evincing any gratitude for their attention, he continually repeated, "You are giving yourselves needless trouble, for I shall recommence; I would sooner die than be a slave." The managers of the Misericordia, the richest hospital in the world, at length hit on the good idea of interfering; they purchased Antonio, and gave him his liberty. Since then he has been a free servant in the hospital, and performs his duties most conscientiously, without any thought of suicide.

The relations of the slave to an absolute master, whose orders and caprices he must endure without having a right to protest, are sufficiently painful to explain to us his hatred of slavery, and the irresistible desire to escape from it even by death. And still he has not done all even when he has satisfied his master, or, at least, accepted the laws he has dictated to him. His fatal colour, the brand-mark of Cain, condemns him to bow humbly before every member of the privileged race, and receive his blows in patience. If he fail, the white man will avenge on him his wounded pride, and obtain leave from his master to inflict on the disrespectful slave an exemplary punishment. One day our author saw a black man, followed by a Portuguese clerk, upset the basket a Minas *quitandera* had just placed on her head. The woman asked that the clumsy slave should pick up her fruit which had rolled into the gutter. The clerk refused, and insulted the woman, who still held the negro by the arm, and accompanied him to the shop. There the clerk began beating the poor girl, and two of his comrades aided him. Suddenly the scene changed: the girl's lover, a magnificent Minas, outraged at the brutal treatment to which his mistress was exposed, ran to her help, and

delivered her in a twinkling. His action was noble, and assuredly deserved a reward. It was as follows: the clerk's employer went to his master, and got him two hundred blows of the *chicote*.

Can we now feel surprised if the black, instead of loving the white man as a protector, sees in him his natural enemy? Can we feel surprised at the fermentation of wrath and of vengeance which accumulates during long years of anguish in their bleeding hearts, and breaks out one day in murder and rapine? It is worth remarking, however, that if the blacks, as a body, accept with resignation the ill-treatment of their masters, they do not forget what they owe to strangers or their influence. As regards their master, they will consent to be things; but with other white men they demand to be men. The slaves of Brazil maintain this distinction, which explains many crimes. Thus, a negro entered a grocer's shop in the Rue des Ourives, and asked a clerk for a glass of *caixaça* (sugar-cane brandy). The clerk refused; the black insisted, and the former struck him. The slave had already received punishment by the instigation of the clerk, and had sworn to kill him on the next opportunity. He drew a kitchen-knife, and plunged it to the hilt in the clerk's heart. And now for our author's description of his punishment:

The murderer was hanged on the 24th January, 1851. I was present at the execution, the hideous details of which will never leave my memory. The gibbet, composed of three iron standards supporting three heavy horizontal bars that formed an equilateral triangle, was raised, according to usage, on the Largo do Mouro, near the sea, and opposite a barrack. By nine in the morning the condemned man had heard mass, and, with his hands tied behind his back, commenced his funereal procession through the city. At the head of the cortége was a detachment of cavalry; next came two rows of monks, a man ringing a bell, a chorister bearing an enormous cross, the executioners dressed in canvas trousers and violet vests; lastly came the culprit, accompanied by a *frère de la bonne Mort*, who offered him a crucifix to kiss, and wearied him with his exhortations. He was compelled to traverse all the principal streets on foot, enter all the churches, and, kneeling before the altar, recite a formula, which was drowned by the mournful chanting of his companions. It was not till mid-day that the braying of the trumpets announced that the procession had reached the place of punishment. The atmosphere was gloriously pure; the tropical sun poured down flames on a multitude of amateurs who had arrived from all quarters to be present at the festival, for the death-agonies of a slave are regarded as such by too many white men. There were present Brazilians, Portuguese, Germans, Swiss, Frenchmen, burning and greedy, not for emotions (they would have blushed at such), but for torture. And they were not men of the people, like those who visit our guillotine; they were rich merchants, worthy tradesmen, well clothed, wearing gloves and gold chains, and who preferred missing a bargain than the *amusing* spectacle that was about to regale them. From among these groups might be heard noisy bursts of laughter, songs, witticisms, or at times abuse of the nigger who kept honest men waiting so long, who had gone out of their way to honour his death by their presence. The sight of the condemned man drew from this inhuman and coarse assemblage a murmur of satisfaction, mingled with vulgar insults. As the unfortunate man passed me, I scrutinised him closely: he was calm, walked with a firm step, in spite of the heat and fatigue; not a sign of fear or repentance displayed itself on his tranquil countenance. He appeared to listen rather with resignation than pleasure to the exhortations of his confessor, who only quitted him at the moment when the cord was placed round his neck. This last operation did not make him even wince. Soon I turned my head away with an instinctive horror: there was one unhappy man less on the face of the earth.

Owing to the degradation in which they are purposely kept, the blacks frequently give way to habits of intoxication, in which they find a transient forgetfulness of their wrongs. To prevent them from drinking, a tin mask, with an enormous pointed nose, is put over their faces. They are also gamblers. Their favourite game consists in throwing up four pieces of orange-peel, cut in the shape of a diamond. If two or four pieces fall with the yellow side downwards, the thrower has won; in the other case, he loses. The blacks have also a mania for dancing. They collect in dirty dens, where they can procure food and drink, and they dance the worst form of the *china*, which they have learned from their masters, the mob applauding the while frantically, and accompanying the dancers with a monotonous chant. At times they indulge in this amusement in public places, or on the sea-shore. But they are not always able to come to the conclusion, for if an intolerant *pedestre* perceives them, he rushes upon them and disperses them with blows of his rattan. The blacks also possess a depth of superstition which nullifies all the teaching of the Catholic faith. Before bathing in the sea, they dip their fingers in the water, and cross themselves with much fervour. Our author was witness of one of these curious customs. An overseer of the Tijuka had been murdered during the night by the slaves, whom he persecuted incessantly, and in the morning his body was lying in the middle of the road. All the blacks who passed it on going to work threw upon it a branch and a *vintem* piece, while making the strangest gestures. Still, although the blacks may keep up certain superstitions of their country, they also maintain elevated sentiments. For instance, they respect old men, and those who held rank in their own country. To their honour, they refuse the equality of slavery, and pay them homage by kissing hands or kneeling before them. This is done in the open street, with the most imperturbable gravity. M. Dabadie knew an old negro porter who had been a king at home, but his dirty rags did not in the slightest degree deprive him of the love of his former subjects, who never saw him without loading him with kindness and imploring his blessing.

Another most odious and revolting feature is the conduct of the Catholic clergy towards the negroes. By a flagrant contradiction, the priests and monks who defend the equality of all men in the sight of Heaven, possess slaves under the garb of animals, and are far from displaying towards them any more humanity than do the other masters. As the interest of their robe and their pocket speaks to them more eloquently than their logic, they have the generosity to grant the blacks the rank of human beings, and admit them to the sacraments—so long as they can get anything from them. Thus, they baptise them, read mass to them in a church specially set apart in Rio, and marry them occasionally, if they can pay the fees. In addition, they send to the market-places fellows dressed in a greasy *soutane*, and bearing a bag, to drag from the weakness of these unhappy beings the copper coins they have gained by the sweat of their brow. But if the slave fall dangerously ill, he has nothing more to give, and consequently is no longer a man. The priest refuses him all religious consolation, and allows him to be buried like a dog.

This deplorable state of things having become known to the British

government in 1848, they implored the Emperor of Brazil to pass a law immediately for the total abolition of slavery by indemnifying the masters. In return for this concession, they offered to sign a treaty affording unexampled advantages to the trade and industry of the empire. The Brazilian government declined the offer, alleging as an excuse the impossibility of raising so large a sum, and the risk they ran of leaving the ground untilled. This is evidently an excuse, and we therefore think their sincerity should be tested once more. Allowing that Brazil dare not, or will not, follow the generous example we set her in our West India colonies, we may surely call upon her to pass a law to the effect that henceforth "every one born in the empire is free." This measure might not be exactly just, as it would sacrifice the interests of the existing slaves, but, at any rate, it would be a solution of the difficulty, and we should acquire the certainty that, at the expiration of a certain number of years, slavery would have utterly disappeared, without causing any difficulty. But until the Brazilian government are prepared to pass some such measure as this, we cannot put any faith in their professed desire for the emancipation of the negro race, for the remedy is in their own hands, and the application is very simple.

In conclusion, to quote our author's burning words once again, we consider that slavery is destined to disappear from the face of the globe like so many other barbarous institutions, which neither the obstinate resistance of prejudices nor the authority of ages could save, and which were the disgrace of humanity. The degradation of the negro race is the result of slavery itself, and not of any natural inferiority. It is undoubted that the Africans possess a considerable degree of intelligence and powerful germs of civilisation. These only require fostering instead of being crushed, as is at present the case. In Brazil, blacks may be found of irreproachable morality, who have become skilful artisans, and several mulattoes are truly an honour to their country. The first physician at Lima is an old negro, who has gained a considerable fortune, while many negroes who have visited Europe have displayed a rare amount of talent. Let us be just, then, to a race which has been too long oppressed: the blacks have shed tears enough beneath the yoke that has weighed on them so long. It should be remembered, too, that unless they are liberated they will free themselves; and then, in the words of the Gospel, "there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

MY FRIEND PICKLES;

AND SOME SOCIAL GRIEVANCES OF WHICH HE DESIRES TO COMPLAIN.

By Alexander Andrews.

XXIV.

PARALYSIS OF THE LAW.

I was out in the '48—not under the pocket-handkerchief banner which the heroic Cuffey unfurled when he declared war against the female despot on the throne, the tyrants in the cabinet, and the bloated haristocracy which, we all know, grinds the bones of the working man to make its bread, and drinks of the sweat of his brow; that long-suffering "working man," who has been mouthed, "as curs mouth a bone," by every shade of politicians, till he has become assuredly a bit of a bore, and, we suppose, will be soon shelved, like "the people" of a past period —I was out in the '48, but it was on an errand of some sort, looking for a nice piece of fish, or trying to dispose of an idle hour in some way or other, when my evil genius whispered in my ear, "Kennington Common." I thought I would e'en go and hear a bit of Brummagem patriotism and maudlin treason, so strolled over one of the bridges.

How it came—from whence, when, and where—whether it dropped from the clouds or rose from the earth, I cannot say; I had been ruminating, and only became suddenly conscious that the passing tide of human life had thickened, and the circulation had got slower: it was a procession, and a mob—and I was in the middle of it! I tried to elbow my way out of the alarming situation, but I was too late; there was a panic, a crush, an attempt at flight, in which I was tossed up and down, trampled under foot, and spun into the road, and at length I was standing *vis-à-vis* with an infuriated policeman, his hand hold of my collar, and his truncheon raised, with the avowed object of cleaving my skull in twain. In vain I shouted "Let me go! I have done nothing. I am no Chartist! I have no sympathy with these misguided men!" In vain I protested that I would bring the matter under the notice of the home secretary. Even the offer of a sovereign was vain! Thwack! thwack! came the truncheon down upon my head and shoulders, my hat was battered into a shapeless mass, and I was then flung away, with the stern command to go about my business; but, in a minute, I was picked up by another infuriated policeman, who served me pretty much the same as the first had done; and so I ran the gauntlet of the whole force upon the ground, till I got to the outside of the mob, when I took to my heels, and, bruised, battered, and bleeding, sped home as fast as my legs would carry me.

Now, at the time, I thought this rather rough treatment; I began to believe we were drifting into a St. Petersburg or Vienna system of police, and felt some misgivings of our boasted liberty. Of course I wrote to the *Times*, but the vane of that journal just at that time point-

ing to Downing-street as the quarter from which its sails were filled, my letter was of course refused insertion. So I simmered away under the sense of my wrongs and injuries for a few days, talked largely about a British subject, liberty, and Magna Charta, and used many other of the stock phrases, till, having blown off all the steam that had been engendered, I gradually collapsed, and became cool again.

Then came the Hyde Park riots of 1855; and I confess, after my experience of the manœuvre for dispersing a mob, I for a moment waxed indignant when I read of the clean sweep the police made of unoffending pedestrians; but, even then, I had my foregone conclusions about the unseemly and dangerous system of holding Sunday demonstrations in the Park, and consoled myself by the conviction that such outrages on decency ought to be put down with the strong hand.

But that day's exertion and excitement apparently brought on the paralytic attack from which the police have since been suffering. That right arm of the law which had flourished its bâton with so much vigour on the first Sunday, was dropped and powerless on succeeding Sundays. Thieves, roughs, professional rioters, disorderlies of every class, and particularly of that most annoying class, the street *gamin*, of from fourteen to eighteen, who is just big enough to kick one's shins, break one's windows, pelt one with mud—ay, and who can and does do as much mischief as any man, having a hearty good-will to do it—resorted to the Parks for the avowed purpose of tumult, hunted respectable people, ducked footmen, smashed windows, and kept the West End in a lawless and terrified state every Sunday, yet not a hand or staff was stretched out or raised to stay them. A friend of mine, in his carriage, was forced, horses, carriage, and all, into the Serpentine, by a charge of the roughs, and how he escaped their fury he could as little divine as how he incurred it. Next day, however, he had the pleasure of reading a serio-comic account of the day's proceedings in the papers, and the satisfaction, above all, of knowing from the same source that "the arrangements of the police authorities were most judicious. To avoid causing anything like irritation, the entire body was kept out of sight. This plan of the authorities cannot be too highly commended, as, had the police interfered, the mob would, no doubt, have been exasperated." Great consolation this to my friend, who had been nearly drowned—to the scores who had been nearly hunted and frightened to death—to the hundreds who had had their clothes torn, their faces cut, and their windows broken, or had been pelted with mud, stones, or turf!

Any one who has been in a London mob since this event, from the leave-taking of the amiable Princess Royal—that dreary day, when the snow came sadly down as the child-wife wended her way through London to go out of her native country, and manly hearts were wrung, and honest eyes were dim at the spectacle—down to an illumination or a lord mayor's show, must have noticed how the roughs have presumed upon the state of the sick lion; the Crusher, the Bobby, the Peeler, is no longer a terror in their eyes, for his hands are muffled. He may be as violent as he likes with inebriated gentlemen or unfortunate females, but he must not touch a rough, lest it bring down the whole body upon his force.

Whenever there is a gathering in the streets, down come the roughs upon it, rushing along, yelling, whooping, and shrieking, with a view to

create alarm and confusion; and, by a dexterous manœuvre, scattering all decent persons into the kennel or the road, or crushing them against the wall—savage, brutal, ignorant, and heartless as Russian serfs, even in this great city of London! Some are also thieves; some are simply roughs; and Kent-street, Whitechapel, Drury-lane, and Shoreditch are their dens. This new power in the state is outgrowing the power of the police, and getting lawless. It is a peril no bigger than a man's hand at present, but, fattening on poverty, ignorance, and gin, it may, before long, be a terrible danger, especially as it already knows the police are afraid to handle it.

These roughs are the natural and faithful allies of thieves and pick-pockets. I was among the thousands who availed themselves of the loyally demanded but somewhat ungraciously conceded privilege of saying "God speed!" to our young princess. My attention was quite taken up by an incident which occurred as she passed. A great mechanic in his fustian clothes took from his jacket pocket a coarse handkerchief, and, wiping the tears from his eyes, roared out, in accents which would have been comic but for the evidence of the man's strong feelings, "God bless you, dear lady!" I was so startled and delighted that I did not heed the progress of the inevitable roughs in the train. On came the torrent, and I was swept away before it, amidst a din of the most unearthly yells and horrible noises. At length, by some such phenomenon as has occasionally been observed in the Maëlstrom, which sucks down rocks and ships, whilst a floating straw comes safely out of its fatal influence, I found myself drifted on a door-step, and the storm gone on. Then came a cry of "Police! I've lost my watch!" and, turning round, I saw a tall commercial traveller (I knew him to be one at a glance) holding a sneaking pickpocket, who had been looking out for the waifs and strays that might eddy around the whirlpool.

"I've got you fast enough my lad, and don't mean to let you go! Give me back my watch!" cried the commercial.

"I didn't take it," whined the thief; "it was that there cove."

The cove was—ME!

"Come, none of your nonsense; hand it back," cried his captor. "Oh, here comes a policeman!"

At a safe distance from the roughs, the guardian of order came cautiously up.

"All right; I know him. Come on, light-fingered Jack," said he, familiarly, as he took the miserable wretch into custody.

"It was not me, indeed, as took the gentleman's gold repeater! It was *him!*" again pointing to me.

"Come on!" cried the policeman, roughly; "none of your gammon!"

"Search him!" was the last agonised request of the wretch, as he was led away.

It was so earnest that I almost believed *he*, at least, was innocent, and I was of a mind to see the result; but, as I knew my dinner was getting cold at home, I turned on my heel to go and relate to the sympathising Mrs. Pickles how "the poor little creature" (as my wife, with a laxity of respect, but an intensity of maternal feeling, persisted in calling the princess) had passed from among us.

It was cold, so I thrust my hands, for warmth, into the big pockets of

my loose great-coat. What on earth had my mischievous children put into one of them? A peg-top? a skittle? a doll's head (of which so many always lie about the nursery that the floor looks like a miniature battle-field)? I pulled it out. By the powers!—*a handsome gold repeater!*

To say that a feather would have knocked me down on the discovery would be very weak language—a cobweb would have floored me when I realised the treachery and presence of mind of that young thief, who, when caught in the very act of stealing, had thus managed to get rid of his spoil. But what to do! To tell the plain unvarnished truth at this distance from my friends or any reference, would have involved a confinement of some hours in a police cell; so I staggered on, wondering what would be the issue of this appalling adventure—whether that young vagabond might not, after all, prevail on the policeman to return and search me—afraid to stand still, afraid to run, doubly afraid to go back! A passing dog jumped up at a butcher's block, and snatched off a mutton chop. Away he tore—the instinctively conscious thief!—right down the middle of the street, amid the crash of wheels, quite indifferent as to whether he got run over or not, with the stolen morsel in his mouth. I would not pretend to say what were that dog's feelings—perhaps he had calculated his risk beforehand—but I would have exchanged them with him for mine. Watches and watchwork seem destined to be a curse to me. It came across my mind, even at that terrible moment, how, when only a little lad, having seen an automaton carriage, it at once occurred to me that I could make a toy of the same kind. I built the carriage, but the motive power was wanting. Now, my father had a great old handsome timepiece on the mantelshelf, which had not gone for ages. It seemed to me useless; so, with some dexterity and a little violence, I abstracted the works, to set my coach in motion. As a matter of course, the hands fell off—dreadful evidence of the havoc, and a contingency on which I had never calculated!—but, with a little management, I soon fixed them at the harmless lie they had told for years—half-past two. When the loss of the works came to be discovered, my father, to my great relief, laid it to the charge of a bricklayer's labourer who had been employed to do something to the stove, and I am sorry to say I had not the magnanimity or courage to vindicate his character; but I knew, poor fellow! he was already transported for a robbery, so it didn't matter. But the works were a terrible trouble to me for weeks; my mechanical powers failed in applying them to my little carriage; and, at last, in terrified desperation, and fear lest they should be discovered, I got up one night, opened my casements stealthily, and flung them, with all my little might, across the road. I wonder who picked them up, who is their present possessor, and whether they are as great a trouble to his mind as they were to mine? If they are, he knows now how to restore them to my father's representatives.

But, dear me! how garrulous I am growing—how I stray away from my subject! This is, surely, a warning that I should not disregard. I will not trust myself to put down many more of my social grievances; there is a world of them yet undisclosed, but younger men must take them up. I was brought to speak of my insane juvenile freak, because it will show how violently my mind was agitated by my situation, that

there should come so vividly before me at such a time what was at the very bottom of my memory. In fact, my mind was, for the moment, turned upside down—that's the only way I can account for it.

At the very nick of time—most opportunely, as on a former occasion—I descried the ample shirt frill of my friend Deputy Hams.

"Why, Pickles, my dear fellow!" he cried, extending his hand, "what on earth is the matter with you? You haven't been falling through another shop window?"

"No; worse than that!" I gasped.

"What, in the name of goodness! Are you ill?"

"Very. I have," I added in a hoarse whisper, "got a stolen watch in my pocket!"

"And if," he replied, laughing, "you haven't stolen it, I never saw a man look more as if he had."

"Ay, do I, though? Ah! I know—too true, too true! I feel it!" And then I related all that had occurred.

"Oh," cried the deputy, much to my relief, "we have heard of this trick before. The thief, detected, gets rid of his booty in the best way he can. Come with me to the station-house, and we'll set it all right."

"Will they—will they," I cried, with anxious thoughts about Mrs. Pickles and the dinner—"will they detain me?"

"Only while you explain what has occurred."

"Then, oh then," I cried, clasping his hand, "my best friend, you mean to bail me!"

"Bail you! What for? You've done nothing. Come along."

And so we went to the station, and I got rid of that dreadful watch; and, of course, through the instrumentality of my influential friend, got off. I even had a friendly conversation with the inspector afterwards, about the primary cause of my troubles—the roughs—and related to him the contrast between them and the working man who was so much moved.

"Oh yes, sir; it isn't the working classes who are the roughs," said he. "They are a class by themselves; a large and an increasing class."

"And why don't you put 'em down?" I cried.

"It's not so easy, sir; you see violence must be met by violence, and then there'd be an outcry about the violence of the police. So we always try to avoid a collision. They're a rum lot, I can tell you!"

Where would they be in case of the suggested invasion of England? Where, ye jewellers of London, who cry out if one of them gets a knock from a policeman's truncheon, when he is indulging his brutal taste for bearing down a sight-seeing crowd of women and children? "The dangerous classes" they may well be called, in the most peaceful times, growing in numbers, and getting gradually too strong for the police—but fancy a time of sack and pillage, and a hundred thousand roughs in London!

XXV.

THE LAST OF PICKLES.

It was two months since I received the last paper from my friend Pickles. He had never been very regular with them, so his silence occasioned no surprise, and I was too much engaged to inquire into its cause if it had. But one morning I received a hurried note. It ran thus:

"Illness and grief, my dear boy, have prevented my writing. The medical art is exhausted. Nothing remains for my poor wife but a return to native air. To-morrow I carry her down—God help her!—to Kremlin Coombe. Look to the things, dear friend, at the villa; sell off all the furniture, as in no case shall we return. I never thought it was so bad. There is yet hope, and we go in search of it.

"Truly yours,

"F. P."

Knowing his affectionate disposition, and his warm attachment to his wife, in whose existence his own was wrapped, I waited with apprehension for his next letter. It came in a few weeks—there was no occasion to open it to know what had happened. But when I did open it, the tone in which it was written told me that, as I had anticipated, poor Pickles had broken down under his heavy misfortune. His heart had been cut in twain, and he was bleeding to death!

"All is lost! The struggle of life is over, and I stand now alone on the field, with six poor helpless little creatures, and their mother in heaven. What to do I know not. You did well with the furniture and effects. Who is sitting in her chair, I wonder, or lying on her couch *now?* Madman that I am! *She* has changed them for better. Oh, my poor orphans! Come to me, my dear boy!"

I would have flown to succour him in his agony, but sudden illness stopped me. Bound to a bed of sickness, I continued to receive most distressing letters from poor Pickles, which convinced me that he had succumbed under the weight of his trouble.

"I am as one feeling his way in the dark," he wrote. "I am lost! What to do with the dear little creatures she has left behind her, and I such a fool! Oh, they miss her, I know they do!"

Six months had now gone by, and a sad, sad letter came to tell me that poor little Willy had gone to join his mother. This was the pouring over of the cup. My poor friend attributed his death to the want of a mother's care in a time of sickness, and reproached himself bitterly. "Oh, what an idle wretch I have been!" he concluded. "Had I foreseen all this, I would have worked longer, and done my duty towards them as my father did towards us."

Poor fellow! he *had* done his duty; but I saw how things were going, and determined to run down.

On the morning that I stood waiting for a cab there came a letter:

"HONOURED SIR,—My poor master desires me say he is stricken by a judgment of Providence, and cannot write, but wishes me beg of you come quickly. He says he wants you—that is all.

"Your dutiful servant,

"S. GILES.

"P.S.—He can hardly speak, and though he has looked over this letter, he cannot read it.

"P.S. No. 2.—He is very irritable."

I knew at once what had occurred—paralysis—and hurried down to Kremlin Coombe. I found him in a sadly low and desponding state, crying bitterly, bemoaning his dead wife, reproaching himself with his fancied neglect of reason. Poor fellow! his mind was giving way under his cruel trials; he had been wounded in his most vulnerable part, his deep affection for his family, and the agony of the wound was too great for him to bear. One morning, as I was sitting with him trying to compose him, he started up, and exclaimed,

"You will, my dear fellow—promise me you will!"

"Will do what?" I inquired.

"Look to my poor little orphans when I am gone."

"I will!"

The words, spoken for his comfort, had scarcely passed my lips, when he dropped back and died. Then I thought of the promise I had just made, "I WILL!" "*I must*," said I, taking his stiffening hand.

There was no great difficulty about it, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but in *his* appreciation of the trust—to bring them up as he would wish—there is a charge that requires as good a man as himself to fulfil.

May I have strength to do it!

KEIGHTLEY'S MILTON.*

MR. KEIGHTLEY is well warranted in his belief that a new edition of the Poems of Milton is not a work of supererogation. Excepting the Divina Commedia, there is no modern poem, he alleges, which stands so much in need of a commentary as the Paradise Lost. His estimate of the leading commentators is discriminating, and, on the whole, not unjust. Bentley's "absurd fancies," Newton's respectable common-places, Warton's valuable annotations and apposite parallelisms, Dunster's zealous editorship, Todd's "huge drag-net" of omniana, "unpicked and unchosen,"—on these and other exegetical aids Mr. Keightley passes a prefatory judgment, before stating in brief the distinguishing features of his

* The Poems of John Milton, with Notes, by Thomas Keightley, Author of "Mythology of Greece and Italy," &c. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

own very welcome and painstaking edition. Among which features are to be noted, the chronological arrangement of the poems; the modernisation of the orthography; and a very close attention to the punctuation, about which Milton himself "was perfectly heedless," and which Mr. Keightley claims to have now brought "to a degree of perfection such as it had never attained" before. As regards his notes, the learned editor's practice is consonant with his doctrine, that brevity and terseness are the very soul of annotation, that a note should not contain a superfluous word. "Nature not having bestowed on me copiousness of language, my style is brief and condensed, hence I rarely copy the notes of others, as I can express their matter in fewer words. In reality, however, the greater part of these notes was written from the resources of my mind, and it was, in general, only in dubious cases that I referred to the commentators. But whenever I have been indebted to any of them, I have given his name; so also in the parallel passages, though I had myself noticed the greater number of them, I give the initials of the critics who first observed them. With respect to these passages, nothing surely can be further from my mind than the idea of making Milton a centoist; but I think it a most agreeable employment for a philosophic mind to trace how far a great poet may have been indebted for ideas or language to the authors he had read, and I quote no others. For a similar reason I have given the various readings to Comus and other poems from Milton's own manuscript.

"I write not merely for scholars; my object is to make Milton perfectly intelligible to readers of every degree of culture. As therefore the writers of that time, and Milton more than any, frequently used words derived from the Latin in their original physical sense, I take care to indicate that sense. Thus, '*reluctant* flames' must surely be very obscure to one ignorant of Latin. Further, as our ancestors used the preterite subjunctive much more than we do, I have pointed that out also, which removes some apparent incongruities. Finally it will be seen that I complete ellipses; a thing which readers in general are little skilled in doing, and many anomalies thus disappear. In fact, a very curious essay might be written on the employment of this figure in various languages. It may be objected that I indulge needlessly in etymology, and it may be the truth; but the meaning of a word is all the surer when its origin is known." Perhaps this latter characteristic is the salient point in Mr. Keightley's edition, and may here admit of cursory illustration.

Thus, with respect to Latin derivations. In the lines "On the Death of a Fair Infant," the seventh stanza begins:

> Wert thou some star, which from the *ruined* roof
> Of shaked Olympus by mischance did fall . . .

to which this note is appended: "*Ruined*, i. e. thrown down, *ruinatus*. — *Shaked*, i. q. *shaken*. Our old writers were very irregular in the use of participles." In the Ode on the Nativity, the "heavenly Muse" is bade

> See how from far upon the eastern road
> The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
> Oh! run, *prevent* them with thy humble ode . . .

Note: "*Prevent*, i. e. anticipate, *prævenio;* as in 'preventing grace,' 'Prevent us, O Lord!' in the Liturgy." Even smattering scholars may

call this gratuitous; but then, as we have seen, Mr. Keightley designs his Milton to be intelligible to those who have not even a smattering of scholarship. Hence, too, we have explanations of such words as "concent"—

That undisturbed song of pure concent—

Note: "*Concent*, i. e. concert, harmony, *concentus*. It is the proper term, *concert* being apparently a corruption of it." And aginn, "diapason"—

whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason—

Note: "Diapason, διαπασῶν, i. e. the whole eight notes or octave." So in the opening lines of Paradise Lost, referring to the fruit

Of that forbidden tree, whose *mortal* taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe—

Note: "*Mortal*, i. e. deadly. The Latin *mortalis* always signifies, in the classics, of man, human; but Cyprian and the succeeding Fathers used it as equivalent to *lethalis*, in which sense it came, through the Church, into the modern languages."

Again, in Beelzebub's address to Satan, who, he says,

—— in dreadful deeds,
Fearless endangered Heaven's perpetual King—

Note: "*Perpetual*. The Latin *perpetuus*, long, extensive; but we doubt if it is anywhere else, in either language, used of persons. As Newton observes, it is probably employed by Beelzebub to avoid using *eternal*."

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood—

Note: "*Abject*, i. e. cast down, prostrate, *abjectus*."

—— And serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable—

Note: "It is doubtful if, as Hume says, this word is locked one within another, linked and clasped together, from *serrer*, Fr., or i. q. *serrated*, from *serra*, a saw, with allusion to one of the Roman modes of forming the line of battle."

Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
Of servitude—

Note: "*Depravest*, i. e. depreciatest, *depravas*."

So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment—

Note: "*Quit*, i. e. free from, devoid of.—*Impediment*, the Latin *impedimenta*, baggage."

Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army—

Note: "*Reduced*, i. e. brought again into order, *reduxit*."

—— That done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest sents and airs—

Note: "*Prime*, first and best, *primus*. We do not think there is any allusion to 'the prime,' v. 21.—*Sents*. We have retained the orthography of the early editions, as it is probably the poet's own, as it is that of Spenser, and is correct, for it comes from *sentio*."

To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate—

Note: "*Vagabond*, i. e. wandering, made to wander, *vagabundus*.—*Frustrate*, i. q. frustrated, made vain, *frustra*."

So spake, so wished much-humbled Eve, but Fate
Subscribed not—

Note: "*Subscribed*, i. e. underwrote (*subscribo*), consented. We still say, subscribe to an opinion."

Baptizing in the profluent stream—

Note: "It was the poet's opinion that baptism should take place in running water, *profluentem aquam*."

In "Paradise Regained" we read,

—— Who, in full frequence bright
Of Angels—

Note: "*Frequence*, attendance, *frequentia*."

—— And put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject—

Note: "*Deject*, i. e. cast down, *dejicio*, *dejectus*."

But enough of illustrative Latinisms. Of Mr. Keightley's miscellaneous annotations, the following brief specimen must suffice—it is on the *Penseroso* line,

And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves.

Note: "*Shadows brown*. He [Milton] seems to take this phrase from Fairfax, who often uses it. . . *Brown* is a favourite word with Milton in the sense of the Italian *bruno*, 'dark.' 'L'aer *bruno*,' *Dante, Inf.* II. 1: see above on ver. 19. That it has not been needless to direct attention to the proper meaning of the Italian *bruno* will appear from the extraordinary misconception of it in this and other places of Dante, made by the eccentric Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, III. 240." The eccentric Mr. Ruskin is quite able to fight his own battles, whenever there is any *colourable* pretext for hostilities, and we have no wish to mingle in the fray. We might object, however, here and there, to some of Mr. Keightley's interpretations—for instance, to his version of "Every shepherd tells his tale," or at least his virtual rejection of Warton's tell-tale notion, which we had supposed to be now approved and read of all men, and established as worthy of all acceptation. But there is scant scope for query or demur, considering the bulk and variety of these notes; and we commend the present edition of Milton's Poems to all and sundry who can boast of book-shelves, pocket-money, and good taste.

EVALLA.

By W. Beilby Bateman.

XIX.

A fearful sign stands in the house of life.
Schiller's *Death of Wallenstein.*
Coleridge's *Translation.*

The library at Muddleham was the chief resort of the fashionable idlers of the town, and they took their books from thence just as loungers at Cheltenham took the waters—not on account of the wholesomeness of the diet, but because the *world* went there between two and five—the *great* world of Muddleham! So ladies in Paris receive their world—their *monde* (or *demi-monde*, as the case may be)—on their Wednesday nights; and the world consists of a drowsy doctor, who snuffles and plays at whist; of a Bavarian count, with the longest of beards on his chin and the most infinitesimal of accounts at his banker's. There will be a widow of capacious dimensions, with a ring on her forefinger; and a young lady of thirty-nine, who is represented to possess every attraction, the only one that is wanting being apparently the one that enables ladies to get married. Eau sucrée will be passed round lavishly, and sometimes even the enormity of tea will be added to the dissipation of the monde on Wednesday night. Next morning, though every one leaves at eleven, madame will call on her friends with an air of lassitude, and remark that she is fatiguée. "Hier au soir nous avions du monde!"

Among the monde that condescended to make mankind happy by appearing at the library of Mr. Simper, Miss Evelina Spankie never failed to exhibit herself in company with Lillie Rivers. A companion so pretty was rather an awkward foil in the wrong direction, but Evelina assumed the intellectual tone, and the literary tone, and sometimes the romantic tone, as occasion suited, and set wisdom against beauty. She could never see that Lillie from politeness, or good temper, or both united, restrained her powers, and allowed her to assert herself at all times and seasons, though few and far between were the points that she could have made if her friend had chosen to exert the ready wit and unassuming knowledge which had been stored during so many hours of deep and silent study amid the tranquil retirement of the farm of Oak Hollow. The more, indeed, Lillie saw of the empty minds with which she was brought in contact, the more she thought in pensive moments of a certain high clear forehead belonging to a certain abstracted gentleman named Willie Wilders, who, for some unexplained reason, never sought her now, and whom she would have given worlds to recal. The less she saw of him the more her mind wondered over the change. They met, of course, as usual, but never seemed to be alone. He treated her with more than ordinary courtesy, but she detested this outward and distant air of form. She almost invited him to be rude. But in vain! Willie Wilders was as chivalrous as Bayard or Cœur de Lion, and would as soon have struck a woman with a mailed hand as have wounded her with his tongue. And yet Willie and Lillie had rhymed so well once in every sense! Heigho!

Nannette was the first to remark a change in her young mistress, to

whom she was really attached, and whom she thought almost pretty enough to be a countrywoman of her own.

"If I were not Nannette and of la belle France," she had said to Sammy Sloe, "I would be Mademoiselle Lilian;" and this was the highest compliment she thought it possible to pay.

To account for the present *embrouillement* became thenceforth the chief occupation of Nannette, and the result of her researches among the sinuous characters and devious ways of the company at Spankie House was that Mr. D'Arcy Livermore had scared away the real attraction.

The shyness of Willie Wilders beside the dashing boldness of D'Arcy, was too much like the dove sitting with a falcon on the same bough. She adroitly conveyed a hint of this to Lillie one night at that important half-hour preceding repose, when reserve is cast aside with the day's attire, and secrets are told, and confidences are made, even by the most discreet of ladies fair.

The truth flashed upon Lillie in an instant; and while she ignored the subject, and laughed it off, she determined to act upon the information without delay. D'Arcy had made no real impression upon her. She had only used him as a spur. But she began now to find that the steed of purest blood and highest mettle will not bear the stroke of the armed heel, and while she repented sadly the innocent folly which had destroyed her hopes, she resolved to make a vigorous effort to recover the lost ground.

Next day, at Simper's library, where Evelina was choosing fresh novel to be enriched with fresh notes, Lillie took an opportunity to say to D'Arcy aside, that she wished to speak to him after dinner in the grounds, and she desired that her request might not transpire.

D'Arcy Livermore replied with a *look* of assent. In fact, for once he was at a loss for words.

What could she mean? He gazed at her, but her glance never faltered! The glad blue eyes met his with a frank and open fulness that defied misconstruction; and in their unwavering steadiness, devoid of the slightest symptom of heart-fluttering, he read, as if it had been engraved in colossal letters, the unwelcome intelligence that nothing she might communicate would have any encouragement for *him*.

At her first words all the blood in his veins rushed, in sudden delirium, like a torrent to his brow. Drop by drop it now sank back into its wonted channels, congealed to ice. Lillie rejoined Evelina. D'Arcy bowed and departed.

We have mentioned that Miss Evelina Spankie had a certain habit of drawing up the phaeton and bay ponies at or near the post-office in Muddleham. The truth was, that when she thus anticipated the bag which was intended for Spankie House, its contents were carefully scanned before its delivery to the footman in orange inexpressibles, and there usually followed a rapid sum in subtraction of at least one neatly folded despatch. Sometimes Evelina's maid was sent in great secrecy on the same errand, beguiling the tediousness of the road by a call on her valued friend the market-gardener's wife, who was an invalid; and it had been whispered that in case of "anything happening" to Mrs. Dibber, the Abigail had an eye to the vacant throne among the scarlet-

runners. Indeed, she had already planned certain changes in the kitchen-range ; determined upon a future revolution with respect to Dibber's smoking in the parlour, and decided that those small children, in number five, whom she now caressed so effusively (the horrid little wretches!), should be banished to boarding-school the moment she attained to power. Thus, it being her interest to render these excursions as frequent as possible, she encouraged her mistress to proceed, and performed them with great dexterity and secrecy.

But who was the mysterious correspondent? Strange to relate, the Abigail never knew, though she opened more than one of the perfumed billets, and perused its contents with the greatest care : Mitten had done a good deal of *un*sealing and *re*sealing in her time. This time she was at fault. Stranger still, Evelina was not much wiser herself. The romantic chord in her disposition had been strung to its utmost tension by a letter which fell at her feet one evening, as she walked alone at the extreme edge of the ornamental wood in poetic reverie. It intimated that Evelina was cruel to her slaves, that her eyes shot poisoned shafts of love that no good Samaritan could heal ; and that *one* word of consolation might at least be hoped for by an adorer who had long since ceased to expect any other bliss than that of seeing her happy—happy even away from *him*, even if it were in the possession of another!

After looking round, and ascertaining that nobody was near, or at least visible, Evelina had fallen into a state of the most feverish curiosity. She retreated furtively to her room, and perused the lines over and over again. On the one hand, good sense taught her to throw the letter in the fire ; on another hand, romance was predominant ; and lastly, the arrivals of Willie Wilders, D'Arcy, and Helmet had been announced that very morning. Could either of *them* have been the bashful lover? Best of all, could it be D'Arcy Livermore? She determined to reply, though it must be owned the first effort cost her a struggle and a blush. She remonstrated at her admirer's importunities in such language as ensured their renewal ; and at length flattery became such an agreeable and accustomed draught that its repetition was indispensable. It is true that upon studying D'Arcy Livermore's manner, she saw only the most vacant politeness, but this she attributed to prudent reserve, and applauded all the more ; and a circumstance now occurred which confirmed her opinion that *he* was the real lover, and that he was only prevented by some unknown obstacle from making the declaration.

Evening had come, and there was little fear of interruption from strange footsteps in the more secluded parts of the grounds, for the sky was angry and full of gloom, and the trees waved their branches fretfully, in those dull and frequent sighs that herald a stormy night. The leaves turned upwards with a motion trembling and uneasy, and gave forth a low wailing sound of apprehensive terror, such as the sledge-horses will give when, in their jingling passage along the icy road through a northern forest, they suddenly scent the track of a wolf that has crossed their path. It was only, however, the *echo* of nature's artillery. The storm which raged that night was expending its furious wrath over the fertile fields of Eversley. The ornamental trees at Spankie House were like the distant gazer at a battle—in safety, but still pale and convulsed at the carnage that shook but harmed not.

Mr. Slime had adjourned with Guzzelridge Spankie to the billiard-room; the dyspeptic brother-in-law, called George, had drunk a couple of bottles of claret, and sunk back in his chair with a handkerchief over his bald head, muttering lectures upon prudence in his sleep; Helmet and Wilders were deep in politics; Evalla was playing, with exquisite taste, Italian airs upon the piano in the drawing-room; and Evelina, in sentimental mood, filled up the intervals during the absence of the gentlemen by tormenting a guitar, and screaming the fashionable dissonance taught at a guinea a lesson by that great German composer, Herr von Simmons, when Lillie Rivers glided away lightly through the lawns to the trees that skirted the wood. She was followed by a favourite companion, who had taken her under his especial protection, who lolled out his tongue with fiery affability, and glared defiance at imaginary enemies. It was the great bloodhound Gellert. A loud bay from his deep resounding throat gave her notice that some one was near, and in another minute she stood before D'Arcy Livermore. A call brought the hound to her side. A gesture couched him at her feet.

"Mr. Livermore," she said, hastily, "we are friends, are we not?"

He made a rapid motion to approach her, which, though he did not speak, she construed into assent.

"And as neither of us could *possibly* seek to be anything more," she continued, with an assured tone that astonished even herself, "we can speak with perfect freedom! Can we not?"

Again D'Arcy Livermore would have answered, but the words died away, and Lillie accepted his silence at once as a confirmation of everything she had said, or was going to say.

Gellert wagged his tail in approval, but never attempted to move. D'Arcy folded his arms and leaned against the gnarled old oak behind him. The distant thunder was borne faintly thitherward through heavy clouds and on the wings of drifting gusts, and the bats were busy above them describing segments of aërial circles, and moving in them with as much nonchalance as if they thought themselves in high society, and in circles that were undeniable and exclusive.

Her own shaft was shot! Lillie Rivers had cured the lover. She saw it at a glance. She now sought to save the friend!

"Have you noticed Mr. Slime?" she began again, after a pause.

"But little," replied D'Arcy; "enough, however, to warn *me!*"

"Then why not warn others?" said Lillie. "May I rely upon your secrecy?"

"I am an Englishman and a gentleman!" replied D'Arcy, not in bombastic tone, but in that quiet way which Englishmen *do* assume when the proud blood in their veins does not boil and effervesce at a doubt of honour or veracity, but merely assumes a mild surprise.

"I believe you from my heart," answered Lillie Rivers, "and I give you my hand to prove it." She extended the taper fingers before him, and he bent over them as the worshipper at the shrine of the patron saint. "Two victims, equally silly and self-important," she continued, "are being sacrificed to this cormorant of the Church! *You* and no other can save them! Mr. Wilders would forget all about it in a speculation upon what he calls empirical cognition and apodictical propositions"—Lillie laughed, and so did D'Arcy—"and Mr. Helmet, deep as a rabbit in

burrows, thinks of nothing but his election, and his intended grand act of parliament, which will so ameliorate the condition of mankind that everybody will keep a gig, and butchers' bills will be unknown—at least, that's Mr. Spankie's account. But even the few moments I have been absent are too many, and I must hasten to repair them. This paper" (and she handed him a folded note) "will, when perused, put you in a position to do me a lasting service, and save from evil those beneath whose roof we dwell! Hasten to fulfil it!"

"I will," said D'Arcy, saluting the white hand she gave, while he took the paper and placed it in his bosom; "and if ever you require a friend, Miss Rivers, think of one who only admired you too much!"

Her blue eyes moistened

"And whose admiration is so pure," he added, "that, if it were YOUR command, he would walk over the world to bring even your favoured lover to your feet."

"Oh! think kindly of me," she replied, as she hurried away with her face buried in her hands, through which the tears ran only too plentifully. "I shall always think with more than respect of one who felt sufficient regard for me to become my *friend*; and it is not beyond human possibility that even so small a person as Lilian Rivers may have it in her power to serve the good gentleman and true, Mr. D'Arcy Livermore, some day! Should *that* day ever arrive, rely upon a friendship that never swerves!"

A flash of electric light blazed in the heavens. Before the muffled thunder pealed, Lillie Rivers had disappeared with her body-guard, the bloodhound Gellert, in the rear, and D'Arcy was alone.

Upon the vanishment of that wilful and beautiful possessor of the golden curls, D'Arcy stood for a short space motionless in form, and apparently absorbed in mind. It is *not* pleasant to find a cherished wish forestalled; to hear from such pouting and pretty lips what amounts to a declaration of preference for another; for of course D'Arcy had seen too much of the world not to know too well that some one else must have made a *deep* impression upon a heart in which he could awaken no chord of sympathy. He gave a long sad sigh! He had *not* loved, but he had seen what he *could* love. His mind could have reposed within the embrace of that placid genial spirit, and have made a home there. Perhaps it was rather the lighter part of her nature that responded to his, while the depths remained unfathomed; but even the brightness of the surface would have made happiness enough: it was no summer glare; it was no gaudy glitter; it was no illumined transparency devoid of light or shade: he saw in Lilian Rivers the geniality of spring; the sky was glorious as a dream; the sunlight played everywhere; the waves of thought rolled gently over that white bosom to the shore, and smiles were the attendant spirits that welcomed them upon the sands. O youth! why is thy beauty never recognised until it is fled? How prodigally we scatter the substance! How earnestly we pursue the shadow! Where are the flowers once trodden in the ground so carelessly? Not enough left to make a garland for life's pilgrim, as he sinks into his unheeded grave! To unite experience and youth must be the happiness of a future state! They seem irreconcilable here!

In the battle of the elements there was now such dire convulsion that

even the echo formed a tempest in itself. The trees, that before had trembled only, now groaned as they bent to the blasts, sudden and furious, that threatened to tear them out root after root, though their fibres clung ever so deep. Rain fell; but it was at distant intervals, here and there, in large, single, splashing drops. There was a fearful storm somewhere. After a glance at the weather, of which D'Arcy's wanderings by sea and land had made him a tolerably good judge, he took shelter in the stable, and examining his horses, which were just returned from the accident, he perused the letter that Lilian Rivers had placed in his hands. A low laugh escaped him. Then he folded the document and re-entered the house. Without pausing to pay his respects to the ladies, he went straight to the billiard-room.

Guzzelridge had just finished a game with Mr. Slime.

"You're too th'rong for me!" Guzzelridge was saying, as D'Arcy opened the door (and the parson shot an angry glance at the interruption); "you mu'tht give me odd'ths; that'th the th'econd pony I have lo'tht to-night; guvnor's alway'th rowing about money, and—and——"

And so the young gentleman went on, half angry and half ashamed, exclaiming that "some fellers" *always* won, whether it was whist or whether it was billiards, and that he should give it up, and go to the theatre.

"Yes," said D'Arcy, taking out his watch, "it's half-past eight; at half-past ten I will join you. Send back the brougham for me."

Guzzelridge Spankie departed, and seemed very glad to get away.

"Now," said D'Arcy to Mr. Slime, "we have got rid of that silly boy, suppose *we* play; what shall it be?—Pyramids?"

"Agreed!" answered Mr. Slime, benignly; and the stakes were soon settled.

"From those pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!" laughed D'Arcy, as they began.

Mr. Slime won the first game.

D'Arcy looked at his watch. It was half-past nine. "There's time for another game," he said, "but the stakes are not worth playing for—let us double them; no one here, you know, to tell tales, eh?—men of the world, Slime—men of the world!"

At twenty minutes past ten D'Arcy Livermore stepped into the brougham with a smiling countenance, and proceeded to the stage-door of the theatre of Muddleham. Mr. Slime had lost, and part of the behest of Miss Lilian Rivers was fulfilled already. But more remained to do.

He found Guzzelridge Spankie, as was his habit and custom, dispensing cigars by the dozen, and strong waters by the gallon, to the talented actors in the "Carpenter of Rouen," which wonderful piece appeared *not* to be a piece but a *whole*, for its attraction seemed likely to last out the season. The coffin was always sure to fill the pit, for a sporting butcher had let fall a remark which gave rise to the idea that masonic symbols were embodied in that cheerful emblem of nature's decay. So, as the *Muddleham Gazette* never failed to announce, the enterprising exertions of our worthy manager, Mr. Macdarty, coupled with the genius and beauty of that fascinating actress, Signora Carlotta, were crowned nightly with triumphant success.

"Come along," said Guzzelridge to D'Arcy, the moment he saw him, "I'll take you to her dreth'ing-room and introduthe you; there'th no th'eremony here; you'll th'ee the mother, but thee'th ath mild ath a milk-pail."

D'Arcy followed through the dusty defiles of dirty scenery, and a knock at a half-closed door, and a whisper, "It'h me," brought them into the presence of Signora Carlotta. She was in company with her mother, a couple of pewter pots, some rouge, some Indian ink, one candle stuck in a pale ale bottle, another candle in a late receptacle of ginger-beer, a mélange of dresses, brandy-and-water, orange-peel, and soap-suds.

The signora, half-dressed, was introduced in form; that is to say, she bowed theatrically, without looking at him.

For the second time that evening a low laugh escaped D'Arcy Livermore.

She proceeded with her toilette, patching, daubing, and so forth, and *he* stared until the dressing was done. When it was over, Guzzelridge declared she was perfect, and that there was nothing in the world like her (which, perhaps, if true, might have been all the better in some respects), and then she turned round to D'Arcy.

No sooner did she meet his eye, than her gaze became troubled. What was the matter with the Signora Carlotta? She trembled like an aspen leaf. Hastily recovering her self-possession, she despatched Guzzelridge Spankie upon an imaginary errand, and drew D'Arcy aside.

"You will not betray me?" she exclaimed, with an imploring look.

"*No*," he replied; "at least not without telling you." He added, "Perhaps I may spare, perhaps not. I will not use my power unjustly."

"I never injured *you*, when we used to meet before," she continued, caressingly, "and I will do all you wish. I never knew *he* was a friend of yours."

"You will hear from me in the morning," answered D'Arcy; "I came here quite ignorant that Lucy Bierly had resolved herself into Signora Carlotta."

"Hush!" she said, as Guzzelridge came back from his supposititious embassy; "give me time to think. Be merciful, and *I* will be true; give me a chance; I am not so false as you think."

There was something in her manner that would have melted the most unrelenting. The stage was forgotten then, and he knew that she was not acting before the foot-lights. If we could penetrate all the sad and solemn tragedies that stand before us upon the boards in gauze and muslin, what a sorrowful revelation would defy in its reality the representation of the mimic art.

She now hastened to the stage, and, with a breaking heart, delighted the audience. "Pshaw!" exclaims the world; "as if an actress could have a *heart!*"

D'Arcy went home early to Spankie House that night, but saw no more of Mr. Slime. That reverend shepherd had gone forth considering less about his flock than upon the subject of ways and means; a subject which possibly occupied the minds of ministers and crowned heads exactly at the same time, and disturbed the propriety of imperial purple.

Meantime the storm, which was *not* theatrical, grew wilder and more furious; the lightning, *not* bought at so much an ounce, became more

rapid; the thunder, *not* produced by the property piece of tin, but by a *pièce de circonstance* of nature, was rolling and incessant.

Spankie House folded itself up comfortably in its own way, and left the elements to do as they pleased. It seemed that Eversley was the chief scene of their gambols, if any term of merriment could by possibility apply to such hideous glee. Round the gable ends of The Willows the wind screamed like a belated sea-bird that had lost its way. The old mansion gave forth many a cry for its absent owner in echoes from unknown nooks, in groanings down lonesome chimneys, in strange sounds behind ancient tapestry. The lightning, in an off-hand way, played over the steel figures in the hall, and gave them a phosphoric lustre that made them unearthly and grim. The spear-heads asserted themselves at intervals in sudden fits of reflexion. Helmet's guns, and rods illuminated, and Willie Wilder's favourite study, "The Critic of pure Reason," lying open where he left it, looked very pale at a passage about transcendental subreption and hypostatical unity. Even the lightning itself could throw no light upon *that*.

Mrs. Maple, trim and prim as ever in the black silk gown and the well-starched cap, stirred the logs on the hearth, and heaped them together, against the arrival of Mr. Castelmaine. It was the peculiarity of that worthy servitor never to be ruffled. When once the cap was on, she believed implicitly in dignity and starch. No matter how the house shook with the storm, she had the satisfaction of knowing that the cap was correct. Storms could *not* be counted upon, but starch could.

In the absence of Nannette, Sammy Sloe had given a good deal of attention to the movements of Mark Margrove. He followed him everywhere. He was on his track now. Over the moor again, and so to the dell—the dell of Oak Hollow. There they stood; Mark, lantern in hand, bargaining with the Jew, not at the entrance of the accustomed cave, but towards the brow of the hill. Couched like a hare, Sammy Sloe watched eagerly, and at length gave a shrill whistle. Through the wild cutting sleet a rocket flew to the sky, and burst over their heads. The Jew and Mark made a rush towards the spot whence the signal had come, but Sam Sloe was too quick, and the drift of the rain was almost blinding. A quick tramp of footsteps on the moor told them that pursuers were on their track. Hastily seizing each a box of merchandise and placing it on his shoulder, they retreated in fast and furious haste. When they reached the bridge, a hundred yards lay between them and their foes. Only a few wooden planks formed the passage over that deep gulf. Mark drew a hatchet from his belt, and laughed in derision as the frail support yielded to his strokes.

That night, a horseman, going homeward, was lost for ever—dashed to fragments in the dell of Oak Hollow. The last flash of lightning from the expiring storm passed through the great glass in the room of the Broken Mirror!

Mrs. Maple sat up until watching made her very pale indeed, and even starch became an indifferent resource.

MENTELLÉ, THE HUNGARIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Incidents occur in the career of those who have seen much of the world in its distempered phases, which are often singular, and when they relate to those rare characters that appear and pass away in comparative obscurity—characters remarkable for genius or acquirements, they do not fail to interest our humanity. In the published "Recollections" of portions of my life, at page 91, vol. ii., there is an account of an interview I once had with an Hungarian named Mentellé, or Mantellé, the most extraordinary linguist that perhaps the world has ever produced, whom I prevented from visiting England. I cannot trouble you here with the heads of his history, which would occupy too much space in your valuable pages, more especially as they are in a great degree recapitulated in the narrative subjoined, and I must, therefore, refer to the "Recollections" themselves for the narration to which I allude. It is necessary, however, that I should state that it was about the month of May, 1818, that my interview with him took place. I quitted France, after three years' residence, at the time the allied armies marched out of the country in the same year, and I therefore well remember the date. I was on a visit at Amiens in 1829, and to make inquiry about this extraordinary man, who appeared about thirty-four years of age when I was introduced to him, I ran up to Paris, but could not find any one who knew the whereabouts of Mentellé, though in one instance I heard a rumour of his death. As eleven years had elapsed since I saw him, this was not surprising, with the idea I had then that he could not be long lived.

That I should hear anything more of Mentellé was, therefore, extremely improbable, but, however much it was so, the fact is that I have recently heard of his being alive as late as 1834, or sixteen years after I saw him; and, twenty-four years after this last date, it is stranger still the following narrative should have reached me regarding him, and an interview with him somewhat similar to my own sought by the late Duke of Orleans, whose untimely fate everybody must remember.

The lady who obligingly furnished me with the statement, sent me the extract from her memorandum-book, dated Dec. 22, 1834. The removal of Mentellé from his old residence in the summer-house to the Arsenal, prevented my finding him in 1829, as the owner of the garden to which I allude in my "Recollections" was no longer the same. The communication I lately received is as follows:

M. Eichoff gave us last night a long and interesting account of a man about sixty years of age,* living in a small room under the Arsenal library. This man, named Mentellé, without any Christian designation, is the son of a Bohemian woman (a Bohémienne, or gipsy); I think he told

* Perhaps his hard fare made him look much older than he was: I think he told me he was only a little over thirty.

me he was an Hungarian, perhaps from being born in Hungary. His first recollection of himself is of being under a tree in Hungary, with his mother spreading her little tent. They wandered together into Greece, and there his mother died. He was noticed by a priest, and was sent for a short time to a Greek school. He got fond of studying languages, and went to every library where he could gain access, living by charity. At this time, when he got a book, he learned it by heart. He became for a short time a servitor in a convent in Lombardy, and here he first acquired the faculty of conversing in various languages through the numerous strangers of all countries who visited the convent. Mentellé is a very extraordinary mathematician, besides being able to speak all the European languages, together with the Sanscrit, Hebrew, and partially Chinese. His favourite languages in conversing with strangers are the English and the Persian, and the former is always a passport to his notice. M. Eichoff, who was the German tutor to the children of Louis Philippe before 1830, was afterwards librarian to the queen, and travelled on foot with the late Duke of Orleans through Switzerland. He went with the duke to see this singular man. They went in a carriage with two gentlemen attendants and servants, all of whom M. Eichoff was obliged to beg to keep out of sight, as they were pressing forward to see where the prince and himself were going, and Mentellé, he thought, would shut his door and refuse to see them if he observed many strangers intruding upon him. M. Eichoff knocked, and Mentellé opened the upper half of his door, having previously informed him he should call, and bring a young friend with him, a student of medicine.

"But is he a Frenchman?" said Mentellé.

"He speaks English."

"Oh, I am glad of that; Frenchmen have no respect for learning."

At this time Mentellé was studying the history of medicine in books.

"I have brought my young friend," said M. Eichoff.

"I have come to beg you will give me your advice respecting my studies, as I hear you are very clever and learned," said the prince.

"Have you studied astrology, nomency,* astronomy, and a long list of et ceteras, now exploded, as attaching to medical science?" inquired Mentellé.

"I think nomency more difficult than astrology," replied the prince.

"Yes, but it was quite as requisite."

"Have you heard of the new method of cure by the claw, or paw?" said the prince.

This was said, no doubt, to mystify Mentellé, the prince meaning mesmerism, and the passes made with the hand.

"The claw—the claw?" said Mentellé, puzzled.

M. Eichoff seized this opportunity to get into the room, for they had been all the time standing at the door.

"My friend wishes to see some of your curious Arabic books."

Fortunately, Mentellé had as yet observed none of the prince's attendants, and the prince and M. Eichoff slipped in on the inhabitant turning round to look for a book. He pulled down an old wormeaten one from a shelf, covering the party with dust, and while the prince was looking at

* Divination by names.

it, one of the gentlemen, who had been in Greece, a general officer, came forward, and addressed a few words to Mentellé in modern Greek. He answered in such a flowing, easy manner, and with such rapidity of utterance, that the general was lost, or, as the prince observed, "Voilà le général enfoncé." The prince examined the room, and peeped into Mentellé's water-pitcher, which, with coarse ammunition-bread of ten sous the loaf, an apple or two, and a few potatoes, formed his weekly provision.

Some time afterwards, M. Eichoff told Mentellé that his young friend, whom he had brought to see him, was the Duke of Orleans.

"Why did you not tell me that; I might have prepared myself?" said the recluse.

"It was not requisite to make any change in your dress; no one would think of requiring it."

"I do not speak of dress," replied Mentellé, "but I might have ornamented my mind for the occasion."

His dress was miserable; no stockings, no shirt, wooden shoes, a very large beard, a cap on his head, and sometimes a few rags, for the sake of warmth, no fireplace, a lamp being the only means of cooking his potatoes. He went out at night to fill his pitcher from the river. He once gave lessons in the languages at the German Protestant minister's, whose wife used to ask him to dine with the family, and as the clothes he wore were not fit for any one to appear in, she used to send him good ones, but he soon parted with them for books. On one of these occasions, when trying to dispose of a new pair of shoes, he was arrested, on suspicion of having stolen them. He told the police he was an *étudiant*, and he was ridiculed. He then spoke to them in several languages, to prove he was what he pretended to be, but it was of no use, and he was sent to prison; but there they could make nothing of him, and reported him to the préfet, who examined him, and finding him a poor innocent, not only set him at liberty, but recommended him to the government, and a room was given him in the Archives, with a small allowance of three hundred francs per annum, either then or on his removal to the Arsenal. He remained several years at the Archives, until one day, when deeply absorbed in his studies, he saw a shadow pass across his window, which opened on the roof, and, starting up, seized the object, which proved to be the leg of a mason, who screamed with terror, fancying the devil had got hold of him. Mentellé was nearly naked, and his long beard and enraged eyes made him frightful enough in appearance. He left the Archives that night, and lived two years in the northern part of Paris, nobody knew where, until his friends at last found him out. He then had the room under the Arsenal given to him. The porter had a key and locked him in, and he had a duplicate key to let himself out. M. Eichoff, asking a mason who was beating a lime-sack against his door-post, if M. Mentellé was within, replied, "Qui? Comment donc? l'homme sauvage? Eh, oui, je crois."

Sir Francis Burdett was taken by M. Eichoff to see him, and after conversing with him for a quarter of an hour, turned to take leave. "Ah! I see you are not accustomed to such a poor man as I am. I am much obliged to you for coming to see me."

M. Eichoff taking off his hat one day, the room being close and warm,

and the air never changed, Mentellé said, "Ah! I see you, too, are quite a courtier, but you may keep on your hat when you come to see me." Out of his three hundred francs a year he did not spend half, and might thus be considered rich, but he was a complete Diogenes. On Wednesdays he usually purchased his bread and apples. One Wednesday, on opening a book that lay on his table, M. Eichoff found it was a Bible. "When I have been out in the world and return home, I find nothing calms me so much as reading in that book. What is there in this world that can draw us from that beautiful heaven?" pointing to the tiny morsel of blue, which was all of the sky that could be seen from his dirty window. "We must try to deserve a dwelling there, and cultivate our intellects as much as we can. There are two kinds of men in this world, the active and the contemplative: I am of the latter sort."

He would stop to read the advertisements and hand-bills in the streets, and was well known to the apple-mongers on the bridges, as by their means he supported himself for the passing day. He used to sleep in an arm-chair, but, during the visitation of the cholera, a bed was given to him, against his will, a mere bench, with a mattress upon it. As it was *pour la salubrité publique*, he consented, though it reduced the dimensions of his little den.

You will think both the character of the individual and the singular recurrence of his story so long afterwards, among those strange things which come across us in life. At the time of my interviews with him in 1818, as I gave it, he was a handsome man, with a brown beard, fresh complexion, and keen eye. He was an admirable sophist. In preventing his visiting England, I did him an essential service. He would not have come off half as well here as with M. le Préfet in Paris, had he fallen in the way of one of our country Dogberrys, although no man in England, I would answer, had a more enlarged mind, or was possessed of more integrity.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient servant,
CYRUS REDDING.

St. John's Wood, Aug. 12, 1859.

P.S.—I have known many first-rate linguists, book-learned, and able to translate many languages and *read* them with facility, but Mentellé *spoke* all like a native. His pronunciation of English was perfect as that of an Englishman. He told me that with the Slavonic and Greek well mastered in speaking, all other modern languages were easy of acquisition.

THE RIFLE MOVEMENT.

Apathy, scepticism, and even ridicule have been brought to bear against the rifle movement, yet do we hold it to be one of the most important that have ever been begun in this country. It is, in no possible view of the subject, an offensive movement; it is founded on the commonplace principle that the nation which is desirous of peace shall show to the world that she is able to defend herself against any attack. It is an attempt to revive the olden fame and superiority of Great Britain in archery, in new games and pastimes, and to arouse a new and useful rivalry in the weapon that has superseded in modern times the bow and arrow. It is not the fear of France, or of any other country, or the mere dread of preparations made abroad, which creates a feeling of uneasiness amongst the thoughtful, so much as the want of all plan and preparation. The rifle movement, like the augmentation and improvement of our navy, and the defence of exposed points and places of our coasts, must be looked upon solely in their own interests, as positive questions, arising from a sense of defectiveness, which may have been awakened by the hostile, or perturbed, or threatening aspect of other nations, but the perseverance in carrying out ameliorations in which ought to have no reference to them, or to false comparisons instituted by them as to the expenditure incurred, or the actual results arrived at in our national armaments, but to be made purely and solely home questions—just as much as is every man's right to place his own domicile in a state of defence.

There can be no doubt that, if an invasion of England were impending and imminent, every man capable of bearing arms would doubtless come forward for its protection; but it would be then too late. Here is the great point at which the thoughtful part of the community are at issue with those who discard and ridicule the rifle movement. Without organisation, and unacquainted with the use of the weapon placed in their hands, no people would be a match for the disciplined hosts that are now maintained in almost every country in Europe, and the valour with which all Englishmen would fight in defence of their homes would only serve to increase the number of victims. So long, therefore, as we object to the maintenance in this country of a standing army sufficiently strong to render us safe from foreign aggression, it is our bounden duty to provide for its effectual guard in some other form, although by so doing a vast deal more inconvenience will be entailed than were the nation at large to enable and empower our gracious Queen to provide for the defence of the country.

The volunteer movement has, however, this to recommend it, that it is even more purely national, and more simply defensive, than any other can possibly be. As such, it deserves that which it has not received, the support and adhesion of all parties, for it cannot by any possibility be converted into assuming an attitude of hostility to any other power. But, above all, it would be the occasion and opportunity for the introduction into this country, and the adoption throughout the length and breadth of the land, of a noble pastime, which may also one day become a most important means of defence.

No! let us all—as erst we were bowmen,
When a first Richard or Edward was king,
Now be found ready to scare away foemen,
True with the trigger, as once with the string!

The acts having reference to volunteer and yeomanry corps were consolidated by the 44th Geo. III., c. 54, and the principal provisions of this act are at present in force. They provide, among other things as a fundamental point, that such corps shall be officered by persons holding commissions either from her Majesty or a lieutenant of a county. But it does not appear that such provision would affect the selection of officers by a corps leaving the approval of such, and their official appointment, to her Majesty or the lords-lieutenant.* Her Majesty reserves to herself the power to disband or discontinue the services of any such corps whenever she may judge it to be expedient. Effective members of such corps are exempted from service in the militia or other forces. It is requisite to have attended muster and exercise eight days at the least in four months, or twenty-four days in the year, to constitute an effective member. Every person enrolled is to take the oath of allegiance. In all cases of actual invasion, or appearance of an enemy in force on the coast of Great Britain, or of rebellion or insurrection, all corps of volunteers shall be liable to march to any part of Great Britain, and any persons refusing shall be deemed deserters, and shall be subject to punishment as such. All such corps while on active service shall be under military discipline, shall be entitled to receive pay, to be billeted, and their families entitled to the same relief as the families of militiamen. Commissioned officers disabled in service are entitled to half-pay, and non-commissioned officers and privates to Chelsea Hospital, and widows of officers killed in service to pensions for life. Provisions relating to corps are to extend to independent troops or companies.

On the present occasion her Majesty's government, albeit admitting that the very essence of a volunteer force consists in their undertaking themselves to bear, without any cost to the public, the whole charges of their training and practice previous to being called out for actual service, has considered it but fair to the volunteers to relieve them in some degree of the expense which their first outfit will entail upon them, and of which the purchase of arms is necessarily the heaviest item. In the official instructions addressed from the War-office to lords-lieutenants of counties, under date of July 13th, it is provided that, as it is not necessary, for the purpose of instruction, that each individual of a corps should be provided with a rifle, since a musketry instructor cannot superintend a larger class than about ten men, Enfield rifles shall be supplied in the first instance to each corps at the rate of twenty-five per cent. of the effective members, for the purposes of instruction, the government undertaking to arm the whole effectives of the force whenever it may be called out for active ser-

* The "Instructions" since issued by the secretary of state remark upon this point: "Misconceptions having apparently arisen with regard to the selection of individuals to fill the position of officers in the volunteer force, and of their responsibilities, I can only repeat, that while I shall not be disposed to question the grounds upon which a lord-lieutenant may recommend any person for a commission for her Majesty's approval, I cannot recognise the principle of the election of their officers by any body possessing, in any sense, a military organisation."

vice against the enemy. This is a great boon, and ought at once to stimulate and determine the formation of volunteer corps all over the country. It must be premised, however, that notwithstanding the aid thus tendered to the movement by her Majesty's government, and that the fact of being an efficient volunteer gives relief from other military burdens, that it is not desirable that such persons should volunteer who are qualified for service as privates in the line or militia. The volunteer rifle corps is intended for another class of persons, and hence also it is that a becoming uniform should be adopted, for the sake of respectability as well as of personal safety in case of war, when a mob in arms are treated as so many rebels, but that without in any way shackling their movements with unnecessary or unessential military appurtenances and regulations. It is not intended that the rifle corps should supersede the line or militia, except in some instances, as in the case of volunteer artillery; hence is it also extremely desirable that the formation of such corps should not be allowed to interfere with the recruiting for the line or the militia. These are points which, like many others, are not always properly understood. "Oh!" we have heard it said, "the rifle movement will be a failure; the proper sort of men, those who can stand fatigue and exposure—the roughs—are not enlisted, and cannot afford to join." This is precisely as it ought to be; the rifle corps is essentially an auxiliary force, it should be composed of well-to-do artisans, tradesmen, professional men, gentlemen, and others, who will give attention to their rifle practice, if not to their drill, whilst the "roughs" will find plenty of openings for them in the militia and the regular army.

Although breech-loaders, or any other description of rifle may be used in practice, the volunteer providing his own practice ammunition, in case of the active services of the volunteer force being required, it must be exclusively armed with the rifle common to all the regular forces of her Majesty. It is questionable if, admitting the advantages in case of actual warfare, of there being as nearly uniformity in corps as possible, whether those advantages would not be more than counterbalanced by permitting to those members who can afford to pay for their army accoutrements and ammunition, to increase their efficiency by the use of breech-loaders, or revolving rifles. This is a point well worthy of reconsideration, more especially as applied to those independent troops and companies to which the act (44th Geo. III., c. 54) also applies.

The arrangements for safety of practising-ground, custody of arms, periodical inspection, and the supply of instructors, are all effectual and satisfactory, and it is also provided that all rules and regulations for the government of volunteer corps must be submitted to, and approved by, the secretary of state.

Her Majesty's government, whilst thus countenancing and encouraging the formation of rifle corps, very wisely express how anxious they are to direct the attention of the lords-lieutenant of maritime counties, in which our commercial ports and chief arsenals are situated, to the desirability of founding artillery rather than rifle corps. Although it is to be hoped that an additional force of Royal Artillery, Marine Artillery, and naval volunteers will be called out for these purposes, still we cannot but feel with government how desirable it is that other volunteers should be trained to gun practice, when, in case of war, the vast number of guns

mounted in our coast defences will require a large artillery force to work them, and the volunteers can in no way be so useful to the public service as when formed in artillery corps to man the batteries, and thus release a proportionate force of Royal Artillery for service in the field. Further, government will not only, in all cases where coast batteries are available for practice, give a preference to the formation of artillery corps, but at places on the sea-coast at which batteries do not now exist, but where the military authorities may deem it advisable to place guns hereafter, artillery corps may usefully be formed, if the members, aided by the residents in their vicinity, would take upon themselves the erection of earthworks. In that case, guns would be provided by the government for training and practice, and for the arming the works in case of necessity. Government will also afford competent professional advice as to the selection of proper sites for such coast defences, and as to their construction and armament.

It is obvious that this arrangement, with one exception, that of leaving the armament of the forts and earthworks to a time of necessity, which may be just a moment too late, would provide, under circumstances of enthusiasm favourable to its development, for the effective defence of the whole of our coasts. The more so, if a sufficient number of heavy rifled ordnance was available. But still, under any circumstances, it is to be hoped that every lord-lieutenant of maritime counties, especially in the southern portions of the island, will avail himself of the government offer to provide competent professional advice, to select at once all proper sites for the erection of coast defences; and this done, they will proceed, to the best of their ability, to enforce upon the residents in the neighbourhood the necessity for putting the shoulder to the wheel to get the proposed defences carried out, and to supply them with an adequate number of volunteers for their effective working. This ought to be a pleasant autumn's amusement, the gratification of which would be enhanced by the awakened feelings of patriotism and public duty amongst our shore population.

Government has, it is important not to omit, further provided for the formation of volunteer associations in our commercial ports and rivers, for manning and working boats or ships, launches armed with single guns, to be supplied by government, as recommended in the 17th paragraph of the circular of the 25th of May, and in the 18th of the circular of July 13th; and, in order the better to aid the formation of such associations, it has requested the Board of Admiralty to send down, on application from the lords-lieutenant, a competent officer to give his advice to these associations in regard to their organisation and equipment, and to aid them in the gunnery instruction.

It has long been a matter of painful reflection with some that a knowledge of rifle practice was not more general. Why, it was asked, have we not plenty of rifle regiments—why are not our men as famous with the rifle as our forefathers with the bow? Far wiser were our ancestors; while other countries only prepared for war when it was imminent, England, with superior vigilance and intelligence, adopted strenuous measures to maintain her pre-eminence in the use of her then favourite arm. At one time, by law, boys at seven years of age were compelled to practise its use, and an adult was not allowed, under a penalty, to shoot at a target placed at a less distance than two hundred and twenty yards.

A restraint was put upon other games and sports lest they should interfere with archery. By a stringent law, every Englishman was bound to provide himself with a bow and arrows. The old yews that now adorn many of our village graveyards were planted with no other object than to supply the requisite materials for the use of our matchless archers. Every parish throughout England was obliged to maintain the necessary "butt," and the afternoons of Sundays and holidays were set apart for contests for prizes. Why should it not be the same with regard to rifles? In a constitutional country like ours, rifles could be entrusted in the hands of the whole population with as much safety as bows—the weapons of olden times—were. Why should not the rifle become to every Englishman what the bow was of yore? It should be the pride of every one worthy of the name to attain proficiency in the use of a weapon the most perfect and the most formidable that human ingenuity has yet devised. There is no doubt that the country at large, as well as past governments, have foolishly neglected the most natural defence of the country, in not availing themselves of a mine as yet unexplored, and which, if properly worked, might be found to contain immense resources. This lies in the spirit of our young men throughout the country, and their willingness to form themselves into bodies for the support of the regular troops in case of need. Educated youths are not like ploughboys, and there cannot be a doubt that a few days' drill and rifle practice in the month would shortly give us a hundred thousand men perfectly adapted for co-operating on an emergency with the regular army.

Rifle clubs, or mere associations for the purpose of target practice, without any immediate military object, and as such distinct from rifle corps or regiments, may, it is to be observed, be established at any place, or under any regulations which their members may think proper to adopt. Such clubs, as auxiliary to military corps, cannot but be deemed to be of considerable importance. All that is necessary to organise them is to determine the amount of net subscription, the rifle, ammunition, and uniform, the site for the ground, the days and hours for practice, and other matters of detail. The more proficient members of a rifle club should be drafted into a volunteer corps or regiment, which must in the first instance necessarily be enrolled under the provisions of the Volunteer Act (44 Geo. III., cap. 54).

Lieutenant Busk argues in his well-known little book, "Rifle Volunteers: how to Organise and Drill them," that in most counties one such regiment will be found sufficient, but there may be an unlimited number of clubs. Mr. W. H. Russell, the *Times* special correspondent, combats this view of the subject with great energy in his excellent work on Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps. "As far as one can judge," says this spirited writer, "of the present movement, there is as yet a decided tendency to favour 'clubs' or 'associations,' instead of 'corps' or 'companies.' This tendency is unfavourable to real efficiency and to utility in case of need. I say it without offence, but in all truthfulness, that I would not place much reliance on rifle 'clubs,' in event of an invasion, and that I fear they would be nearly useless for military purposes. Why should not earnest, straightforward men, who really mean to fight for their country if there be occasion, try to attain the greatest efficiency in the art of fighting? Why should they fear any approach to the discipline and subordination of military bodies? Why should they suspect govern-

ment of any design upon them? If men join rifle clubs as they join cricket clubs or boat clubs, merely to indulge in a favourite amusement in pleasant company, I do not anticipate much good from the movement, although it is far more needful and desirable for our young men to know the use of the rifle than the use of the bat or of the oar. I fear that rifle clubs will become merely the resort, for a few hours in the week, of some members who like rifle-shooting, 'a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water, a little friendly gossip, perhaps a rubber, and so to bed.' Such men, so constituted, would in the field be the very cheap, but the very inefficient defence of England. What I contend for is the 'rifle company' regularly officered and regularly drilled, and well practised, which in time can act in concert with its fellows in a battle, and which may be regarded as a military body. The other day I saw a young gentleman walking down Oxford-street in a fine new uniform. He had a shiny black leather shako on his head with a long waving plume, and worsted cap-lines. His slender body was squeezed into a much-bebraided dark cloth tunic, with thick silk cord on neck, breast, and cuffs. Belt with whistle and calls suspended his useless pouch under one shoulder, his waist was squeezed by another belt to the 'nth;' in his hand he bore a ponderous sabre with a heavy polished steel scabbard (such as our regular rifle officers very absurdly wear at present), with the usual slings and fittings; and his trousers were strapped so tightly, he could scarcely put his feet to the ground: a more absurd, ridiculous little object of a military nature I had never seen before, and so I was tempted to find out of what manner it was, and found that it was an officer of a newly-established 'rifle club.' Now, a more helpless creature than it would be, if turned out of his rifle club one fine morning, and told to post his club to protect a position, or take up ground on a common, cannot well be imagined."

The portrait is cleverly sketched, and, every one will admit, not overdrawn or caricatured. A good deal of common sense will be wanted to mould either corps or clubs into practical working order before a real success will be obtained; but it is not because trouble will be requisite that, an impetus having been given to the movement, we should for a moment cease in our labours in studying and perfecting it. "If we are earnest," says Mr. Russell elsewhere, "in this matter, there can be in two months five hundred thousand volunteers enrolled; but it will be some time more ere we can hope to see each man armed and clad properly, even if government gives all the aid in its power. If we are lukewarm, the movement will become a national disgrace, and its failure will be the strongest inducement to our enemy, whoever he may be, to attack us."

There can be no doubt that there is very little of the element of military life in a club. The genius of a club is equality among its members. The genius of a military body is subordination, which is the opposite of equality in a military sense. But still, while we side with Mr. Russell in the military view of the subject, we decidedly feel with Lieutenant Busk, that it is better to have rifle clubs than no rifle practice at all. Such will be, at first, most suitable probably for small neighbourhoods, for people cannot go to the distant head-quarters of a corps to practise, and the principle is decidedly more winning and captivating to the youth of the middle classes. A beginning once made, the movement may be subsequently turned to practical use. Even Mr. Russell himself admits

that, "sooner than have no movement at all, let us take clubs as the foyers, where our ardour, in learning the use of arms, is to glow freely and fervidly." Equally certain and true is it, that if we would secure great, permanent, indubitable results, we must have companies, battalions, and corps of a military character. Companies, it is to be observed, could practise under all the advantages of clubs, with the superadded advantages of belonging to an enrolled corps, having uniformity of dress, and being able to practise occasionally as a regiment on field-days.

In Lieutenant Busk's book it is proposed to divide England into four hundred districts, and to raise one regiment from each district, varying from four hundred to one thousand strong. Mr. Russell, on his part, states his strong preference to the actual divisions of parishes as the basis of the formation, each parish furnishing the materials of its own company. Hundreds, or rating districts for poor-law purposes, would do equally well, but a known and existent division would be the most effective. We quite agree with this latter view of the subject. There is nothing more conducive to success in a movement like this than to work upon old-received and recognised distinctions, and not to establish new ones. In the western suburban districts, the parishes of Chelsea, Brompton, Fulham, Hammersmith, and Chiswick are founding companies, most of them to have their own establishment and practising-ground, but to belong to one regiment—that of the South Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. It is expected that others will join, and it is to be hoped that Kensington will merge its so-called "association," already commented upon by Mr. Russell, into one or more companies, and that they may also be induced to join in the common expenditure of erecting a butt on Wormholt Scrubbs, one of the finest practising-grounds in the neighbourhood of London.

It is not our object here to introduce any detailed remarks upon the subjects of organisation, dress, drill, and arms. With respect to the first, we think two classes, one of honorary or non-practising members, subscribing two guineas a year, and one of efficient members, subscribing one guinea, will meet all difficulties. We do not advocate with Mr. Russell the establishment of a third class, of those who could provide nothing. It is evident that they should go into the line or the militia. As to uniform, the general feeling seems to be in favour of the nether garment called knickerbocker, as originally suggested by Lord Elcho, with some modifications. Le Couteur's work on the appearance of various colours at different distances, shows that grey or reddish brown are the best for riflemen. Hence a brown foraging-cap, with a brown leather top to it, enclosing flat plates of steel to resist sword-cuts, to which riflemen would be much exposed in the open field from cavalry, has been suggested with more propriety than grey or brown round felt hats or wide-awakes with feathers, which are less soldier-like, hold water in the leaf, are unsuited for cover and brushwood, and are liable to blow off in windy weather. "All shakos, cocks' plumes, and feathers and tufts," remarks Mr. Russell, "are supererogatories and foolishness; in action they are vanities, dangerous exceedingly, and any amount of wide-awakism is better than such a head-dress." Uniform is absolutely necessary, or volunteers would be treated as assassins by a hostile force; but it cannot be too plain or simple. "Ease to the wearer, lightness,

and moderate warmth," as Lieutenant Busk remarks, "are the main requisites." "Provided that the dress is commodious and simple," Mr. Russell says on his side, "and that it is fit for work, it matters very little of what it is composed, or of what form and cut it is." "Of course the local corps and clubs will dress as they like, and it is no harm to encourage distinctiveness in dress in each; but, from all we can hear, Garibaldi's men do not fight the less successfully or valiantly because they wear no uniform at all. Still, it is to be recommended, if it were only for its economy, that the men of each corps or club should be dressed the same way in some cheap plain attire, suited to the practice-ground, parade, and field service."

Any system of drill that is adopted should be strictly in accordance with that now practised by all British light infantry corps. It is a great error to imagine that proficiency at the target is all that is requisite to constitute an efficient volunteer. It is absolutely essential that he should, in addition, act with precision in concert with others, and learn that implicit obedience to his officers without which no man has any pretensions to be considered a soldier, for without it he would be worse than useless in the field. Still all drill for volunteers should be as simple and as little irksome as possible. Sir Charles James Napier, it is well known, limited a volunteer's drill to simply seven things, viz.: 1. To face right and left by word of command; 2. To march in line and column; 3. To extend and close files as light infantry with "supports;" 4. To change front in extended and in close order; 5. To relieve the skirmishers; 6. To form solid squares and "rallying squares;" 7. To form an advanced guard. These seven things are all the veteran general declared that the volunteer requires, and his dictum will probably be adopted throughout the country. He also recommended habituating the corps to take long marches of from fifteen to twenty miles with arms and ammunition on, and also in running, or what is called "double quick time." He condemns exclusiveness in forming a corps. A gentleman, he says, will find no braver or better comrades than among his own immediate neighbours and tenants. This, however, applies more to the country than to towns.

Some sound practical suggestions have been adopted in the organisation of the London Rifle Brigade, which are well worthy of imitation elsewhere. It has been decided, for example, to have a uniform sufficiently handsome for the corps to parade with, and at the same time to have an undress forage-cap, and a loose blouse and trousers to match, for skirmishing. The reporter, Captain Montagu Hicks, remarks as follows upon the subject of drill and discipline:

> The day is past for men of intellect to be tutored into not employing the mind in anything they undertake, and the volunteer will be averse to practise perpetually, month after month, the weary repetitions of the "manual and platoon," in order to effect, with the mechanical precision of a brainless machine, the only desire of the drill sergeant, viz. "to do it together;" but the volunteers *will* devote time and patience in learning anything which they see will teach them to become "fighting men."
>
> It is necessary that everything taught to the volunteer should bear with it the charm of utility. Discipline must be enforced, and, without it, a volunteer rifle corps would be a mere armed mob, more dangerous to themselves than others; but great tact is required in order that the members of the brigade be not bored with the duties they have taken on themselves. I suggest

that they be instructed by degrees in the niceties of drill after they have learnt to be good skirmishers, indefatigable scouts, first-rate shots, and valuable auxiliaries to the regular army.

It is unnecessary tc say much upon the subject of rifles. We may, however, take this opportunity of noticing two new little books that have come to hand, the first entitled "Our Engines of War, and How we got to make Them," by Captain Jervis-White Jervis, M.P., Royal Artillery, a very curious little book, in which the history of engines of war is discussed, from the invention of gunpowder and the first introduction of gunnery up to the present time, showing at once the vast difficulties which have had to be overcome in bringing them to the present state of perfection, and the reasons which, from time to time, cause such an enormous addition to the military expenditure of this country; the second, "The Rifle Musket," by the same author, has arrived at a second edition, and that not without a reason, for the Enfield rifle—a weapon, Captain Jervis remarks, the perfection of which cannot but excite the wonder of those who have taken the trouble to investigate the subject, and which, after all, *must* be that adopted by volunteers for actual service—is more concisely and scientifically described in it in all its details, from the gunpowder that is used, the cartridge, the sight, and the projectile, than in any other work that we have yet seen.

The first thing needed by volunteers is organisation and practice. This done, a generous rivalry, enthusiam, and exertion must be maintained by the system of prizes. The adoption of such will be the best step to making the movement permanent. Above all things the use of the rifle must be made popular; the nation must be induced to take as much interest in rifle meetings as in cricket or archery matches, horse-racing and yachting. We must have prizes for the first, second, and third best shots in each corps, matches against other corps and regiments, annual gatherings, where prizes will be offered for the best shots in the kingdom, and others open to all comers. We need not fear the result. This nation, with its facilities for making arms, its legendary fame in archery, and its traditional skill in the use of the fowling-piece, will also soon excel in the use of the rifle, for the national pride will never permit a Briton to be less successful with the rifle than with the bow or the fowling-piece, or less enthusiastic as a volunteer than he is as a rower, a hunter, a boxer, or in any other manly pursuit. "So shall every neighbourhood have wholesome holidays, with a good-natured mingling of class with class, in their sprinkling of picturesque attire, and all due means adapted to give a right direction to individual aspirations after feats of skill and prowess, and, above all, every village will have secured its own home-bred body-guard of stout young fellows, able and willing to do good service, if ever need be. If ever—for, mark me, Naaman Muff, I judge, with you, that this is strictly a peace measure; it is only the carelessness of unarmed wealth that provokes your burglar; let him once know that watch-dogs are awake and revolvers loaded, and the thief will slink away, honest perforce. However, if we will continue to sleep with our windows open to the lawn, and having the stupid reputation of being ignorant or unpossessed of fire-arms, I won't insure a safe night's rest to any man or state lying in so insensate a security."

ROUND LAKE SUPERIOR.

We are always glad to welcome a new work by that famous old German traveller J. G. Kohl, because we feel sure that it will afford us both instruction and amusement. His self-imposed mission of describing the manners and customs of the world has already led him into strange nooks and corners, but, in spite of difficulties and dangers which would have caused a less resolute man to turn back, he has never flinched from his purpose. After exhausting the Old World he proceeded to the New, and has already given us a very faithful report of the present social condition of North America and Canada. Still, he was not satisfied with this result, and on behalf of ethnology he determined on spending a year among the aborigines, and thoroughly studying their habits. The results of this investigation he has recently made known to us in an unpretending work, which we purpose in this paper to analyse.*

As M. Kohl intended to live precisely like the natives, the first thing was to build a wigwam at La Pointe, on the Apostle Islands, where the Ojibbeways had assembled to receive their payment from the United States government. This operation was effected by women, whose special duty it was to fell timber for the camp. Four young trees were thrust into the earth in the form of a parallelogram, and the side branches firmly tied together with cedar-bark. Cross branches were then inserted to give the skeleton of the building sufficient solidity, while rolls of birch-bark were laid over the exterior as a protection from wind and rain. The bark is stripped from the trees in pieces about three feet square, six or seven of which are sewn together, and formed into a roll. About ten of these rolls are required to cover a wigwam. On striking camp, these rolls are carefully removed and carried by the women, while the poles are left standing. The interior of our author's wigwam was usually decorated with mats, made by the women out of the great lake reed, which they plait with great dexterity, and stain with numerous gay colours. From his own experience, M. Kohl asserts, that these savages are better housed than the gipsies in Southern Russia and Wallachia.

Once comfortably settled, M. Kohl was enabled to watch the preparations made by the chiefs for the reception of the Indian agent, or, as they term him, their great father from Washington. He found great fun in watching the dandies as they painted their faces, and dressed themselves in their skins. The musicians were certainly very primitive, the instruments consisting of a drum, a few calabasses, and a piece of board, struck with a large knife. At times, a warrior would bound into the circle, and describe his heroic deeds perhaps in this way: "Once we Ojibbeways, a hundred of us, started to attack the Sioux. One of ours, a courageous man, a man of the true mettle, impatient for distinction, separated from the rest of us, and crept on before into the enemy's country. The man discovered a party of the foe, two men, two women, and two children. He crept round them like a wolf; he crawled up to

* Kitschi-Gami. Erzählungen vom Oberen See. Von J. G. Kohl. Bremen: 1859.

them like a snake; he fell on them like the lightning, cut down the two men, and scalped them. The howling women and children, though, he seized by the arm, and threw them as prisoners to his people, who had hurried up at his yell. And this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, it was I! I have spoken." Certainly, a very pleasant sort of gentleman to live with, but our author found him in private life most affable and polite.

Great was the consternation among the Indians when the agent refused to smoke the pipe of peace with them, for they could only regard it as a declaration of war. He, however, soothed them by stating that he wished to put a stop to their pagan ceremonies and civilise them, though he had no objection to smoke a dozen pipes with them in private. The worst part for M. Kohl in the affair was, that he missed all the dances which had been promised. There was another cause of agitation among the Indians: they owed the state some advances, and the agent proposed to deduct the entire sum in which the tribe was indebted from the payment, but to this the chiefs strenuously objected. Every man for himself, said they. How cleverly the chiefs can defend their own will be seen from the conclusion of one of the speeches quoted by M. Kohl:

Father, there is one more point. In our former treaty, indeed in all former treaties, it was settled that certain moneys should be kept back from our tribute for blacksmiths' shops, schools, and other establishments among us. We have heard of those sums, but we have seen nothing of these works. They have not come to us. We know not where that money has evaporated. We pray thee, examine closely into this. We beg this of thee much. I could say much more about this matter, but I will now sit down. For I am not accustomed to wear these European pantaloons which have been presented to me, or to stand long in them. They annoy me. Hence, I will cease to speak, and sit down.

The payment of the tribute often gives rise to peculiar scenes. The agent with his clerks gives a public audience in a room or barn, and a fresh tribe is introduced daily. The first thing is to collect the chiefs and elders, who are best acquainted with the number of each family, for the tribute is paid by capitation. Women, men, and children are equally privileged; hence, the more children a man has the more tribute he receives. According to the letter of the law, every recipient should be present, and hence the majority bring in their entire family. Still, it is impossible to carry out the law strictly, for there are always some aged or sick persons who cannot undertake the journey. In several districts the women at payment time are engaged with their harvest, or some other pressing matter, and cannot spare the time. Hence, many Indians are permitted to receive the tribute for their family, on the guarantee of the chiefs. If the entire members of a tribe have not arrived, the statistics are usually made up from the memory of the old men, who carry all their registers in their heads. They know exactly to whom a child has been born, who has died in the interval, and who has taken another wife, and their word is always regarded as sufficient. On one occasion, when our author was present, an Indian who had come from the other end of Wisconsin, produced a bundle of neatly cut sticks as his credentials. There were two longer ones for his two wives, and seven for his children, each longer than the other, according to the age of the child. The only receipt required from the Indians is, that they should touch the

pen with which the agent has written down their names. Indeed, they trust entirely to him, for few among them know the relative value of the white and yellow medals. The distribution of the clothing and implements also causes very comical scenes, for the Indians always put on their new clothes over the others. One who received a cap converted it immediately into a tobacco-pouch; while another, on whose coat the gilt ticket had been accidentally left, regarded it with intense pride as a mark of distinction, and would not allow it to be removed.

Most of our readers have heard of the Indian runners, who carry on the postal system of the fur companies, and the Ojibbeways, as an unmounted tribe, frequently run down game in the winter. This is more especially the case with the elk, which moves with difficulty over the snow; but the following anecdote will show that other animals are conquered in the same way:

A Sioux Indian, called the "Man of the Sky," on returning from an unsuccessful hunt, seated himself on a high point on the edge of a prairie to smoke his pipe. While thus engaged, his eyes fell suddenly on a black bear, trotting comfortably towards his mound. The young Indian who can boast of having run down a bear, is prouder of it than an English boxer. Skyman had long desired an opportunity for such distinction, and now he thought the time had arrived. Had he merely wanted to kill the bear, he could have concealed himself and shot it. But anybody could do that who knew how to pull a trigger; he, therefore, determined on having a race with Master Bruin. He removed all his clothes and ornaments, excepting his mocassins, pipe, and rifle. The bear came up, and the Indian rose from his seat. At the sight of its foe, Bruin leaped aside, and bolted ahead. Gradually, however, it slacked its speed, and the Indian was able to reduce the distance. Again the bear performed the same operation, but, after several repetitions, the animal began to "sweat," the phrase used by the Indians when they wish to say that a person is growing tired. At the same time, however, Skyman noticed, to his alarm, that the prairie was coming to an end, and that a thick scrub was close by. The affair must now be settled. Bruin ran his hardest to reach the wood, and, if successful, the chase would have been over, as the animal would soon have found some hollow tree, or an impenetrable renversi. The Indian ran at full speed, cut the bear off from the wood, and forced it back into the open prairie. For a moment he stopped, drew a deep breath, and then said, "Now, my black friend, two legs against four. Either thou or I must 'sweat' before we part." Both now bounded over the prairie like race-horses, but it was soon evident that Bruin must soon beg for quarter, as his zig-zag course gave the hunter a decided superiority. The race was over. Bruin was lame and exhausted, the pursuer lively and active. He could almost seize the animal by the wool, when he raised his rifle and put an end to its existence. After enjoying a comforting pipe he threw the carcase over his shoulder and carried it into the neighbouring village, where the most delicate bits were eaten, and the usual religious honours performed to the spirit of the bear.

One of the most interesting things for the ethnographer among the Indians is the language of signs; for, as Shakspeare says:

> I cannot too much muse
> Such shapes, such gestures, and such sound expression
> (Altho' they want the use of tongue), a kind
> Of excellent dumb discourse.

We will, therefore, describe a few of the signs used among the Ojibbeways.

When they are speaking of the Great Spirit, they direct a reverential

and shy glance upwards, or point a finger to the sky. When speaking of the sun, or of the time (for the sun is their clock), and describing the position of the sun at the period to which they are alluding, they point to that portion of the sky. If a shot occurs in the narrative, they usually strike the palm of the left hand with the other fist. If talking of a journey on horseback, they put the two first fingers of the right hand astride on the forefinger of the left, and imitate the gallop of a horse. If it is a journey on foot, they march the two forefingers several times through the air. In counting, the fingers are naturally employed. Here is a curious description of the *modus operandi:*

Supposing an Indian wishes to tell another that he has had a three days' ride across the prairie, he begins by pointing to his own worthy person: that signifies "I." Then he sets his fingers galloping in the way I have described: this perfects the idea, "I rode on horseback." Further, he passes his hand across the sky to give the idea of "day," and ends by holding up three fingers to his friend to show he was three days engaged.

The most curious thing is, that, although the dialects of the Indians vary so much, this sign language is universal throughout united America. Thus, for instance, any Indian wishing to describe a pretty woman, passes his hand gently through the air with an undulating motion. The sign for a woman generically is passing the hand slowly down the face and the body. M. Kohl has seen two Indians, speaking utterly distinct dialects, converse with each other by signs for hours together. The process of writing by signs necessarily emanates from the sign language: thus the undulating lines made by the finger in the air to represent water are drawn on the birch bark, and are thus converted into a hieroglyphic. Hence the origin of the birch-bark writing, over which so many ethnographers have racked their brains, and of which M. Kohl gives some most interesting specimens.

Another curious fact among the Indians is the pride they evince in their genealogy. Thus M. Kohl made the acquaintance of a half-breed, belonging to the tribe of the Grues, on the mother's side, who asserted in all confidence that his family dated back to the Tower of Babel. On our author smilingly expressing his doubts, the half-breed replied most seriously: "Monsieur, je suis tout-à-fait sérieux. Les Grues ont pris possession de ces terres après le déluge. C'est bien connu. Pour des siècles les Grues avaient le nom le plus haut. Ils sont écrits dans les grands et les plus anciens livres. Ma mère était une Grue. Ma femme est une Grue. Dans les derniers temps ils sont un peu tombés, mais il y a encore des Grues à La Pointe, au Sault de Sainte Marie, à la Folle Avoine (Wisconsin), près de Détroit, à la baie de Hudson. Enfin, monsieur, les Grues ont été et sont encore partout les hommes les plus remarquables du monde!"

On an excursion to L'Anse Bay, M. Kohl had opportunity to form acquaintance with the celebrated Voyageurs, and devotes a very interesting chapter to their chansons. As the voyages take place almost entirely on water, these songs are specially referable to the act of rowing, and are divided into chansons à l'aviron, chansons à la rame, chansons de canot à lège, and so on. Still the distinction lies rather in the time than in the character of the song. The aviron, or paddle, is differently managed from the rame, or oar, and the Voyageurs have distinct terms

for the manipulation. Thus, paddling they term nager, while the word ramer is exclusively left to the oar. When they have a large crew they paddle, but when few in number they row, as a rameur only requires half the space of a nageur. The oar is employed for strength, the paddle for speed: hence the songs accompanying the latter process are far the more lively. The canot à lège is, of course, worked by paddles, as it supplies all the postal service of Lake Superior, and is employed by Sir G. Simpson on his tour of inspection. Wonderful are the fables current among the Indians as to the speed with which the governor traverses the lakes.

M. Kohl finds it as impossible to quote any of the chansons (owing to their length) as it would be for a botanician to place in his herbal one of the creeping plants that float in Magellan's Straits. Their main virtue is their length, and they are expected to last the whole course of a river; hence they have endless repetitions. As a specimen, let us cut off half a yard or so of the song "La belle Rose du Rosier blanc." In the first verse the singer describes how he went a walking in melancholy mood through the woods:

Mais je n'ai trouvé personne (*bis and pause*),
Que le rossignol, chantant la belle rose,
La belle rose du rosier blanc!
Qui me dit dans son langage (*bis and pause*),
Marie-toi, car il est temps, à la belle rose,
A la belle rose du rosier blanc!
Comment veux-tu que je me marie (*bis and pause*) avec la belle rose,
La belle rose du rosier blanc?
Mon père n'est pas content (*bis and pause*) de la belle rose,
De la belle rose du rosier blanc!
Ni mon père nani ma mère (*bis and pause*);
Je m'en irai en service pour la belle rose,
La belle rose du rosier blanc!
En service pour un an (*bis and pause*), pour ma belle rose! &c.

The only song we know at all equal to this in long-windedness is the celebrated stave of "Eduard und Kunegunde."

Another variety of songs peculiar to the Voyageurs is known under the name of *complaintes*, and these contain a fund of poesy. There is something very natural in these elegiac verses, however; but the Voyageurs regard themselves as doubly exiles, first from France, and then from Lower Canada. Their mode of life exposes them to countless dangers and privations, and though they all talk of a speedy return to Lower Canada, very few of them carry it into effect. There are whole families of Voyageurs on Lake Superior who, from father to son, have sung "The return to Canada," and yet have sacrificed their lives here.

"Où restez-vous?" I asked one of the Voyageurs, who had taken a place among us in a fishing-hut. In Canadian French this is so much as, Where do you live—where is your home? "Où je reste? je ne peux pas te le dire. Je suis Voyageur—je suis Chicot, monsieur. Je reste partout. Mon grand-père était Voyageur. Il est mort en voyage. Mon père était Voyageur. Il est mort en voyage. Je mourrai aussi en voyage, et un autre Chicot prendra ma place." I must here remark, in explanation, that my Voyageur had some Indian blood in his veins, and called himself Chicot in jest. That is a name given first to half-burnt tree stumps, and has been transferred to the half-breeds. They call them-

selves at times Bois Brûlés or Bois Grillés, in reference to the shades of colour produced by such a mingling of blood.

Complaintes are oftentimes made on tragical events, and thus become generally known. One of the most celebrated of these is the melancholy fate of an old Voyageur of the name of Jean Cayeux. It is very long, and it seems as if no one knew it entirely by heart, though they are sufficient fragments to arrive at the right story.

Jean Cayeux, according to the accredited story, was a great Canadian Voyageur, a hunter and trader, loved by all friendly Indians and Europeans through the whole land of the St. Lawrence. Once on a time he voyaged and hunted on the Ottawa river, and remained for a long time with his wife and children in the vicinity of the cataracts on that river, known as the Grand Calumet. It was in the old French time, when the Iroquois, the allies of the British, were still powerful, and frequently made predatory forages into the country. They attacked the French, and if they gained the day nothing escaped their merciless fire and arms. By such a band Cayeux saw his encampment one evening surrounded. He had nothing to hand but a canoe; in this his wife and children sought shelter, and his young son seized the rudder to guide the boat.

"Généralement on ne saute pas le Grand Calumet," for they are too violent, rocky, and long. Hence, a portage is generally made here, the canoe taken out of the water and carried round the cataract. Cayeux's family, however, accomplished the daring feat, for there was no other way of escape. He, Cayeux, remained behind, as he feared to make the boat too heavy and destroy his family, but promised to join them again by a détour; then he sprang on a rock in the middle of the stream, and watched his family glide down the wild cataracts. He saw, too, how they entrusted themselves to the mercy of Heaven, folded their hands, and prayed. Then he saw a white form appear on the bow of the canoe, and recognised the Holy Virgin. Guided by her, the boat swam safely down the rapids, and gained a strong French post, which the Indians, who followed like foxes, dared not attack.

Now Cayeux had to think of his own preservation, and rushed into the woods, but the Iroquois cut off his road and forced him further north into the upper deserts of the Ottawa river. They hunted him like wolves do a timid roebuck. By day the fugitive cleverly concealed himself in the hollow trees, and by night he hurried on through the bush. The chase lasted many days, and still the unhappy Cayeux heard the yells of the savages in his rear. His provisions gradually failed him, and his strength gave way. At length the Iroquois grew weary of the chase, and returned to their own country, but it was all over with Cayeux. They had driven him into such a desolate marshy region, that he no longer possessed the strength to return to his family.

As some protection against the weather he built a bush hut on one of the uppermost affluents of the Ottawa. This was the only road leading to Canada, but he possessed no canoe. Besides, he did not dare quit his hiding-place, lest he might fall into the hands of his enemies. His solitary hope was that Frenchmen might pass along the river and rescue him.

C'est donc ici que le monde m'abandonne,
Sainte Vierge! ne m'abandonnez pas!

So runs the complaint. But no one visited him save the wild beasts. A wolf walked yawning in front of his cabin: "Ha, thou wild comrade, what wouldst thou?" Cayeux shouted to the animal; "I am not yet quite exhausted. Take to flight, or I must wrestle with thee for the victory!" A croaking raven sat on the branch of a tree the next day, near him: "Eh! mangeur de chair humaine!" Cayeux addressed it, "thou hast come to see if I am already dead. But see! I have strength enough to drive thee away." And the raven flew sullenly away.

But he grew weaker and weaker every day, and when, on the third evening, three song-birds came and sat twittering before his hut, he began to lament, and gave them a mournful message:

Cher petit oiseau des érémites,
Va dire à ma maîtresse
Que les érémites ne pensent plus à moi.

He now felt that his hour had arrived, and dug himself a Christian grave with the expenditure of his last strength. By the grave he erected a cross, on which he carved with his knife his complaint, the history of his tragic ending. As he lay praying and dying before his cross, three French faces appeared before him. "Mais ils me donnaient une courte joie." The joy was too great for him. He spread out his arms to them; his eye shone once again with gladness, but then shut for ever. He fell into the grave he had dug for himself, and his three countrymen, who read his complaint on the woodwork, buried him with tears.

The Indian mission, "rivière au desert," on the Sault St. Marie, was for a long time a residence of our author's. Very curiously, among the Canadians the word "désert" is significative of civilisation, and they give it to the signs of clearing. They even go so far as to employ the verb "déserter," or laying the forest bare, as the term for making improvements. At Rivière there is a very curious arrangement, too: one half of the village on one bank of St. Mary is Protestant, the other bank Catholic. We should like to know what idea the Indians can form of the Christian religion under such circumstances?

At this village M. Kohl had an opportunity of inspecting the food the Indians store up for the winter, and the variety is certainly very remarkable, and such as could hardly be expected. The first thing he saw was a handful of "prunes sauvages," from a parcel an old woman was preserving. These grow along the banks of nearly all the rivers, and although uneatable without sugar, when they are preserved they have a delightful aroma. The Indians dry them sometimes, but more frequently boil them with maple sugar and mould them into a sort of cake. They stir the plums about in the kettle till the mass becomes quite thick, then they spread it an inch thick on a piece of skin or birch bark, and dry it in the sun. It thus forms a tough, leathery substance, which they roll up and cache. It keeps a long time, and in the winter they cut off lumps and boil it with dried meat. C'est bon, bon, monsieur, tout à fait!

Among the Indians sugar is universally employed instead of salt: they even pour maple syrup on their fish. They have a great aversion to salt, and if they use it to any extent, are sure to be ill. Hence they make a great variety of preserves, among others being the wild cherry,

called by the English "Sand cherry," which is found to a large extent in the sugar-maple woods. The women collect the cherries at the same time as the whortleberry, and prepare them in various ways. One is, that they pound the cherries between two flat stones, then mix them with the fat of deer or other animals, and boil the whole till it forms a paste, when it is cached. In winter, when they wish to do honour to a guest, they dig it up, and say, "C'est très bon." The whortleberry, which is very abundant, is usually dried by being spread on mats of bois blanc and boucaned over a slow fire. These berries supply the place of sugar, which often gives out in winter. Cranberries are also a great resource: they are plucked in October, and have the great advantage that they remain fresh through the winter without any preparation.

Probably, there is no portion of Indian history so well known as that relating to fighting and war expeditions, and yet it seems to us that M. Kohl has been enabled to collect some novel information with which we will end our paper. Although the expeditions emanate from various cases, it too often happens that they arise from some warrior having a bad dream. When he has made up his mind for a fight, he separates from his family, and retires to a hut built expressly for the purpose. Then he sits whole evenings, beating the drum and muttering gloomy magic incantations, sighing the while as if his heart were breaking. Of course he has plenty of visions: the ghosts of his relatives killed by the enemy appear to him and challenge him to vengeance. Other ghosts come and show him the way to the enemy's camp, promise him victory, and at times tell him how many of the foe he will kill. If his drum and chant are heard for any length of time in the village, a friend will come, and, taking a seat by his side, ask, "What is the matter with thee, Black Cloud? why dost thou dream? what grief preys on thee?" The Black Cloud then opens his heart, and tells him how his father's brother was scalped three years agone by the Sioux, and so on, and how thoughts of his relations have come to him, and that they leave him no rest in his dreams, from their demand for vengeance. Then he tells him, too, some of the auguries and signs of a brilliant victory he has received in a dream, as well as the ways by which to gain it. Still he does not tell him all: he reserves the glory for himself.

The friend, after hearing all this, takes up the drum and "joins his friend in dreaming." The latter, if placing confidence in him, appoints him his adjutant, and they place themselves at the head of the undertaking, or become, as the Canadians call it, chefs de guerre. They always think it better to have two leaders, because, "if the dreams of one have no strength left," the other may help. The two chiefs sit together the whole winter through, smoke pipes innumerable, strike the drum in turn, consult on the place of the campaign, and send tobacco to their friends as an invitation to take part in the expedition. War is rarely carried on in winter, partly because the canoe cannot be used on the frozen rivers, and partly because the snow would betray their line of march. When the two are agreed, and have raised a sufficient number of recruits, and decided that the campaign shall begin at such a time (viz. when the leaves are so large, for instance), they arrange a war-dance in the burying-ground, to which the women come, painted black, like the men. A similar war-dance is also held in the wigwams of all the warriors who intend taking part in the campaign.

If the expedition is of any importance it is generally accompanied by a maiden called the "sacrifice woman." She is usually dressed in white, but, among the Sioux, in a white tamed deer or buffalo robe. Her head is bound in a red cloth. In several prairie tribes, as the Blackfeet, the sacrifice woman leads a horse, which carries a large medicine-bag and a richly adorned pipe. An honest missionary, in describing this woman to M. Kohl, called her "la conductrice du Calumet," but among the Ojibbeways, whose forays take place on the water, the maiden is seated in a separate canoe.

When all are prepared, they commence their melancholy war-song and push off. If the foray is important, and many chiefs engaged in it, several bands of warriors join the main body at the spots designated. They take very little with them, and are nearly naked, that they may march rapidly. They do not burden themselves with provisions, for they fast and hunger all along the road, not merely through the pressure of circumstances, but because this is a part of their religion. They also observe many other things, some of them excellent precautionary measures, others mere superstition. Thus, they never sit in the shadow of a tree or scratch their heads—at least, not with their fingers—still, they are allowed to employ a comb or a piece of wood.

The young men who are going on the war trail for the first time, have their heads bound up like the women and walk along downcast, do not speak, and are not allowed to take part in the war or death songs. Nor do they kill the mosquitoes as they go along, but allow them to bite them at their ease. Finally, if there is game to eat, they are not permitted to suck out the marrow. In getting in and out of the canoes, the utmost precaution must be taken, and, above all, they must not wet their feet. The only thing they never forget beside their arms and their pipe, is the medicine-sacks. These are inspected before starting as carefully as our soldiers do their cartouche-boxes, and they put in all their best and strongest medicines, and all their relics, magic charms, and paper rags, so that the protection of the Deity may be ensured them. On nearing the enemy's land they build a large brushwood hut, and repeat in it all the ceremonies they performed during the winter. On this occasion there is something for the young men to do: a branch is laid on two forked sticks, and they leap over it in a state of nudity.

On the march through the enemy's country, the mysterious tobacco-smoking grows more constant, for they have all sorts of things to beg from the Spirits. At one moment they discover a doubtful trail, and wish to know where the enemy is concealed. At another, they desire a little rain, or fog, to secure themselves from discovery, and they are obliged to procure it by incantations. The leaders of the party take up the gaily-adorned pipe, always carried in front, and one offers it to the other, to try his strength, but through modesty, or lack of confidence, no one clutches greedily at it. At times, the pipe will go the round twice or three times before any one will take it. At length, a great Jossakid steps forth, seizes the pipe, and prophesies that when he has smoked it out so many times rain or fog will come, and with it the time for the attack. If they are fortunate in their prophecies and victorious in action, they usually hang some deer-hides, or some other article, on a tree near the battle-field, as a species of expiation. They seem to regard their murderous attacks as in some degree godless, and try to avert the

consequences by this propitiation. Many of them bring locks of their murdered relatives' hair to the battle-field, and place them in the wounds of those they have killed.

M. Kohl was assured that at times they cut off fingers, arms, and other members of the enemy, which they carry home to show to their families. These are dried and produced at their war-dances with the scalps, and during the dance they will grow so wild that they bite off a finger or so and swallow it. "Oui, monsieur," said our author's interpreter, "j'ai vu tout ceci souvent, et c'est plus vrai que leurs histoires de Menabojou."

Although the Ojibbeways are guilty of such barbarous acts in their frenzy, they must not be taken for cannibals. On the contrary, they have an utter horror of anything of the sort, and make a regular hunt of the "Windigos," or anthropophagists, who take to the woods under a mania, and devour anybody they can kill. Of these unhappy wretches, M. Kohl instances one who had a dream that he must kill seven of his countrymen. He had murdered three, when an end was put to the affair by his head being cleft open with an axe by a brother of one of the murdered men. Here is a story a half-breed told our author:

I was out shooting wild-ducks once in that swamp over there. I fancied I was alone, but just as I aimed at a brace of ducks, I saw a Windigo hidden in the reeds on one side of me. I recognised him directly, and knew he had come down from the interior. He had been lurking about our village for a long time, and it was said he had already killed two men. He had his gun raised to his shoulder, and was aiming at me, just as I was doing to the ducks. When I saw this, I made no sign, but walked on quietly towards my ducks. He hesitated as to shooting, probably hoping that I should stand still before long. I took advantage of the delay, squinted round to his position, and suddenly fired on him, while his gun went off harmlessly in the air. But he picked himself up and escaped in the reeds, for I had merely wounded him. I had not the courage to follow him, but he soon left our neighbourhood over the ice, for it was winter at the time. We followed his blood trail for some distance, and afterwards a report was spread that he had fallen into a rift while flying, and been drowned.

And now, in conclusion, let us see what the Indians think of the civilisation the Europeans have offered them. "Ah!" sighed the old lady who told M. Kohl so many of the stories he has narrated so well in his volume, "my head has grown quite weak in the last years. I have lost my memory. All Ojibbeways have lost their memory. The Americans have made them weak. Our people do not talk so much as they used to do of their own affairs. They do not feel such delight in telling the old stories, and our traditions will be rooted out. Our nation is fallen, and this has happened quite suddenly, since the Long Knives have taken our country."

The period of the British rule the Ojibbeways call the "good old times;" the time of the French is naturally older and even better—a "silver age"—for the time when there were no whites was the "golden age." The old woman's history of the past is too characteristic to be omitted:

Beng, à cette heure, c'est longtemps, c'était du vieux temps, dont je te parle, beng beng.* Then the Indians were much better than at this hour. They were

* The Canadians always say, instead of à present, "à cette heure," and speak it much like "asteur." Their "bien" also sounds like "beng," and when they wish to strengthen it, they repeat it several times. Thus, "beng beng vieux," is "très vieux."

healthier and stronger, et beng plus forts pour la médecine (done into English, this would imply that they were more religious). They lived long and became very old. Beng rarement que se meurt un sauvage. They could also fast much longer. They ate nothing for ten days, or even more. Then they had better dreams. They dreamed of good and famous things, of hero deeds, and hunting of bears, and stags, and cariboos, and other large and fine animals. And when an Indian had dreamed, he knew exactly where to find the animals; he made no mistake. Il allait tout droit le tuer, quoiqu'il avait ni poudre ni fusil. Now his dreams are weak. They often make mistakes, and if they have a good dream they know not where to find the animals.

In truth, the animals were much tamer then. All the woods filled with them—çà et là et partout. Bears and stags, deer and foxes, cariboo and beavers, and all the rivers were full, full of fish. And the savages had great power over them. C'est vrai, ils n'avaient pas le bon pouvoir. Ils n'étaient pas Créquins (Christians). Mais au reste ils vivaient comme les rois. All they wanted they could make for themselves. They made their axes and arrows of sharp stones, knives and lances of bones, et ils tuèrent pour leur nourriture et vêtement les animaux tout raide. C'est vrai, ils n'avaient pas le butin (household gear) comme à cette heure, but they had many skins of beasts and birds which were very good, and their wives could make the handsomest and most useful things of them.

Beng! aussitôt que le Blanc a débarqué ici—it was the Frenchman that landed first—he took boat at Quebec, and came up the great Montreal river. There he found the whole land full of savages. Les sauvages ont dit: Qui est cet homme blanc là. On ne l'a jamais vu dans notre pays. They held a council, and decided they must make war against him and send him back to his country. The first year the White went back. But the second year he came again, and sailed up the whole river and the lakes, and brought many goods. There the savage saw many things he had not known before, and wished to possess them. Good, that! the Frenchman began to make him presents. But not such presents as now. The French presents were good and fine gifts, healthy food, fresh pork, solid knives, capital guns. Ce n'était pas comme ce qu'on nous donne a présent. The savage loved the Frenchman and accepted the French religion, and the French traders and Blackcoats took care of the savage, and lived with him in his wigwam. And the savage went hunting for the Frenchman, and they lived together for a long time in peace and friendship.

At length the Yaganash (English) came. Il est entré avec la force, et il est vaincu partout avec la force. He took the whole lower land from the French. The Indians, because they loved the Frenchman, dug up the tomahawk for him, and many warriors set out from this upper sea to help him. But the Englishman at length conquered everything. At first the Indian did not love the Englishman. He brought much ishkote-wabo (fire-water) with him. The Frenchman had also fire-water with him, but not so much. Hence, things have grown much worse in the land. If the Indian had many furs, he drank much fire water; and my grandfather, who was old, very old, often told me this sad story. He often said to me, that more than one half the Indians died of this whisky-water.

But the Long-Knives brought us a great deal more whisky-water than the English, and killed us more men and animals, so that the times grew worse and worse. The presents and the salt pork grew worse too, and the hunting-grounds are deserted, while our land has been torn from us. When the English were at war with the Americans, the savages were as friendly disposed to the former as they had been to the French, and helped the English, and rose for them, and sent them warriors to help them against the Long-Knives. Yes, when the English smoked the pipe of peace with them, and gave them all the southern half of the lake, the savages would not know anything of it, and lived for twenty years nearly as free on their lake as before. But now, since the copper mines have been discovered, and the great steamers have appeared

on the lake, and the canal has been dug which brings these big ships from Lake Huron to our waters, and since so many men have come to seek the copper, it is all over with the Ojibbeways. Their strength is broken, and they have lost their memory; their tribes have melted away; their chiefs have no longer a voice in the council; their wise men and priests have no good dreams, and the old women forget their fine stories and fables.

As anything we could say after this characteristic lament of the old laudatrix temporis arti would appear tame, we will stop, though not from paucity of material. We hope before long to meet with M. Kohl again, and describe to our readers his adventures on even a more untrodden path than the one on which we have now followed him.

CHADWICK'S LIFE OF DE FOE.*

It is not every month in the year, much less every day in the week, that one meets with an author so distinguished as De Foe's new biographer, for accurate learning, consummate taste, the most engaging modesty, and the most attractive style. To our shame be it owned, we had never heard of Mr. William Chadwick before we opened this book, and yet he has been "a writer on political questions for thirty years." How true, and sad withal, is that line of Henry Taylor's,

The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Let us do something at least by way of *amende honorable* for this protracted ignorance; and how can that be done better than by letting our author speak for himself?

His beautiful superiority to egotism may be inferred from a passage or two like the following: "I have been a tile-maker myself, and almost as successful as De Foe, but the Dutch did not ruin my trade. I have surrounding my tilery ten thousand acres of rich land, wanting draining, and I sell in one year as many tiles as will drain seventy or eighty acres. I make three hundred thousand draining tiles, and I may be three years in selling them," &c. (p. 66):—"I have been a corn-law repealer," &c. &c. (p. 135):—"Put my name down [to a subscription list for giving Cromwell a statue] for 500*l.*; and, if you like, for I care not, let Hyde Park—the middle or highest point—be the situation," &c. (p. 173):—"De Foe's partiality for his freehold qualification . . . . was almost a romantic passion with him, and constituted him poet as well as patriot; and I must confess the feeling becomes infectious; for I feel the romance of the feeling myself" (p. 275):—"I consider 'The Complete English Tradesman' to be the best book that De Foe ever wrote; and perhaps it is the best book that ever was written in the English language. . . . It is, I say again, what I consider to be the best book ever written by Daniel de Foe" (p. 454).

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* The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe: with Remarks digressive and discursive. By William Chadwick. London: J. R. Smith. 1859.

With these very pronounced predilections, it is only natural, perhaps, to find Mr. Chadwick a favourer of those technical elegances in diction and idiom which mark the Complete English Tradesman of the present day. In page 1 we are introduced at the Devonshire Hotel to "a gentleman of business," and on the topmost line of page 2 to a "party" who wrote a book. Miss Sophia De Foe is—all question of individuality apart—an "individual." Those pleasing peculiarities of figurative style in which the Complete English Tradesman is supposed, *if* complete, to indulge, are profusely interspersed throughout these pages. "A regular fix," for instance—"wide awake to the rich points of malice"—"Poor George III., poor mumbling old man, a pretty mess he made of it"—"The people of England *will not knuckle* [italics *in orig.*] . . . . they never did, and they never will, *knuckle either to kings or parsons*"—"A sort of what I might call blowers-through-the-nose breed of men"—"The Commons chose Harley Speaker because he fed them. Yes! he ascended the Speaker's chair through their guts." So again we read of "Harley having the gauge of their bowels," and working his way up to a peerage "through the stomach (I wish to use polite words) of the House of Commons."

Here is the concluding sentence of the Preface. "Yes"—our author is particularly fond of Yes! and Well! and What! and Oh! and similar expletives—"Yes, and I verily believe that a good ducking in the Thames or Serpentine would force John Bright, the patriot of Rochdale, upon my Reform Bill, in the place of his own.

"WILLIAM CHADWICK.

"Arksey, near Doncaster, *March* 18, 1859."

Not, apparently, that Mr. Chadwick loves the patriot of Rochdale less, but that he loves his own Reform Bill more. The patriot is often introduced by name in this biography, together with his coadjutors. The patriot is evidently a favourite, only his Reform Bill, we suppose, hardly goes far enough for Mr. Chadwick, who says (p. 147): "When we speak of reform, we mean real, substantial, honest reform, and not a quibbling shuffling of the cards of chances," but "the widest possible extension of the elective franchise, with short parliaments, and widely extended electoral districts; and what?—a removal of placemen and pensioners from the House of Commons. This is reform; and anything less is deception." Yet is this go-ahead Yorkshireman no ballot man. "I would say avoid the ballot, but insist upon the duration of Parliaments being annual only, and BRIBERY and CORRUPTION, FELONY, on conviction before a British assize jury. Oh! but you'll—you'll, indeed! I would transport every man to a penal settlement for life, on conviction of bribery or intimidation. I would want no ballot-box; mine should emphatically be—the JURY-BOX; and if necessary in the course of justice, I would place every member of the government in the WITNESS-BOX." Pleasant punster!—but too British in the backbone, after all, to please ballot-box society. Nevertheless, his vote for Universal Suffrage, pure and simple, may conciliate malcontents. "We talk," quoth he, "of reforming the House of Commons; let us go back at once to the real origin of the House—the Gothic origin; not the Norman importation of Danish tyranny under Norman banners: no; but to the real usage of

Gothic ancestry; and we land at the Poll-both of Universal Suffrage; for we can find no resting-place short of that; that is antiquity—that is truth."

Mr. Chadwick, it will be seen, has antiquarian and historical tastes, and enforces his political philosophy by appeals to the didactic past. And here, if we might offer a suggestion, we would humbly propose to him, as a promising subject for his next biography—the Life and Times of Cardinal Mazarin—in whose career he seems to take particular interest, judging by the frequency of his allusions, and with every detail of whose ministry he would appear to be minutely conversant. We must make the reader acquainted with our author's singular aptitude for this historico-politico monograph—which would afford such fine scope, too, for his pet topic, "the vitality of Protestantism."—To appreciate his Mazarinades, however, it is expedient to bear in mind that the Cardinal departed this life in 1661, the year after Charles II. (and fourteen years before James II.) came to the throne. With which chronological premiss we proceed to our quotations. "Be it understood, then, that both Charles II. and his brother James II., were pensioners of Louis XIV., and under the direct influence and guidance of Cardinal Mazarin, that King's minister." "Charles II. was supplied with a Frenchwoman (the Duchess of Portsmouth) by Madame de Maintenon [bless your "Arksey, near Doncaster" innocence, Mr. Chadwick!], the mistress of Louis XIV., and Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister" (pp. 89 *sq.*). Nay, the Cardinal lives and bribes and corrupts us even into William the Third's time, and perhaps later. "De Foe was engaged by Harley, when secretary of state, to go into Dorsetshire and Devonshire, to try to stem that torrent of High-Church *jure-divino* principles, which French gold had so fully cherished in the House of Commons during the whole reign of William III.; even to the buying up of 160 or more members by Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister, for the use and benefit of Louis XIV., his lord and master" (p. 310).

It turns out, too, that Richelieu was another of the Grand Monarque's plotting Cardinal-Ministers. Of the Bill to prevent the Growth of Schism (1714), Mr. Chadwick says: "Perhaps I might call it a Privy-Council education scheme for the year 1714: the old French plot of Louis XIV. revived; that plot which Cardinal Richelieu imported into France from the Medici of Florence; where it was created for Inquisition purposes by Ignatius Loyola" (p. 430). Why not give the Cardinal of Lorraine, too, a place under Louis Quatorze; and Cardinal Fleury thrown in as well, would not make *much* difference. At p. 366, again, we find that Sacheverell, Harley, Prior, St. John and others conspired to "make [1713] the Chevalier Charles Edward the Pretender, King of England—and make, likewise, Jonathan Swift, Archbishop of Canterbury."

Bless thy five wits, Mr. Chadwick! These Cardinals and Chevaliers are too many for thee. Prythee, stick to tile-making, unprofitable as that pursuit may hitherto have been. Or, if thou *wilt* dabble in history, get some expert like Mr. Cox, late M.P. for Finsbury, to revise thy proofs.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

PARIS is once more tranquil: the victorious "Army of Italy" has held its triumphal march across the Place Vendôme: the people have been treated with "panem et circenses," and a legion of spies have averted from Cæsar, for the present at least, the vengeful dagger of the deluded and scowling republicans. And yet, as the third Napoleon surveyed the serried ranks which he had so recently led to victory, a pang must have shot across his mind when he thought of their fifty thousand gallant comrades whom he had sacrificed on the rich plains of Lombardy, in order that he might attain the transient lustre of being regarded as a great strategist. Of all the vast crowd that covered the Place Vendôme, the emperor, probably, was the most unhappy.

But the merry strains gradually die away in the distance: the military demonstration is at an end, the people disperse, while awaiting the next portion of the amusements, and their chief rides back to the Tuileries, we trust to think over the price of victory, and take from it a lesson for the future. But such salutary thoughts as these must be speedily dispersed by the reflection of the unhappy position into which he so wilfully and defiantly thrust himself, by attempting to tear Italy from the fierce clutches of the Austrian eagle. The unhappy victim has been lacerated in the shock of the encounter: but Austria has retained the richest portion, and has flown away with drooping wing to her nest, where she gloats over the fair prize from which she is still enabled to suck the life-blood.

The future destiny of Italy has grown more complicated than it was before the war. For the ten years since the battle of Novara, Austria had been steadily but successfully extending her influence over that unhappy country, and it remained tranquil. The captive had given one fierce shake to his chains and burst them asunder. For a time he spread desolation around him, and the terrified keepers fled before the outbreak of his frenzy; but they soon returned in renewed strength, and the struggling, palpitating monster of insurrection was driven back to his lair, and Austrian bayonets fenced in his living tomb. Again was the door flung open, and Napoleon, a diplomatic Van Amburgh, tried his hand on taming the restless animal. How utterly he failed, the treaty of Villafranca has shown; but, worse still, all the fiercer passions have been aroused against the Emperor of France, and the quondam Carbonaro, menaced by his old associates, was not permitted to parade the turbulent faubourgs of his own capital.

Turning to the scene of the late fierce contests, we find matters in a most dangerous and abnormal condition. Central Italy has declared its independence, and bases its hopes of success on some ambiguous phrases let fall by the Emperor of the French; while Austria is stealthily watching the frontier of Tuscany, and awaiting the moment when the Croats shall interpose to restore order and despotism. Tuscany, Modena, and Parma have thrown off their allegiance; their legitimate rulers descended from the throne in the presence of insurrection, and threw themselves on the mercy of their old protector. Up to the present, it is true, the liberal party have behaved in a manner worthy of all praise, and, if left

to themselves, they might possibly carry out the object they have in view, but the antagonism they will have to expect must prove too strong for them, and they must inevitably fall again under the influence of Austria, unless France interpose.

It must be remembered, in surveying the conduct of Louis Napoleon during the last war, that he never proposed to regulate the internal affairs of all Italy. His avowed object was the security of Sardinian independence, which he considered to be imperilled by the encroachments of Austria, and he only promised the enfranchisement of Northern Italy. This he has so far accomplished by wresting Lombardy from Austria and handing it over to Victor Emmanuel, and though the menacing attitude of Germany prevented him carrying out his programme in its entirety, the disinterestedness he has hitherto shown seems to some persons to prove his honesty of purpose.

Napoleon, however, was far too wise to embarrass himself with pledges as to the future of Southern Italy, for he had there a power opposed to him before which all his armed panoply must succumb. The Pope must ever be necessarily the opponent of Italian constitutionalism, and the Emperor of the French was not prepared to enter into a contest with him, in which there was everything to lose and nothing to gain. Hence, he merely suggested that the settlement of the Italian question could be most easily attained by a confederation of which Pio Nono should hold the honorary Presidency, and he paved the way for this consummation by crippling the influence Austria exerted over Central Italy.

As we anticipated, events soon grew beyond his control: insurrectionary movements were encouraged in Central Italy, and Prussia, in self-defence, and fearing the result of the republican propaganda the Emperor of the French was instituting, armed. Napoleon hesitated and was lost: in order to withdraw gracefully, he was compelled to make large concessions to Austria, and the independence of Italy was once again sacrificed. The disappointed patriots joined in a yell of despair and horror when they found themselves so suddenly deserted by their powerful ally, and then prepared for resistance. Let us see what prospects await them against the despotism which overlaps them to the north and south.

The portion of Italy in which the flag of liberty is now unfurled, and which represents the cause of independence, comprises the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, with the Romagna. The Grand-Duchy of Tuscany is one of the most powerful of the Italian states, with a population of nearly two millions, while the Principalities of Parma and Modena each contain about five hundred thousand inhabitants. The Romagna, held in check by the Papal troops, will probably be fully occupied, if any struggle ensue, with its own defence, and could not supply a large contingent to the revolutionary troops.

Against this small army of patriots are banded Austria, Naples, and the Pope, all equally averse from constitutional government in Italy, while Sardinia, tied hand and foot by the French alliance, will be impotent to aid the insurrectionary movement. The fifty thousand French soldiers "momentanément" left in Lombardy, will prevent any independent movement on the part of Victor Emmanuel. The Tuscan deputies, feeling conscious of the dilemma in which they are placed,

naturally seek a means of escape by proposing an annexation with Sardinia, but to this neither France nor Austria will assent, because it would be the simplest solution. The Paris papers maintain a discreet silence on the subject: the *Patrie*, though expressing its decided opinion that the dukes have not the slightest chance of returning, is very careful not to say what form of government will be conceded. On the other hand, the *Indépendance Belge*, expressing the Austrian view, is equally certain that the dukes will be restored at once. All this while the Emperor Napoleon says not a word. He is evidently biding his time.

Some ungodly men, indeed, go so far as to assert that Napoleon regards the dilemma with considerable complacency, for it will afford the opportunity for a compromise which will suit him admirably. With a Whig government at the helm in England, he feels confident that the Austrians will never be permitted to restore the dukes by force of arms; while, on the other hand, Austria will not consent to Sardinia attaining such a dangerous preponderance in Italy. What so natural, then, as the formation of an independent kingdom, and the selection of the gallant Prince Plon-Plon as ruler? This would suit all parties admirably; and are there not precedents in Belgium and Greece?

The arguments employed by Austria are, as usual, straightforward and manly. She will not listen to a compromise at present. She still asserts that the territorial possessions of the runaway grand-dukes are secured to them by general treaties. Not satisfied with this, she urges the clauses of the treaty of Villafranca, and argues from them the restoration of the grand-dukes. She, therefore, appeals to Europe, and especially to Louis Napoleon, to carry out the righteous task. Family ties play a great part in this obstinacy: the Duke of Tuscany is a Habsburg, his grandfather having been the second son of Maria Theresa, while the Duke of Modena is also an Austrian prince. It is not reasonable to expect that Francis Joseph will renounce the cause of his relatives ere he has exhausted every effort in his power. It is quite certain that such weighty points as these cannot be settled by the conference of Zurich, but will, in all probability, have to await the decision of a European congress.

It is probable, however, that events will be speedily precipitated in Italy, for Mazzini and his ominous followers are once more actively at work. Not long ago it was reported that the Red Republic had been proclaimed in Parma, and though this has since been officially contradicted, there is no doubt that something of that nature will occur ere long. Bitter experience has taught us the character of the Italians, and we know that they are never contented with a moderate government: they must be either ruled by a rod of iron, or they give way to all the frantic excesses of popular rule. At present they are tolerably tranquil, because they are eager to have Victor Emmanuel for their king for an hour; but, so soon as they find themselves foiled in this, they will break out. The old luckless cry of "Traditore!" will ring through the streets; good and honest men will fall beneath the stiletto of the patriot leader; foreign troops will be again marched in to restore public peace; and Italy will once more lie bleeding in her fetters, for which she held out her own hands.

So far, then, we think that the question of Italian nationality will be

speedily settled; but the jealousy of the two great powers will then be called into play. Louis Napoleon is as eager as Francis Joseph to ring the knell of democracy, and will gladly avail himself of the opportunity of decimating his enemies in Central Italy; but then will arise the old feverish question, Which country will supply the troops for occupation? —in other words, whether France is to assume the predominance in Italy in the place of Austria? It is generally conceded that the peninsula can only be kept quiet by means of foreign bayonets: French troops occupy Rome, and thousands are massed along the Lombard frontier, while Austria is concentrating her strength in Venetia in readiness for the imminent intervention. How can all this end?

Even now there are breakers ahead: we read that all is not on velvet at the Zurich conferences; the Austrian representative declines to have any dealings with the Sardinian in the matter of Lombardy, while Piedmont is equally obstinate in repudiating any portion of the state loan as a burden on her newly acquired territory. The semi-official *Ost Deutsche Post* finds it necessary already to publish the following warning:

It is strongly to be desired that the same spirit shall be displayed at Zurich as at Villafranca, a spirit that surprised the world, then in expectation of sanguinary events, by a message of peace. No one expected the peace of Villafranca: many fear a renewal of discord at Zurich. But it is to be hoped that the words of peace pronounced by the two emperors while they were still agitated by the ardour of combat, will prevail also in diplomatic discussions, and become a solid truth. It is true that many difficulties have to be overcome, but the most difficult—the resolution to conclude peace on a field of battle, at the head of armies burning to renew the combat—having succeeded, diplomatists will be able to arrange all obstacles, and discover and remove all that may arise as an element of devastation in the work of concord. We see a satisfactory proof that this will be so in the disposition of Austria and France, and in the concessions of Sardinia. Victor Emmanuel has renounced further resistance; he contents himself with what he owes to France, and which he can only repay by grateful devotedness to his generous benefactor. Now, Sardinia being disposed to accomplish the obligations she accepted by consenting to the preliminaries of peace, no serious obstacle can arise to the execution of those preliminaries. The agitation in the Duchies and the Romagna, the result of the vote in Tuscany, &c., however much they may be boasted of, will be very speedily reduced to unimportance. So soon as the true state of things is made known—and that veritable state will be known so soon as Piedmont seriously withdraws her support from agitators—so soon will the revolution know positively that it has nothing to hope for from France.

No doubt Sardinia is deeply disappointed by the result of a war so pompously commenced for the purpose of expelling Austria from Italy, and rendering her the *de facto* head of the confederation. The enormous expenses Piedmont has incurred during the last ten years in getting ready for the coming struggle have been, so to speak, thrown away, for Lombardy can for the present afford her but slight relief. Sir James Hudson, writing to the Earl of Malmesbury on the 17th of January last, states that "seven years of bad wine and silk crops, and heavy taxation,* have reduced the Northern Italians to skin and bone. Any traveller must have remarked the rags of the peasant, the worn-out horses and carts,

* Entailed on themselves, it must not be forgotten, by the revolution of 1848 and 1849.

and the absence of gentlemen's equipages on the Corsos of Milan, Brescia, Verona, and Bologna. The Sardinian government know as well as I do that if they pass the Ticino they will find empty treasuries, a famished people, and few resources. That they will find the entire population with them I have no doubt, but that population is in the starved condition I have described."

It is just possible that, in the first flush of enthusiasm, when Napoleon had not yet tried the stubbornness of Austrian troops, and fancied that they would scatter before him like chaff before the wind, he seriously meditated on repaying Sardinia for her outlay by handing over to her Central Italy. The wondrous Odyssey of Prince Napoleon the Unready may have been in connexion with this result. If so, however, the conspirators were met at once by the fulmination Pio Nono launched on the head of Victor Emmanuel in his letter to the Bishop of Albano. "A foreign usurping power proclaims that God has made man free as regards his political and religious opinions, thus denying the authority established by God upon earth, forgetting at the same time the immortality of the soul, thus learning too late that whoever quits the ark of unity shall be submerged in the deluge of eternal punishment." Such pronounced opinions as these argue but little in behalf of the proposed Italian confederation.

There is no doubt now that one of the seven points proposed by Napoleon at Villafranca, and accepted by Francis Joseph, was "the restoration of the banished dukes and an amnesty." But, as nothing was said of a restoration by force of arms, Napoleon had recourse to pacific intervention, and for this purpose sent Count Reiset to Turin to negotiate with Victor Emmanuel. The king acquiesced in Napoleon's wishes by withdrawing all his commissioners from the disaffected provinces, and even agreed to give up his influence over the peoples, but he could not be induced to concur in the work of restoring the Italian princes. It was a masterpiece of art to try and force Victor Emmanuel to break in this open way with the Italian constitutional party, but he avoided the snare. To add to the dilemma in which the unhappy king was placed, Savoy breaks out into a state of agitation, and requests an annexation with France, because Piedmont is becoming too Italian for her! Truly, uneasy is the head that wears an Italian crown. There was only one way in which Victor Emmanuel could have thrown off the fatal garb of imperialism which Napoleon wrapped round him: immediately after the treaty of Villafranca, he should have imitated Cavour's example, and abdicated the throne. Europe would then have taken his part, and some satisfactory settlement of the Italian question might have ensued. As it is, he consented to become a satrap of imperial France, and if he has been badly treated, he has only himself to blame. The most precious guarantee of constitutional government, the freedom of the press, was sacrificed for the friendship of Louis Napoleon, and the cause of despotism gained one defender more.

Our much regretted friend Bayle St. John, in his "Subalpine Kingdom," did not hesitate to declare Victor Emmanuel an avowed partisan of despotism, and he certainly has done much recently to justify this appreciation of his character. It is a curious sign of the times, when French officers and soldiers in Turin hunt down harmless caricatures, in

which the disappointed hopes of the patriots find vent, and solemnly commit them to an *auto da fé*. One thing is certain: Cavour, the soul of the whole Italian movement, did not attempt to disguise his disgust at the conclusion of the war. He was the leader of the patriot party, and though we have always disapproved of the language he held against Austria, and the perversion of facts by which he attempted to prove his cause, still the honesty with which he resigned an office no longer compatible with his principles, goes some length to rehabilitate him.

Another puzzling circumstance is the peculiar position which Prince Napoleon has assumed with reference to Italian matters. During the grand Sunday display on the Place Vendôme, neither he nor his consort was visible: they would not even tacitly sanction the treachery which had been displayed towards Italy. If ever he should be put forward as king of Etruria, this circumstance, we may be sure, will have great stress laid on it. There is no doubt the emperor would be glad enough to get rid of him, for he is terribly in the way at home; still, on behalf of human nature, we can scarcely credit that a hundred thousand lives were sacrificed for such an impotent result. Indeed, we have too high an opinion of Louis Napoleon's sagacity to think that he seriously meditates any such scheme in the present temper of Europe, for every crowned head regards him with a certain degree of suspicion, because he played fast and loose with the revolutionary party. That a ruler who colonised Cayenne and Lambessa with political exiles should enter into an alliance with such men as Kossuth and Klapka, proved that he was perfectly unscrupulous as to the means he employed to gain his object. To coerce a foe into a peace by threats of instigating rebellion in his country was a policy left for Louis Napoleon to inaugurate. Even the firebrand Palmerston, when he sided with the Italians in 1848, held aloof from such extreme measures as these, for they were double-edged tools.

To us who sit quietly watching the course of events on the Continent, it seems as if the star of Louis Napoleon attained its culminating point in the peace of Villafranca. Through a hollow thirst for glory he entered on a war which soon threatened to assume gigantic proportions, and he was compelled to call to his assistance a turbulent and dangerous ally in the revolutionary propaganda, whose progress he felt himself powerless to check. The villanous associations which periodically disturb the peace of Italy have their offshoots throughout the Continent, and one of their strongholds in France: any revolutionary movement in Italy has ever been followed by disturbances in Paris, or *vice versâ*. The revolution, then, had raised its hydra head in Italy: all shades of republicans had combined into a compact party in France; the master was absent, and the Ledru Rollins, and men of that kind, were preparing for action. Any discomfiture before Verona would have kindled a flame in France, and Louis Napoleon might have found his retreat intercepted had he delayed his return. Probably we shall never know how he contrived to wring a peace from Francis Joseph: the story current has an air of probability, as being characteristic of the Napoleons, but it still awaits confirmation; at any rate, the Emperor of the French must have made large concessions ere he could secure a friend in the haughty representative of the Habsburg pride. For our part, we consider that far too much stress has been laid on the surrender of Lom-

bardy: Austria was only too glad of a decent pretext to get rid of that ungrateful province, as she proved in 1849; and by the retention of Venetia, she secured what Lord Malmesbury justly called "a bulwark to all Germany on the Tyrolese frontier." We may, therefore, fairly assume that the bait held out was the restoration of the dukes.

Conscious of the grave mistake he had committed by engaging in the war, Louis Napoleon has tried to repair it by a worse fault. The amnesty he has announced is the most fatal step he has taken since his ascension to the imperial throne, for it is a condemnation of the Deux Décembre. Through the persistency of his conduct, people had begun to believe in his policy and imagine that France could only be governed in one way—namely, by eliminating all the dangerous elements of political society; but by this sudden concession to the democratic party, Louis Napoleon has given a formal *démenti* to his past policy. If he thought by this liberality to condone for his deception of the republican party in Italy, he is sorely mistaken, and by his ill-timed generosity he only strengthens its hands. The men who put forward Orsini as their representative will accept no compromise; they demand life for life.

We must not be supposed to include all the republicans in this category of blood: such men as Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo, however mistaken they may be in their views, are yet gentlemen, and would be the first to denounce any designed assassination of their arch-foe. Such men we must honour, while we pity them; but there is another class which disgraces our hospitality, who will eagerly accept the armistice, for the sake of causing perturbations in France, from which they can derive some advantage. They are the scum who rise to the surface in any revolution, and fill their pockets during the first excitement, before the popular will is sufficiently strong to drive them from their usurped authority and condemn them to universal execration. Even the well-meant liberation of the French press, we fear, will prove a disappointment, and confusion will arise from it. Remembering that the press overturned Louis Philippe, we cannot but think that, ere long, the Emperor of the French will have to reconsider his announced policy, and he will be sure of general adhesion, for he will have proved that any measures he may take will be once again purely in self-defence.

But by far the worst result to Louis Napoleon of the war into which he rushed so blindly, is the temporary interruption of his good understanding with England. Strong in our moral support, he was secure on his throne, and old national jealousies were gradually subsiding. All at once he gave the lie to his celebrated statement that the "Empire was peace," and commenced a war which Lord Derby truly said was "undertaken under false pretences." From that moment the suspicions of England were aroused, and preparations are being made which his conduct has certainly justified. The excuses he put forth for the war against Austria were so transparent that our national pride took the alarm, and we felt that the same frivolous pretexts might eventually be employed as an occasion to invade England. It is all very easy for Messrs. Cobden and Bright to lament the language employed by public writers, but it must not be forgotten that the feeling has been equally strong on the other side of the Channel. Bearing in mind that M. de Cesena very recently made a most rabid attack upon England, in which he avowed that France would never be tranquil until Waterloo were

avenged, and that this article was written while the press of Paris was still cowering under the censorship, we do not feel inclined to withdraw one word we have written in the *New Monthly* as to the danger to which England is exposed by the aggressive policy of France. To those who prefer their pocket interests to the national honour, the proposed reduction of the French army and marine will be an eminently satisfactory guarantee of Napoleon's honesty of purpose, but, for our part, we regret to say we cannot lay that flattering unction to the soul. So palpable is the fallacy by which the Emperor of the French seeks to lull us into tranquillity, that we should but insult our readers were we at all to dilate upon it.

Reverting to the subject-matter of our paper, we sorrowfully confess that we still see much danger for Europe in the settlement of the Italian question. It is quite certain that matters cannot go on for any length of time; and, to quote the *Ost Deutsche Post* once more, "the more immediate question is not about war between France and England, or France and Prussia; the great question—one that affects all Europe—is to know whether Austria and France, after the settlement of the peace of Zurich, will remain friends or not, and act conjointly in Italy, or whether the germs of this old rivalry will spring up anew after the three first months upon Italian soil." And this is, assuredly, a tremendous difficulty: for we cannot, judging from the past, believe that Austria will give up her influence over Italy, *sans coup férir*, or desert the cause of the grand-dukes. On the other hand, we possess sufficient knowledge of human nature to feel assured that Louis Napoleon did not engage in the war without some advantage looming in the future. What that may be, however, it is impossible for us to predict; he is in the habit of keeping his own secrets very closely, and will not speak till the moment for action has arrived.

Still, we are able to form one conclusion from the past campaign, and it is that the war has rendered the solution of the Italian question more difficult than ever, for no compromise now appears possible. Europe will not suffer a prince of the House of Napoleon to ascend the throne of Etruria, while, on the other hand, the influence of Austria over the peninsula will become more pronounced than ever. It is quite certain that, before long, popular excesses will compel an armed interference, and whichever power may send the army of execution, the consequences will be equally disastrous to the cause of Italian constitutionalism.

In a matter requiring such delicate treatment, the English state ship will need very careful steering to avoid all the breakers ahead. If France acquiesce in Austria still remaining the gendarme of Italy, and content herself with the influence she has gained in Sardinia and Lombardy, all may yet be well. If, on the other hand, she attempt to exercise a dictatorship over Central Italy, and extend her authority from Rome to the frontier of Venetia, it will behove England to interfere energetically. Any sacrifice must be esteemed small which will prevent France extending her dominion to the Adriatic, and thus shortening the route to Egypt by one-half.

The last question that remains for us to discuss is, whether Lord Palmerston is equal to the emergency? We are afraid we must answer it in the negative, for his notorious leanings to the cause of Italian liberty

may place him, ere long, in open antagonism to both Austria and France. We are fully convinced that by so doing he would play into Louis Napoleon's hands, for his great object is to isolate England. One by one he has secured the friendship of our natural allies, and has aroused the worst passions against us by his clever combinations. The bias of the present government was shown in the miserable despatch Lord John Russell addressed to Lord Bloomfield, in which he sought to intimidate Prussia, and at that time the Whig ministry doubtlessly believed in the sincerity of Louis Napoleon's behaviour to Italy. If they are true to themselves, they must protest against any armed interference in Tuscany, and thus widen the breach already unhappily existing between this country and France. On the other hand, such conduct will only serve to exasperate Austria, for she will see in it encouragement given to revolt: even now her organs are publicly accusing our government of fomenting the dissension in Italy, and the mission of Lord Minto in 1848, under the auspices of our prime minister of to-day, is a sufficient excuse for such views.

How different was the conduct of the last ministry, and how thoroughly English, a perusal of the Blue-book will show. While justly apprehensive of the growing predominance of the French empire, Lord Malmesbury sedulously avoided any expression of opinion. Regarding the quarrel between Austria and France as purely local, he considered it was England's sole duty to prepare for eventualities. He warned the Germanic Diet that if they adopted the resolution of declaring war against France, they must not expect aid from England; but this was a very different matter from threatening, as Lord John did not hesitate to do. Gradually, as the war extended, when revolutionary passions were called into play, Lord Malmesbury, on behalf of the cabinet, recognised the dangers to which Europe was exposed: he allowed that "the breaking up of the great fortresses, which form a bulwark to Germany, would be but an inducement to France to make a further attempt to subvert the arrangements on the Rhine, and that it would be suicidal policy on the part of Germany to stand by and see this done." The Conservative cabinet saw that England was aimed at through Austria, and confessed the necessity for our interference before long. Sir John Pakington went so far as to say that if the war went on England could not long keep out of it. The hasty patching up of the peace is the most triumphant confirmation of the Conservative views.

If, then, the position of England was delicate during the war, it has become doubly so since the peace. Already rumours are rife of strong interpellations having been made by our foreign minister to the two courts on behalf of Italian independence, and what the result will be it requires no ghost from the dead to tell us. France will not swerve from her settled purpose at the dictate of Lord John, while Austria bears rancour in her heart against our liberal government for deserting her at the decisive moment. All England could do to prevent the partition of Poland was to hand in a dignified protest, and we fear we shall yet see the farce renewed on behalf of hapless Italy. One thing is certain, however: her independence is now more remote than ever.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Romans, the pioneers of discovery and civilisation in Europe, knew and favoured the Channel Islands, and besides their designations of Cæsarea (Jersey), Sarnia (Guernsey), Aurica and Redima (Alderney), Sargia (Sark), and Arnica (Herm), there are existing traces of their occupation of these rocky yet fertile islands in the Fort de César, near Montorgueil Castle, and the entrenchment known as La petite Césarée, near Rozol, in Jersey, as also in the rocky promontory called Jerbourg, or Cherbourg (Cæsaris burghum), in Guernsey. Numerous Roman coins and other relics have also been discovered in both islands.

Cæsar and Tacitus both concur in describing the Channel Islands as one of the strongholds of Druidism, and numerous Celtic relics and Gaulish or Druidical remains exist to bear evidence to the fact. With the Caskets, Sark and the Dirouilles, and Pierres de Lecq, or Paternosters, Artac and Alderney, they appear indeed to have constituted stepping-stones in the Channel by which Celts, Romans, and Normans have successively advanced to the occupation of the British Islands. Those who may feel interested in the history of these remarkable islands will find ample information in the pages of Falle's "History of Jersey;" in Duncan and Tupper's "Histories," and the Rev. Mr. Durell's "Historical Sketch of Guernsey;" as also in the eloquent volume lately published by the son of Victor Hugo, the Channel Island exile; and last and not least in the valuable papers of Mr. Lukis, the Channel Islands antiquary *par éminence*, in the "Archæologia."

These islands are, geographically speaking, decidedly French, as they are also by the language of the people, and their annexation to England is an incessant source of vexation to a nation which is so pre-eminently jealous of its armed superiority. The aborigines, doubtless, also sprang from the Celtic tribes spread over the adjacent continent; but the present inhabitants are universally recognised as the lineal descendants of the warlike Normans, who, under the auspices of the famous Rollo, conquered and established themselves in the north of France in the ninth century. The islands were united to the British crown at the Conquest; and though repeated descents have been made, and even temporary possession has been held, as in the reign of Edward III. (1340), in the time of Du Guesclin, in that of Henri IV., in the days of the Count de Maulevrier, in the reign of Edward VI., and, lastly, in the piratical times of the Baron de Rullecourt, none of them were attended with such success as to lead to a permanent occupation of the islands.

The islanders, proud of an unconquered name, and gratified at the

recollection that they originally gave a king to England, not England a king to them, have been always distinguished for fidelity to the British government, and their unshaken loyalty has, from time to time, been rewarded by immunities and privileges, highly conducive to their prosperity, and calculated to foster that spirit of nationality which is invariably distinctive of a free people. They are exempted from those taxes which press heaviest on the English yeoman, and from naval and military service beyond the boundaries of their own islands. The local administration of justice is still regulated by the old Norman code of laws, and this circumstance is regarded by the natives as a virtual recognition of their independence; and strangers, when they inadvertently get involved in legal disputes, have often cause to regret its existence. If you take a house, with an agreement to pay the rent quarterly and in advance, your doing this, and paying your rent regularly, is no prevention to their coming down on you for the whole rent when they please before it is due. In cases of assault, particularly the assaulting of a magistrate, even though his official character be unknown to the offender, a severe punishment is generally awarded. Instances have occurred of military men, who have been guilty of raising an arm of flesh against jurats in night frolics at St. Helier, narrowly escaping the penalty attached to this heinous infraction of the laws—a penalty which would have left them maimed for life.

The introduction of Christianity was, curiously enough, first brought about by St. Sampson, a Welsh prelate, in the sixth century. In later times, the islands formed part of the diocese of Coutances, in Normandy, where the ancient records of the island were deposited, but at the Reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, they were attached to the see of Winchester; an annexation, however, merely nominal, for the islands are in reality exempt from the dominion of the Church of England.

The inhabitants, it is to be remarked, are a well-disposed and peaceable race, and however remarkable once for their superstitious zeal, they are, in modern times, pious without either fanaticism or bigotry; on the contrary, if anything, imbued with the truly catholic spirit of liberality. The peasantry are orderly and industrious, and they obtain their living at once from land, rock, and sea; the seamen, a numerous class, are expert, hardy, and adventurous, and as the merchants are equally enterprising, St. Helier has become, in our own times, one of the great commercial entrepôts of the world; whilst the islands themselves have, from the same peculiarities of position and national predilections, become the advanced guard of British naval power in the Channel. Queen Victoria has made more frequent visits to these islands than any other British sovereign, and she is the first English monarch that ever landed at Alderney.

The Caskets, to which a melancholy celebrity attaches itself, from the death of Prince William, only son and heir to Henry I., lie on the direct route from Southampton and Weymouth to Jersey, and are frequently approached more closely than appears desirable. These islets are mere barren rocks, the last prolongation (above water) easterly of the granitic ridge of Cape la Hogue and Alderney, several points of which culminate above the waters and constitute the islands of Burhon, Renonquet, Ortac, Le Quest, Les Tronquies, and others. The Caskets

are as fantastic in form as they are dangerous to mariners, and the navigator is warned from them at night by lights which burn from three towers, triangularly disposed, and connected by strong walls, which enclose a plot of ground where a few vegetables are cultivated on soil brought from Alderney.

The island of Guernsey, at which we first arrive, is nearly triangular in shape, and is about thirty miles in circumference, including the windings of the coast, being nine miles in length, and five miles in breadth, with an area of a little more than twenty-four square miles, or fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty English acres. The inclination of the surface is from south to north. The southern coast is steep, bold, and inaccessible, almost everywhere presenting abrupt rocky headlands, intersected by several narrow valleys and romantic glens, through which the purest rivulets flow to the sea. On the south there are but few detached rocks; but in all other directions the approaches to the island are beset with many dangers. The approach to the roadstead lies by the Little Russet—the pass between Guernsey, and Herm, and Jethon—but once gained, it is safe and good, and vessels ride there in the heaviest gales in perfect safety.

Within the roadstead is the port, or harbour, of St. Peter, the entrance to which is marked by Castle Cornet, a fortress of considerable historical interest, which is heightened by its picturesque appearance. The origin of the name has not been satisfactorily made out, but Mr. F. B. Tupper, who has indited "The Chronicles of Castle Cornet," dates its erection from the year 1204; when the Duchy of Normandy was wrested, with the exception of the Channel Islands, from John, by Philippe Auguste of France. It has ever since, for five long centuries, protected the harbour from pirates and other enemies, and it was for a long time the residence of the governors. How far it is adapted for defensive operations in our own times we are not prepared to say. It is said, however, to be capable of mounting upwards of fifty pieces of ordnance; it has both artillery and infantry barracks, extensive magazine and storehouses, a spring of good water, furnaces for red-hot shot, and bomb-proof apartments for three hundred men; and there is little doubt that, with some repairs and inexpensive alterations, and an effective armament of rifled guns, it might be made, in connexion with Fort George, which crowns the hill towards the south, similarly equipped, to effectually defend the entrance to the only available landing-place in the island.

Such alterations as modern warfare may necessitate can be all the more readily effected, as Castle Cornet is about to be united to the mainland by a causeway, which will form part of a new harbour, now in progress of construction, and which will be an immense improvement over the now insufficient and overcrowded one. The new works comprise, indeed, a noble causeway to the south of the old pier, which is to unite the castle to the mainland, a pier to the north in the direction of the White Rock, a wet dock, a graving dock, extensive quays and wharfs, a complete sewerage from the town, and a landing-place westward of the castle, which will allow of steamers running alongside, while a beautitul promenade, of which at present there is a great want, will be at the same time given to the public, and will add much to the attractions of the place.

On entering the harbour the town of St. Peter comes in view, rising

street above street, with towers and spires, intermixed with trees, crowning the hill above. On the left, a high pillar, raised to the memory of Sir John Doyle, one of the most deserving governors of the island, stands on a headland; Victoria Tower—a graceful memorial of our Queen's first visit—and the pinnacles of Elizabeth College adorn the heights in front; whilst below is a pleasantly situated house, yclept Castle Carey, the residence of the governor for the time being. Once emancipated from the crowd of touters and porters, the visitor is rather taken aback by the narrowness of the streets, which ascend the hill with steps, or else by steep inclines; one tortuously winding street of rather more pretension than the rest, and called the High-street, runs along the bottom of the hill. Most of the hotels are in this street, or on the Esplanade, upon which it debouches. Inglis, speaking of this unfavourable first impression, says: "We perambulated steep and crooked streets, flanked by substantial but old dusky houses, and, walk as long as we may, we reach no open space where we may stop and look about us."* A more recent and a very intelligent guide says: "Though not separated by any boundaries, the town may be divided into the old and the new—the older houses congregating around the sacred edifice, the parish church (St. Peter); while the more modern streets and buildings stretch over the land in every direction and in every form."†

"Rambling on," says another writer, who has more pretensions to artistic feeling, without being near so minute or correct in his details, "still up and up—for St. Peter's Port is like a Jacob's ladder—we pass occasionally well-built houses, and here and there good shops. At last we get up to the top, and find much better houses, and a college, established by Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of training Protestant clergy for the island churches; it is a handsome edifice, built in a castellated form. Not far from this is a large open space, surrounded by fine trees, called the New Ground, a sort of public playground, well supplied with seats, and a fine air is always blowing freshly there."‡ The fact is that, while the lower part of the town is appropriated to shops, stores, and mercantile offices, some of the streets being narrow and of gloomy aspect, though there are many excellent shops in High-street, Fountain-street, and the States Arcade, the more select parts of the town for private residence are Hauteville, towards the south, and New Town, towards the west, with their vicinities of George-road, the Grange, Doyle-road, Queen's-road, and others, all with the neighbouring heights and acclivities stocked with superior and substantial dwelling-houses and suburban villas. The further we get from the town the larger the villas become, some of them assuming the appearance of English country-houses, and, indeed, the environs of St. Peter have nothing of a foreign aspect about them—they are decidedly English. House-rent is more moderate in Guernsey than in Jersey, varying from 18*l.* to 50*l.* per annum, and excellent cottages may be had

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* Inglis: On the Channel Islands.

† The Channel Islands: a Guide to Jersey, Guernsey, Sark, Herm, Jethon, Alderney, &c.; with Notes on their History, Geology, Climate, Health and Disease, Gardening, indigenous Vegetation, and Laws. By Frank Fether Dally, Esq. Stanford, Charing-cross.

‡ The Channel Islands, Pictorial, Legendary, and Descriptive. By Octavius Rooke. Booth, Regent-street.

from 10*l.* to 15*l.*, in good situations about a mile from the town. We have seen that the town church of St. Peter stands close to and faces the harbour. It is a fine cathedral-like building, in the later Gothic style, and built in the form of a cross. There are three other churches and one proprietary chapel, where the services are in English, besides thirteen chapels of various denominations, of which one only is Roman Catholic. The meat and fish-markets are in a large square close to the town church. The prices are somewhat less than in England. The vegetable and poultry markets are held in a large open square fronting the meat-market, and are well supplied with poultry, butter, and eggs, excellent vegetables, the finest fruit, and the sweetest flowers. It is, however, in excisable articles that the dweller in the Channel Islands saves most. Groceries are all much cheaper than in England, and while French wines may be procured at from 12s. to 15s. and 20s. per dozen, Spanish at from 15s. to 20s., and Portuguese at from 20s. to 24s., Armagnac brandy may be obtained at 6s., Schiedam at 4s. 4d., rum at 3s. 9d. and whisky at 6s. 6d. a gallon.

The Assembly-rooms, monopolised by the exclusive "sixties," are over Les Halles; the Mechanics' Institution is held in a suite of rooms in a gallery over the States Arcade; it has a reading-room and museum. There are also clubs, circulating libraries, and local newspapers. The other chief public buildings are the Royal Court House, the government offices, the hospital, the gaol, the theatre, and the militia arsenal; nor must we omit to mention that the cemeteries are as picturesque and attractive as it is the modern fashion to render such places.

In islands circumstanced as are Guernsey and Jersey, with their lesser satellites, the main features of interest lie on their coasts; they are, indeed, almost all coast, with a more or less limited extent of downs and cultivated interior. The inhabitants also, for the greater part, derive their subsistence from the sea as well as from the land. The plan, then, adopted by the different guide-books of dividing the islands into so many days' excursions, embracing so much of the coast and interior as the writer deems enough for a day's work, and returning the same evening to a comfortable hotel in town, is faulty and confused. In both Jersey and Guernsey there are plenty of small, cleanly, and comfortable hostelries scattered about, and even were there not, the amount which different persons would include in a day's task varies much according to that person's habits and pursuits. The utilitarian, for whom scenery has few charms, would see enough of Guernsey or Jersey in a couple of days; the botanist and the pteridomaniac—as it is the fashion to designate the lover of ferns, beautiful species of which, with many curious varieties, abound in the islands—and still more so the marine zoologist, would find enough—the latter especially—in the rocky ponds of Rocquaine Bay alone to weary away many an hour, and infuse delight into a host of bright summer days.*

We shall proceed, then, upon an entirely different plan—that of briefly and succinctly noticing the most remarkable objects in the order in which they present themselves, proceeding northwards round the coast from St. Peter, and returning by the south—penetrating inland at the same time whenever necessity shall require it.

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* Rambles among the Channel Islands. By a Naturalist.

Pollet-street, in which is a curious old house called La Plaiderie, and formerly the Royal Court House, leads to the Esplanade, a marine wall constructed in 1826 as a breakwater. At the east end of this, situated on a little headland, which gives shelter to fishing-boats, is a battery called La Salerie, which mounts four guns. The walls of Ivy Castle, formerly called the Château des Marais, from the low marshy land in which it stands, attract attention beyond. It is related that this was built by the renowned Robert, sixth Duke of Normandy, surnamed the Devil, in 1036, in return for hospitality afforded to him on the occasion of his having been driven into St. Peter's Bay. As if it were customary to return hospitality by building a fortress! It has, manifestly, been one of the ancient defences of the harbour; and the remains of an outer wall and vallum, enclosing a space of about four acres, prove it to have been a stronghold of considerable consequence.

Little more than a mile beyond Ivy Castle are St. Sampson's Church, village, and harbour. St. Sampson, who anticipated St. Peter as the patron saint of Guernsey, landed at this spot, where he caused a chapel to be erected, which was rebuilt in 1111, and is the earliest church in the island. It abuts in the harbour which is now used for the exportation of granite. The upper part of Sampson's Harbour is called Braye du Valle, and in olden times the channel extended to Grand Havre, on the other side, thus making two islands of Guernsey. La Braye du Valle was recovered by Sir John Doyle, who erected strong embankments at both ends, in 1803. The church of Valle stands at the point of division between the Braye and Grand Havre. It was erected in 1117, near the ancient priory of St. Michael, and the ruins of the Abbaye still exist close by. On an eminence beyond St. Sampson's port stand the walls and gateway of Valle, or Vale Castle, topped by the red chimneys of modern barracks. This is one of the oldest fortresses on the island, and was built by the warrior monks who were expelled from St. Michael's Rock, on the coast of France, by Richard I., third Duke of Normandy, and who appear to have occupied all of what was then the northern island of Guernsey.

We have not seen this fact eliminated before, no more than that this northern promontory, renowned from the most remote times for its sanctity, was, as an island, the "Holy Island" of Guernsey. L'Ancresse Common, now a race-course, is indeed studded with Celtic remains. The Druids' temple, overlooking L'Ancresse Bay, is the principal and finest cromlech in the island. To the right is a hougue, or cairn, called La Rocque Balan. At the spot extolled as "Paradis," is the Autel de Déhus, or Tu Dus, standing on an artificial mound or tumulus. Not far from thence are also the remains of another cyst, called Tombeau du Grand Sarazin. Nearer to Sampson's Harbour is the cromlech called Champ de l'Autel: and about half a mile from Valle Church a cap-stone has been dug out of what was once, according to tradition, La Rocque qui Sonne. Nor ought we to omit to mention the demi-dolmen that stands in the Grosse Hougue, or the stone pulpit, called the Chaire du Prêtre. All these remains of olden times have been described by Mr. Lukis in the "Archæologia," but not in the sense of the promontory on which they now stand having once been "la bienheureuse Isle Sainte."

On this northern islet, now a promontory, are the sweet sequestered

bay called Bordeaux Harbour, where lodgings may be obtained, and L'Ancresse Bay, where Duke Robert VI. landed, when the fleet which he had raised to assist Edward the Confessor had been scattered by a storm; and hence the name of L'Ancresse or Anchorage, which the bay still bears. There are also several forts and towers, as le Marchant, Doyle Fort, and Fort Pembroke, for the protection of this promontory.

Proceeding in a south-westerly direction, beyond Grand Havre, we have, first, the little-frequented and iron-bound bay called Port de Fer, next the Grand Rock, and then Saline and Cobo Bays—the latter the most extensive fishery in the island, and having a comfortable house for refreshment at its southern extremity. Several martello towers also keep a stern watch along this part of the coast.

Next in order comes Vazon Bay. This beautiful inlet extends from the point of land called Le Hommet, on which a fortress is being erected, to that on which stand Richmond barracks. The waters flow over an ancient forest, and the peasants hack out peat, or corban as they call it, at low water, for their fires. Vazon Bay is also interesting as the landing-place, in 1372, of a body of French troops and levies from Spain, known as La Descente des Aragossais. On the northern promontory is a cave, called the Creux des Fées, whence are said to have issued the fairies who once conquered Guernsey, and who now watch over the happiness of their former homes and offspring, for the Guernseyites are supposed to be the descendants of that little race of beings. In the interior are King's Mills—the prettiest hamlet in the island—with a range of hills on one side, capped by three windmills, Saumarez, and La Haye du Puits, besides many picturesque water-mills.

The bays of Perelle and Le Rée lead the way to Lihou, which, with its island on the one side, Rocquaine Bay in the centre, the heights of Plémont, and the rocks called les Hanois, or Hanoveaux, on which many a good ship has gone to pieces, on the other, constitute the south-westerly termination of the island. On the promontory, between the first two bays, are barracks, and beyond these again Fort Saumarez. Close by is a cromlech of more perfect character than many of the others, having been purchased by a gentleman to secure its preservation. Within half a mile is another small cromlech, known as the Trepied. In no spot around Guernsey can the rock-pools, so interesting to the naturalist, be seen to better advantage than at the little island of Lihou, on which formerly stood a priory and chapel of great sanctity, while the rocky heights of Plémont, to the south of Rocquaine Bay, and which constitute the south-westerly points of the island, are among its greatest objects of scenic attraction.

Before taking leave of the line of the western coast, we may remark, that in the interior, at the south-western extremity, is the pretty village of St. Peter in the Wood, with a Gothic church, a parochial school, and, attached to it, an infant school near Le Rée. Close by this village is a menhir, or pillar of stone, ten feet high, and about three in width. Still further in the interior is St. Saviour's Church, standing on a height, and not far from which is the Hougue Fouque, one of those mounds used in remote times for watch-towers. There is a good hotel near the latter village. In the same neighbourhood is the ancient chapel of St. Appoline, while a little further off we have Cobo Church and the Well of St.

George, to the latter of which a legend is attached, which is narrated at length by Mr. Octavius Rooke. Further to the south, again, is Torteval Church, which owes its existence to a vow made by one of the Carterets when in imminent peril, and the first church that was consecrated by an English bishop in the islands.

Not far from Torteval Church, and on the south coast, to which we now return, is the Creux Mahié, the largest cave in Guernsey. Beyond this cave is the pretty little barbour of Bon Repos, protected by the headland called La Corbière, and on which are ruins of an old fort. Between La Corbière, again, and the next headland, called La Moye, or La Moie, is a picturesque abyss, at the extremity of a narrow gorge, between the lofty precipices of which a little stream pursues its way, to finally tumble into the sea over the tall cliff. The place is known as Le Gouffre. Eastward of La Moye Point is a tiny harbour, which affords anchorage for a few fishing-smacks; and beyond is Icart, or Petit Bôt Bay, the tiniest as well as the most beautiful of all the pretty inlets. Mr. O. Rooke describes it as the most charming spot in Guernsey; "it seems so peaceful, so retired." Petit Bôt Bay is protected by La Moye Point on one side, and Icart Point on the other; and beyond are Saint's Bay and Moulin Houet Bay. A tourist seeking for a reason why the first should have been canonised, was not a little delighted at discovering the distinct form of three figures having the semblance of two monks giving absolution to a kneeling form beside them among the rocks. But if his pleasure was great at his discovery, equally annoying must his disappointment have been when he found that the name of the bay was not Saint, but "Sein." There are a thousand such corruptions in the Channel Islands. The Bay of Moulin Houet is remarkably picturesque, and, being close to St. Peter, is a place much resorted to. It combines, indeed, every variety of rough and rugged rock scenery, with many gentler graces, as white sands and furze-brake. The reefs of granite are especially fine: one is appropriately designated as the Castle, while others are known as the Needles, or the Stack of Peas. The precipitous line of cliffs known as Jerbourg and St. Martin's Point bring the south coast to an end, and curve round to St. Peter's Bay. There are remains here of older fortifications and barracks now unoccupied, and the column erected to the memory of the governor who rescued Braye du Valle from the sea, opened roads, improved the defences, and signalised his rule by a hundred good works—Sir John Doyle—confronts alike rock and bay. Hugging the coast closely, as a pedestrian should do, there are two more bays to pass ere St. Peter is gained: the first, the Bec du Nez, affords shelter to a few fishing-boats; the second, Fermain Bay, is used for ball practice by the troops.

Among the chief places of interest in the interior around St. Peter is Catel (Guernsey French for castel, or château, the proper name of the church being St. Mary of the Castle); but a *cattle* fair being held here three times in the year, a sharp-witted tourist was once helped to a readier etymology. Tradition relates that, in olden times, the castle of one of the great legendary persons to whom we have before had occasion to allude in connexion with his tumulus, and known as Le Grand Jeffroi, or Le Grand Sarazin, stood on the site of the present church. It is a curious fact, which has not before been pointed out in connexion with this

Guernsey tradition, of a Saracen chieftain having once dwelt there, and some details connected with whom are given in Mr. Dally's book, that La Moye, or Moie, where the rivulet falls into the sea at Le Gouffre, is the Arabic for water; while the name cannot be easily traced to any Gaulish or Norman source.

St. Andrew's is the only parish in the island that is not in some part bounded by the sea. Its church is picturesque and rural, and close by is the Bailiff's Cross, the memorial of a highly characteristic Guernsey story, which is related in all the histories of the Channel Islands. There are, lastly, St. Martin's Church and La Foret, possessing no particular claims to attention; and we need not mention a host of country-houses, among which Saumarez Manor House, a fief in the possession of that family from time immemorial, the Vallon, woodlands, St. George, Vanquiedor, Harilland Hall, the Manor House of St. Helena, and Vaubellets, are, however, pre-eminent.

Little more than two hours by steam, and the traveller exchanges Guernsey for Jersey. The change is great; he lands on an island not more than eleven miles long, and from four to five and a half wide, with a superficies of thirty-nine to forty thousand acres, but with a populous, busy, and thriving port, with from twenty-eight to thirty thousand inhabitants. St. Helier is beautifully situated in a magnificent bay—that of St. Aubyn—which stretches in a graceful curve of several miles, its sloping shores charmingly diversified with wood and cultivated fields and gardens, thickly dotted with villas and cottages. The little town of St. Aubyn, with its pier and sheltered harbour, nestles under the cliffs on the left; and, flanking St. Helier, the time-worn fortress of Elizabeth Castle frowns in solemn grandeur from its sea-girt rock, while the magnificent new Victoria and Albert piers and harbour, commanded by the lofty stronghold of Fort Regent, open upon the town, backed by groves and terraces.

Pushing through the crowd which, as at St. Peter, usually collects to stare at disembarking pallidities, the visitor will find no lack of hotels, boarding, and lodging houses. One comfort, there are no passports or revenue regulations wherewith to delay and annoy him. House-rent is higher in Jersey than in Guernsey; fish is dearer and less abundant; but fruit is more so, and the market, being supplied by Norman women who come over once a week from Granville, is better than in Guernsey. Mr. Sutherland justly remarked of St. Helier that, "internally it differs little from the majority of small seaports in England, save it may be in the predominance of foreign names on the signboards, and the groups of French market-women, distinguished by their fantastic head-gear, who perambulate the streets. The only place worthy of a visit is the market, which, for orderly arrangement and plenteous supply, is scarcely excelled in any quarter of the world."* The principal old streets are very narrow; but everything now seems on the advance, old houses are being pulled down, the streets and footways widened, and showy and substantial buildings are taking the place of the crazy old erections. Mr. Rooke says of St. Helier that it is pleasantly situated, and contains

* Notes of a Tour in the Island of Jersey. Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, vol. i. p. 18 *et seq.*

many good shops, excellent markets, clubs, a theatre, a raquet-court, churches and chapels of nearly all denominations, a public library, and, in fact, everything that conduces to make a provincial town agreeable; but Mr. Dally adds that the public buildings, with the exception of the old church, two of the chapels, the theatre, and the gaol, are undeserving of the name. But Mr. Dally's exceptions comprise, in reality, with Victoria College, all the lions of the place, unless we also account as such the Royal-square, the harbour and pier, and the markets. The castles are *hors d'œuvre*. It is, however, acknowledgedly to her picturesque maritime beauties, and her climate, and her productions, that Jersey, like her sister-island Guernsey, is indebted for the large share of reputation which she so deservedly enjoys.

One of the best views of the town is obtained from Victoria College, the grounds of which contain beautiful terraced walks, which also command charming and extensive views over St. Aubyn's and St. Clement's Bays. Fort Regent is strongly relieved against the sky, and to the right of it the town stretches far inland on a level plain, while the hills all round are dotted with bright white villas. The college itself is a handsome structure, built in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the island in 1846; it is the principal educational establishment in the island. St. Clement's Bay is the principal bathing-place of the island, and deservedly so, as the whole sweep of the bay is formed of hard sand. There are plenty of bathing machines, but the juvenile portion of the population are content to use the shelves of rocks at the Pointe des Pas as dressing rooms. This point is so called in honour of the Virgin, whose footsteps were once visible on the rock, but are no longer so.

Overhanging the harbour, and having on that side a quarried perpendicular wall of granite, stands Fort Regent, built by the English Government at the expense of about one million sterling. This strong fortress as completely overlooks and casts into the shade, as it surpasses in the requirements of modern science, the ancient and picturesque bulwark of the island, Elizabeth Castle. This latter fine old castle was not solely built by Elizabeth; one ward was erected by Charles I., and what is called Charles Fort was added by Sir George Carteret during the Civil Wars. There are many curiosities in the armoury of the castle, in which both Charles II. and his brother James resided for a time, and Hyde is said to have written part of his "History of the Rebellion" within the same walls. It stands on a mass of rugged shistose rocks, which the sea leaves bare at about half-tide, and is approached by a slimy causeway.

The Hermitage, a building of small stones in the roughest style of masonry, stands on a rock—also islanded at high water—once the retreat of a holy man, who gave his name—Helerius, or Elericus—to the town. According to Mr. Sutherland, an abbey devoted to the same holy anchorite once occupied the site of Elizabeth Castle, and the fortress was first founded on its ruins in 1551 in the reign of Edward VI. According to tradition, all the bells in the island, with the reservation of one to each church, were seized and shipped for St. Malo, to be sold to defray in part the expenses; but the vessel foundered on leaving the harbour, to the great joy of all good Catholics. Mr. Sutherland does not

add that they are still heard to boom from below, when the storm scathes the very depths of the ocean.

Jersey contains, besides St. Helier, the towns of St. Aubyn and Gorey, and many hamlets. St. Aubyn stands in the same beautiful bay as St. Helier, the two towns facing one another, and at low water the visitor may pass to and fro across the sands. The heights that extend above between the two are studded with country-seats and villages. About half way is the church of St. Matthew, in St. Peter's parish. St. Aubyn was, in former times, the capital of Jersey, and is picturesquely situated upon a steep hill, house rising above house, and interspersed are trees and pieces of sharp rock, which stand out from the dark foliage. Below is the harbour, protected by a fort which mounts fourteen guns. St. Aubyn has its inns, its market-place, its chapel of ease, its almshouse, and its pier; it is the microcosm of an English seaport, and no sweeter retreat can be imagined for those in quest of quiet and seclusion.

Gorey, the other town and harbour, owes its importance to the oyster fishery. Upwards of two hundred and sixty vessels and boats are employed during the season in procuring "natives," chiefly off the coast of France. The annual catch is from 170,000 to 180,000 tubs of three bushels each; and the fishery gives employment to some fourteen hundred men, besides from six to seven hundred women and children, who are set to place the oysters in artificial beds. The average price at Gorey is from 3s. 6d. to 4s. a tub.

The traveller wishing to explore Jersey will find carriages, cabs, and flys wherewith to proceed to any given point. Omnibuses also ply during the summer season on what is called "the great round" and the "little round;" but, considering that all the picturesque old roads are mere paths, narrow, deep sunk between enormous dykes, and so fenced and often arched over by trees and bushes, as to be almost impervious to the light of day, and that the greatest curiosities can only be reached on foot, it is obvious that he is happiest and most independent who can dispense with either and all.

Acting upon the same principle at St. Helier as we did at St. Peter, we shall start, then, on foot along the coast to the eastwards, encompassing the island with occasional deviations into the interior, and returning by the west to our starting-point. Leaving the town by Queen-street, past the Crescent, we first enter the military road which skirts the bay of St. Clement. The seignorial mansion of Saumarez is to our left, and next comes the village of Pontac, where crowds assemble to catch sand eels at low water. Beyond this is La Roque Point—the south-east extremity of the island; while in the interior we have St. Clement's Church, a plain, heavy building; further on Grouville Church, which is surrounded with picturesque cottages, and forms one of the prettiest landscapes in the island, with a castle on the shore of Grouville Bay, which latter is again bounded by a lofty precipitous rock, crowned by Mont Orgueil Castle; the little harbour of Gorey, with its forests of masts, nestling at its foot, as if claiming the protection of its fortifications.

The great feature of this part of the coast is, that while the sands of St. Clement's and Grouville Bays are for the most part firm and dry, they are separated by a magnificent pile of rocks, which advance into the ocean beyond Cape la Roque. Nothing but rugged masses of dark rock

can, indeed, be seen at low water at this point as far as the eye can reach, and they are said to stretch hence under the waters to the coast of France. On some of these rocks, which the sea never covers, buildings have been erected, as the Tower of Echo and Seymour Tower, but these are frequently lost to sight in the spray during the storms that prevail in winter. To others, as to Rocbert, or the Witches' Rock, to the islet of La Motte, to St. Sampson's Hermitage, and to St. Magloire's Boulder, strange and fantastic legends are attached.* Between the inner ridge of these rocks, immediately off Cape la Roque, and the outer ridge, called Conchie, is the Banc de Violet, over which the tide comes in with so much rapidity, that any marine zoologist pursuing his researches on the outer ridge, if not keeping a very sharp look-out, may be cut off from the mainland, and thus become the food of the very crustaceans he was in pursuit of.

Grouville Bay, like those of St. Aubyn's and St. Clement's, is defended by a regular line of martello towers; but by far the most prominent object in the noble panoramic view is the huge pile of building justly designated as "Mont Orgueil"—a grim fortress, which, from its commanding position and picturesque view, added to its historical interest, has been truly said to rival any relic of antiquity in any country. As the visitor wends his way up the rugged steps, through the gardens and grass-grown courts, and amid the gloomy and silent chambers of this proud old castle, not only does his mind become impressed with its great size and ancient strength, but, fast thronging, too, come thoughts of other days—thoughts of the time of the renowned Du Guesclin, of De Maulevrier, and of Carteret; of the parliamentary Haines, of the puritan Prynne, and the unfortunate Bandinel, and of Charles II., and George Poulet; but we must refer those who wish to know all of interest that is associated with Mont Orgueil, its keep, and dungeons, and its now ruinous chapel, to the pages of Falle and other historians. It is far too long a story to be even skimmed over here. Our allies d'Outre-Manche envy us the proud name and historic glories, but they comfort themselves by proclaiming, "qu'à raison de sa position, cette forteresse est encore aujourd'hui d'une grande importance; mais les hommes de l'art ne la croient pas capable de résister longtemps à une attaque sérieuse et bien dirigée."† The fact is perfectly well known on this side of the Channel also, and the proud castle on the mount is not now maintained as a military defence; its guns are unmounted, its chambers untenanted, save by a sergeant and two privates, and its ivy-clad walls and grey and hoary battlements are alike falling to ruin. Mont Orgueil is no longer but a monument of the past.

The country around is a perfect garden, and numerous secluded villas and cottages are scattered among umbrageous and productive orchards. Close by is the small but picturesque bay called Anne Port, with a re-

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* Maglorius, who succeeded Sampson of St. David's, is said to have arrived and preached the Gospel to the inhabitants about the year 565. He is reported to have first landed at Sark, whence he proceeded to Jersey and Guernsey. He built a chapel in the "Holy Island," or Braye du Valle, in the latter, still called St. Malière; but was buried in the former, in a little chapel now in ruins, in St. Saviour's parish.

† Anciens Châteaux, Demeures Féodales, &c., p. 20.

markable rock projecting into the sea, known as Geoffroy's Leap, and said to have been a place of execution. To the left, on a hill which looks down on Mont Orgueil, is a "poquelaye," or cromlech, the most perfect of its kind now remaining in Jersey. It is figured in Mr. O. Rooke's book. Poingdestre, an historian of the early part of the eighteenth century, enumerates upwards of fifty poquelays, but the one now before us, another near Rozel, and a third at St. Ouen, are all that are met with in the present day in the island. Further in the interior is one of the great lions of Jersey, the Prince's Tower, or "La Hougue Bie," a curious old building, which has been modernised, standing on an ancient mound. Hougue, the guide-books omit to mention, is like the German "hoch," and our "high"—a mound or hillock—and "bye" is a contraction of "hambye"—literally the barrow or tumulus of Hambye. The legend of the doughty knight of that name, who, after killing a dragon that devastated the neighbourhood, was himself basely slain by his esquire, is contained in "Le Livre Noir de Coutances," from which it has been transferred to all histories and to most guide-books.

St. Catherine's Bay, north of Mont Orgueil, derives importance from its being the seat of works now in hand for a harbour of refuge and defence. To this effect breakwaters are being carried out from Archirondel Tower on the one side, and Verclut Point on the other. Many pretty residences adorn this bay, and more inland is St. Martin—one of the best rural livings in the island. At the next promontory northwards, called La Coupe, are some Druidical remains, known as La Couperon. Eastward is a cleft in the rocks, or chine, as it would be called in the Isle of Wight, but no chine there can compete with it for size or beauty —and there is no sixpence to pay.

Between La Coupe and the conical rocks which bear Rozel Tower is the harbour of Rozel, nestling with its pretty bay beneath its now untenanted fort and barracks, some half-dozen boats generally lying at anchor, the very picture of repose. The sides of the bay are rugged and precipitous, and deep and shady glens, wooded with various trees, lead into the interior, where are Trinity Church and the entrenchment called La Petite Césarée, or Cæsar's Wall.

Bouley Bay, next in succession to the westward, and between Rozel Tower and La Belle Hougue, is remarkable for the bold scenery by which it is surrounded. The approach to it is a great expanse, whose sides are hills, with smaller hills within, and the road goes down these in zig-zags to the bay, which is deep and rocky, and where, as at Rozel, there is a pier and harbour, a fort, and an inn. At the extremity of La Belle Hougue, between which and Bouley the rocks advance in a little promontory called Vicart, with its own Petit Port, is a spring, to which a legend is attached, and which has the double reputation of restoring sight and causing the dumb to speak.

All along this northern coast there is a continuous succession of bold and precipitous rocks and promontories, and of more or less picturesque and interesting bays. The first in order, Havre Giffard, gives shelter to a few boats; La Crète separates it from the beautiful little glen of Bonne Nuit, where a few boats are also hauled up, but the rugged aspect of this part of the coast seems to forbid much adventuring on the rough waters. Presiding over the cliffs is a small barrack, and, hard by, a battery to

defend the approaches. This part of the island is also watered by many rivulets, which run, some into deep ravines, and hasten thence impetuously to the sea, while others, more bountiful, glide gently along, fertilising the soil as they go. About a mile westward from Bonne Nuit, one of these streamlets gives birth to the prettiest waterfall in Jersey, and an old ruined paper-mill helps to fill in a sketch. Still further westward—perhaps ten minutes' scramble over the high hill above the fall—we come to another ravine, also containing a little stream. Cross to the west side of this, and the visitor will find what is called in the islands a "creux;" that is, a deep well-like hollow left by the falling in of a cave. From Fremont Point, beyond Bonne Nuit, to Rondnez Point there is upwards of a mile of precipitous granitic rocks, only remarkable for the quarries of Mount Mado, which are worked on a large scale. In the interior is St. John's Church and village, with two inns for the solace of ramblers over this part of the island.

Beyond Rondnez Point is the little promontory of Soret, and thence stretching all the way to Pleinmont, or Plémont Point, is the deep bay or Grève de Lecq, with the Pierres de Lecq, or Paternosters, far out at sea. This so-called Grève abounds in curiosities: there are caves of every gradation of size, precipices of dizzy height, crags of the most grotesque forms, a hill shaped like a rampart, whence its name of Castle of Lecq, and a mimic cascade falling from the heights into the sea. The cove itself is guarded by a martello tower, and a battery on the higher grounds. There is a small barrack now unoccupied, and an inn in good repute.

From Grève de Lecq, all round to St. Ouen's Bay by Plémont and Grosnez, the two most north-westerly promontories, the coast is formed of high precipitous rocks, containing in their bases vast caverns worn out by the ever-moving waters. Those in the next bay beyond Plémont are the largest, but they are difficult and almost dangerous of access, so steep are the paths that lead down into the bay. Plémont Point is itself separated from the mainland by a fissure, over which a narrow causeway leads to a fort, which is thus almost insulated.

To the westward of Plémont is Grosnez Cape, upon which is a picturesque archway, all that remains of a formerly strong castle, which was held by De Carteret when the Count de Maulevrier had obtained possession of Mont Orgueil, and from whence he harassed the enemy perpetually, till he was driven, by himself and Harliston, from Jersey. A cave has lately been discovered under the ruins of this castle, and the remains of a skeleton, fragments of armour, and broken swords were found in it.

Almost the whole of the western side of Jersey is taken up with the bay of St. Ouen, or Owen, with its formidable rocks to the north stretching to Cape Grosnez, and terminating to the south in La Corbière, the rocky south-west promontory of the island. Inland are the church and ancient manor house of St. Ouen, belonging to the Carterets, the lagune or fish-pond of same name, the remarkable legendary district known as the Quenvais and St. Brelade, the most ancient parish church of the island.

Before coming to Le Tacq, a small village at the northern end of the bay, a block of stone which lies across a chasm, and from which a young man fell and was killed, and a high mass of rock worn into the form of a

huge pillar, claim attention. A zig-zag road leads down the cliffs to Le Tacq, beyond which is the chine called La Crevasse, whence a walk of about two miles and a half upon the sand will take the visitor to the Corbière rocks, at the other extremity of the bay. Between the hills and sands is the large reedy pore known as St. Ouen's Pond, the haunt of wild-fowl in winter, and of, some say carp, and others tench, at all times. Sir Philip de Carteret was nigh being taken prisoner by the French when fishing here, about 1464, and owed his escape to his horse, that carried him clear over the Val de la Charrière, a chasm eighteen feet deep and twenty-two feet wide, albeit it perished by the effort. A picture of the knight and horse is still extant in the Manor House of St. Ouen.

The Quenvais, with St. Ouen's Bay beyond, presents altogether a grand scene of devastation. A ridge of hills closes in into the shape of a strung bow—a space of about three miles in length, and at the widest half a mile in breadth. Below the hills are grassy ridges, in part swept over by the sand; then joining these, and sloping gently to the sea, is the sand-beach, upon which the waves come tumbling. Just at the junction of the grass and sand is a line of martello towers, at but short intervals apart. One of these, larger than the rest, stands out like the captain of the band on an islet called La Rocco, about half a mile beyond high-water mark. In the interior are also St. Ouen's barracks. Tradition relates that the greater part of this extensive bay was once a fertile valley with woods and fields, but that it was destroyed in consequence of its wicked inhabitants having led some Spanish ships to destruction, by holding out false lights, in order to plunder them. The remains of buildings are said to be seen beneath the waters, and peat is dug up from beneath the sands.

The ancient manor house of the De Carterets is a place of great interest. The visitor will find an excellent account of it, as well as of the traditions connected with the family in the Rev. Mr. Durell's Historical Sketch of the Island. Further inland to the south is St. Peter's Church, situate on a table-land in a fruitful and populous neighbourhood, and to the north St. Mary's Church, a rude and semi-ruinous structure.

Leaving La Corbière, and proceeding along the southern coast of the island, a cave or perforation in the rock, which terminates in a chamber open from above, claims a visit at the cliffs with a signal called La Moye. The repetition of names of places in Jersey and Guernsey is very frequent. Beyond this are the sharp rocks called the Aiguillons, and then St. Brelade's Bay—"if the smallest, by far the most beautiful of all the bays," says one; "the most exquisite, enchanting bay of St. Brelade," writes another, who was in such ecstasies with the spot that he ends his description with "that bay, so lovely and entrancing, is pictured sweetly in our minds for ever."

The bay, over which is spread a carpet of soft glittering sand, is hemmed in by high rocky hills, and on the east and west by towering precipices that rear their broken summits up with sharply traced outlines to the sky. Two blocks of reddish rock are seen dividing the sands into unequal parts: the larger block is towards the west, and on it is built the old parish church, actually washed by the waves at high tide. The church is small and plain, and has neither tower nor spire. It was built in the year 1111, when it superseded the more ancient chapel, which also

stands close by, and is known as La Chapelle des Pécheurs. Within it are some traces of old frescoes.

The great headland called Noirmont, or the black mound, with its common and signal station, separates Brelade Bay from St. Aubyn's. There is a little bay, or rather recess, in the rocks at the extremity of the promontory known as Portelet, or the little port. The shore is very high at this spot, which has a lonely, desolate appearance, though very picturesque. A martello tower is perched on a massive crag in the centre; there is also a curious rock called Jauvrin's Tower, and two others, called La Rousse and La Frette. Half way up the cliff, embowered in trees, is La Moye House, the ancient manorial seat of the seigneurs of Noirmont.

The circuit of the island is completed here, for St. Aubyn is at the extremity of Noirmont common, St. Brelade's is its parish church, and Portelet Tower defends the western entrance of St. Aubyn's Bay.

The only two points in the interior of the island that we have left unnoticed are St. Saviour's Church, consecrated in 1154, and the fashionable cemetery of St. Helier, associated with which is the free school of St. Manelier, or St. Magloire, founded with a small endowment by Henry VII. In the heart of the island is also the church of St. Laurence, a plain, simple structure, without either tower or steeple. Trinity Manor House is remarked by its grounds being laid out more tastefully than any other in the island, and St. Peter's valley is distinguished as being one of the richest and best cultivated districts of the island. It has also the reputation with some of being the most beautiful of its valleys, but there are others which are more picturesque; one particularly at the north end of the town, called the Val des Vaux, which is more extensive and varied.

The visitor can easily transfer himself from Guernsey to the little island of Sark, from which it is only about six miles distant. The exterior of this island, seen from the sea, is an inaccessible wall of rocks, from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, Pointe Terrible rising to an elevation of four hundred feet. The harbour called Le Creux is, perhaps, one of the tiniest in all Europe. The ascent from thence to the island table-land—for Sark may be well described as a table-land, breaking here and there into deep clefts or valleys—is by a tunnel. A walk thence of about a mile takes the visitor to the most beautiful of these clefts, in which the only inn on the island is situated, and close by which is also the church, a small, unpretending building, but quite large enough for the congregation. One of the peculiarities of Sark is, that there is no collection of houses in it large enough to be called a village, the residences being scattered about here and there; another is, that the sale of strong drinks is prohibited, and the consequence is that all the inhabitants are tidy and respectable, and there is no such thing as poverty in the island.

Sark is, strictly speaking, divided by a narrow isthmus, called the Coupée, into two—Sark Proper, which is about three and a half miles in length by one and a half in breadth, and Little Sark. The population amounts to somewhere about seven hundred, and there are no less than forty original copyhold farms, averaging about fifteen acres each, so all the farmers combine fishing with farming. The doorways of Sark

are never darkened by the tax-gatherer, yet it has its seigneur, its seneschal, and parliament, its provost, registrar, constable, and vingtenier. It has also a prison, or lock-up, but no prisoners, a Wesleyan chapel, and a free school. Nay, it has, like all the other islands, its militia, of which the seigneur is colonel. The island is indeed an epitome of comfort and convenience; land and sea rival one another in productiveness. Wheat, barley, oats, beans, potatoes, and parsnips thrive; fruit is abundant; Sark mutton is as dainty as Welsh; and there is plenty of fish and shell-fish.

The principal lion of Sark is the aforesaid Coupée, which is about four hundred and fifty feet in length, and three hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea at high water. The roadway is safe enough, being from five to eight feet in width, yet some people affect to be seized with paroxysms of terror when asked to walk over it. To such persons, the tales of accidents that have happened when the pathway was only two feet in width, and miners were either drunk or delirious, or when the wind blew a hurricane, have especial charms. Lead and copper were formerly mined in Little Sark, but the works have been abandoned from the great difficulty and uncertainty of access. At a place called Port Frey is a little pier formerly used by the miners. There is also at the same spot what is called a Pot—a monstrous natural caldron, which at high tides is nearly filled with boiling and tumultuous waters.

Among the curiosities of Sark are also the Creux Terrible and the Little Creux, both formed by the roofs of caves, worn out by the waves below, giving way and leaving great rocky and precipitous well-like holes, up which the waves are, in certain conditions of wind and tide, blown with great force and noise. There are also some picturesque caves called Les Boutiques, and in the Bay of Banquette are certain outlying rocks of fantastic shape, designated as the Autelets, or little altars. The so-called Port du Moulin is a very fine rocky amphitheatre; a zest is imparted to Dixcart Bay by the bright and various colours of its rocks, and its little streamlet; and a certain horror invests the Havre Gorselin, from the circumstance of there being no ascent from it save by a rope, and yet close by are the Gouliot caves, rich in marine zoology. On the west side of the island is the rock of Brechon, also called Ile des Marchands, formerly cultivated, but now given up to the rabbits. Altogether, most persons—Inglis, perhaps, excepted—agree in describing Sark as the most delightful of secluded retreats. Inglis, admitting the extraordinary freedom from disease which the place enjoys, says: "Query, are ten years added to one's life an equivalent for a life spent in Sark?" Mr. Dally, on the contrary, speaks of the island in the highest terms, and says that the livelong day may be spent "in wandering mazes lost." And Mr. O. Rooke proclaims, with the feelings of an artist, "I have seen and enjoyed, perhaps with more than ordinary pleasure, many of the fairest scenes in Europe, but I never so thoroughly enjoyed any country, or any scenery, as I have the Channel Islands, and especially that most delightful mass of rock named Sark." No better place than Sark can be well imagined for repairing a constitution; there may be had the purest air, sea-bathing, beautiful downs for exercise, and inducements to take it, in the form of most beautiful scenery, different to anything to be

seen elsewhere. The whole island is indeed unique, unlike any other place.

Between Sark and Guernsey are the two rocky islets of Herm and Jethon. The first is about a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth. Like Guernsey, the coast is bounded by the loftiest cliffs on the southern part, while on the northern the shore is less elevated, with sands extending some distance beyond high water-mark. There is a small harbour on the western side, where the principal attraction is the shell-beach, and there is said to be no shore where the conchologist can reap a richer harvest. The number of persons dwelling on the island is very inconsiderable; when the granite quarries were worked it was much greater. There are the remains of a chapel, which was formerly a parish church, of the name of St. Tugnal, and dependent on an abbey of Cordeliers called Abbaye de Notre-Dame du Vœu. There are also Druidical remains in the island, and various caves of different sizes. There were once deer and pheasants in Herm, when it was used as a preserve for game by the governors of Guernsey, but there are now only rabbits.

Jethon lies about half a mile distant to the south-west of Herm, from which it is separated by deep water and strong currents. It is about a mile and a quarter in circumference, and is precipitous on all sides save one. It belongs at present to a single owner, who has an excellent house with garden and orchard, and a comfortable cottage for a labourer whom he employs, his wife and family, together with the whole island, abounding in rabbits, for 30*l.* a year! All very well for himself, but what would become of a family in such seclusion? It is said, however, that government has lately obtained possession of the island for the purpose of converting it into a fort. As La Grande Hougue, or Hogue, it has indeed the semblance of a green mound surrounded by the sea, and Nature itself has given it the appearance of a battery.

And now, lastly, for Alderney, in point of magnitude the fourth island in the Channel group, being about three miles and a quarter long, by a little more than one mile broad, and about eight miles in circuit. The coast of this rocky island is indented with small bays, only one of which, that of Braye, on the north-west, affords good anchorage. There is, in the first place, a point of interest connected with the legendary history of this little island. It is said to contain the foundation of a castle, which was built by the Earl of Essex in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and it is reported that one of the articles exhibited against him on his impeachment was that he erected this fortress to secure the person of the queen, in order to compel her to settle on him the succession of the crown. The place still passes by the name of Essex Castle, or Farm. At the foot of the hill on which this castle stood is another ruin, variously designated as that of a fort or monastery, and which has been converted into a barrack and hospital alternately, as the exigencies of war or peace required it. The reverse of what holds with Sark, where no two houses stand together, all the houses of Alderney have been grouped into the town of St. Anne, situate on an elevated spot, within half a mile of the harbour. This little town has two main streets, Victoria-street and High-street, the former having the principal shops, the latter being a mere linear arrangement of farm-houses and hovels, piggeries and manure heaps. The new church is, however, considered to be the finest eccle-

siastical structure in the Channel Islands; the tower alone remains of the old parish church. There are two Dissenting chapels and a Roman Catholic chapel, rendered necessary by the influx of Irish labourers at the harbour works. A new court-house, government-house, and the residence of Judge Clucas, are, with these, all that attract the eye in the town, but there are also a gaol, and foundation schools for boys and girls.

The importance of Alderney as a naval station has made itself felt a long time back, more particularly from 1781, when an expedition was despatched from Cherbourg to seize the island by a *coup de main*. Under cover of night the ships came to an anchor within musket-shot of a guard-house, where they were perceived by moonlight about two o'clock A.M. The guard was composed of only four men, who, at once detecting the object of the invaders, opened a fire upon them, which cut down several on board the ships. A large English privateer was also luckily lying at anchor in the Alderney roads, and her captain, hearing the guns from the battery, beat to arms. The French, imagining the sound to arise from a large body of militia, gave up the attempt to land, and made sail, as soon as it was day, for Cherbourg. Thus, by the energy of four men, was this important island preserved from falling into the hands of the French.

This importance has, however, made itself still more strongly felt since the French have persisted in bringing to perfection the extensive and threatening works at Cherbourg. The Duke of Wellington, always so solicitous in regard to the defences of the country, strongly urged the creation of works at Alderney. Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, who was some time governor of the Channel Islands, claims, however, having been the first to make the suggestion, and he argues that the question of Alderney being fortified, with a secure and capacious harbour, in possession of England, determines whether England or France shall command the "British" Channel. A sum of 600,000*l.* was accordingly voted for the commencement of the works, comprising two breakwaters and their forts. The building of the latter, by direction of the War-office, is distinct from the harbour works, and the original plan has been so far extended, that although upwards of 1,000,000*l.* has been already expended, the works seem now to be only begun. It is to be hoped that nothing will interfere with their being carried out with greater spirit in future. Money invested in fortified harbours is well spent; ships rot, but stone fortifications remain almost for ever. Telegraphic communication with this advanced post of Great Britain, it is to be observed, has also been recently established.

It is curious that while the fortifications are already giving a warlike aspect to Alderney, the island itself has long been associated with only pastoral images. The Alderney cow has a world-wide bucolic repute, which is still retained. A considerable portion of the island is indeed either good pasture-land or under cultivation, the district known as the Blaye being the most distinguished in these respects. Even Longy Common, where the island races were once held, has been divided into allotments for cultivation.

Alderney, it only remains to be observed, small as it is, has its natural and artificial curiosities as well as the other islands. The most worthy

of notice are the Sister Rocks, two singular porphyritic masses flanked by a huge square pile; two rocky towers, also, known the one as the Monk's Chair, the other as the Lover's Chair, more anciently La Chaise de l'Emauve. On an elevated spot, overlooking the Bay de la Clanque, is the only cromlech on the island; and not far from Longy Common may be seen a very curious collection of oblong granite blocks, all of them rounded at the ends. This peculiarity in the disintegration of granite is not unknown to mineralogical geologists. Southwards of Essex Castle is La Roche Pendante, which resembles a square tower of masonry, but has the peculiarity of projecting over the sea at a remarkable inclination. Mariners use it as a landmark, under the familiar epithet of "Madame Robillard's Nose;" perhaps, Mr. Dally suggests, in emulation of the "cyst," or gravestone, discovered on the ground above Longy Common, to which it is supposed that old Holinshed refers in his "Description of Alderney," when he says: "The isle of Alderney is a very pretty plot, wherein a priest not long since did find a coffin of stone, in which lay the body of a huge giant, whose fore-teeth were as big as a man's fist, as Leland doth report." The nose and the teeth might fit the same apocryphal person.

We now arrive at the

LAST LEGEND OF THE ISLES.

How, through the sea there came now three times, surrounded by her stately ships, a glorious queen—a monarch on whose realm the sun could never set—a young and happy woman, has been recorded in various pleasant and significant ways. We have the Victoria Tower, the Victoria Exhibition at Elizabeth's College, and the foundation of the New Harbour, in commemoration of her Majesty's visit, August 24, 1853, in Guernsey. We have Victoria College, and Victoria and Albert Pier in Jersey. Queen Victoria, we have before observed, is also the first sovereign that ever landed in Alderney, her foot honouring the soil, and her smile beaming on its inhabitants, making it more than ever one of the strongest rock-bulwarks of her dominions;

> This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
> Prove armèd soldiers.

The loyalty and the gallantry of the islanders, be they Jerseyites or Guernseyites, Aldernois or Sarkois, have been tested and proved beyond all gainsaying. The guerdon for such unshaken courage and fidelity, the most graceful tribute to the queen for her last visit in August of the present year, and the most striking legend with which to conclude our sketch, would be that the unsatisfactory appellation of the Channel Islands—so objectionable, also, as not promoting the bond of union between the different state legislatures*—should be for the future merged into that of VICTORIA ISLANDS.

Such a designation would be a certain pledge of future happiness, prosperity, and inviolability.

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* As it is, the islanders are placed in the same predicament as the people of the United States; they have no common name. There are New Englanders and Yankees, but no "United Statesmen;" so there are Jerseyites and Guernseyites, but no "Channel Islanders."

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

In the midst of the pretty and somewhat exclusive village of Katterley, there stands a small, charming residence, half cottage, half villa, called Katterley Lodge. Its rooms are warm in winter, cool in summer; it rises in the midst of a lovely garden, in view of magnificent scenery; and the sweetest roses and honeysuckles entwine themselves on its walls.

The evening sun shone full on its entrance gate, on a lady, young and beautiful, who was leaning over it. She may have been about four-and-twenty, and she was dressed in white, with a blue waist ribbon, and some blue bows in her hair. There was a remarkable refinement and delicacy in her face, her manners, and in her appearance altogether, whilst her dark eyes were large, soft, and somewhat sad in their expression. Did you ever observe that peculiar, sad look, reader—not a passing sadness, or one caused by present care, but a fixed mournful expression, implanted in the eyes by nature? It is not a common expression, or one often seen, but rely upon it, where you do see it, it is but an index that the spirit is, or will be, sad within.

Sauntering up the road towards the gate, encumbered with a basket, a rod, and other apparatus for fishing, strode a gentleman, carelessly switching at the hedge as he passed. No sad expression, was there, about him, rather the contrary. He was of middle height, with pleasant features and laughing blue eyes; was gay in manner and free of speech. *Her* eyes sparkled at the sight of him, and she opened the gate long before he had gained it.

"What sport, Frederick? What have you brought?"

"Brought you myself," was the gentleman's reply, as he passed in at the gate she held wide. "Thank you. How much is the toll?"

As he bent to take it, to take the "toll," she glanced shyly in his face, and blushed; blushed brightly, although she was his wife of some three years' standing. But, in a retiring, impassioned, truthful nature, such as hers, it takes a great deal ere love can die out, a convulsion sometimes: with her, it had not yet begun to die.

He opened his basket when they got in, and displayed its contents, some fine trout. Two were ordered to be dressed, and served with the tea. On the days of these fishing expeditions, it was their custom to dine early, either before he went, or she alone, and he by the side of the river, and on his return they would have tea, and some of the fish he had caught. Occasionally she accompanied him; not very often: the sport wearied her; and but for him by whose side she sat, never would have been endurable. "Sport, indeed!" she had used laughingly to say.

"What have you been at, all the afternoon, Clara?"

"Oh—reading and working; and wishing it was time for you to come home."

"Silly girl!" laughed he, as he played with her curls. "Suppose I

should be brought home to you some day, fished up out of the stream, drowned and dead?"

"Don't joke, please," was her reply, in a low voice.

"It had like to be no joke this afternoon: I all but overbalanced myself. There was a friendly tree, or I was done for."

"Oh, Frederick!" she uttered, clinging closer to him.

"And there's a nasty bit of current there," he continued, as if he enjoyed the sport of teasing her, which perhaps he did, "and the mill wheel lower down. I was an idiot, never to learn to swim."

"Did you slip?" she whispered.

"No: I was leaning too forward. Oh, Clary! you are a little coward at best. Why, your heart is beating; a vast deal faster than mine did, I can tell you! And where are your roses gone? Must I kiss them back again?"

"You must not go again, Frederick."

He laughed immoderately. "Not go again! what am I to do, then, till shooting comes in?"

What indeed? Mr. Lake was an idle man, one of those whose unhappy lot it is (the most unhappy lot on earth) to be obliged to "kill" time; or else to find it hang unbearably heavy on their hands. Of good descent, and possessing a small patrimony, he had retired from the army when he married Clara Chester. His only sister, Penelope, had married a Mr. Chester, a clergyman, and it was at their house he met Clara, who was a cousin. She was an heiress in a small way, having about three hundred a year: Katterley Lodge, where they now lived, was also hers. Lieutenant Lake fell in love with her, and she with him; he after his temperament, carelessly and lightly, a species of love which he had felt for others, and would feel for more: she with all the lasting depth of an impassioned and poetic nature. Lieutenant Lake left the army, and they settled down in her own house: he to idleness, and it carries danger sometimes; she to happiness, which she believed in as real, as a bliss that would endure for ever. One great grief came to her; she lost her baby; but she was getting over that now.

Meanwhile the husband of Penelope Chester had died, and she, not left very well off, had taken a residence about seven miles from Katterley, at a place called Guild: though how she meant to pay expenses, she scarcely knew herself. She was older than her brother, and rather inclined to be dictatorial to him and his young wife. As Mr. and Mrs. Lake sat down to tea this evening, the fish looking delicious, he happened to mention his sister's name.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Frederick," Mrs. Lake exclaimed, "Penelope has been here this afternoon."

"What's she come over for?"

"She is at the Jupps': she said she should remain to tea there. I wanted her to come back and take it with us."

"Does she return home to-night?"

"By the nine o'clock train. And I do believe here she is, coming in."

Mrs. Lake bent forward to distinguish more of the gravel path. It was Mrs. Chester. She was a little restless-looking woman with shrewd

eyes and a sharp nose, and she wore a widow's cap. She told every one she was twenty-eight: Mr. Lake knew her to be four-and-thirty.

"Well, Fred, how are you? What delicious fish! I have come back to tea, Clara, for the Jupps' have a late dinner party. They wanted me to stay for it: fancy! in this dusty travelling costume."

"And how are you getting on?" asked her brother.

"Oh, I shall get on. I have got a lady coming to live with me, and that will help me out wonderfully."

"A lady?"

Mrs. Chester nodded. "You know I must do something, Fred, and I had an idea when I took so large a house—though its low rent at first set me on it—that if I could get a lady or two to live with me it would be the very thing. So I persuaded some friends in London to look out for me, and a young widow lady is coming down next week to stop six months, if she likes it. She gave the Jupps as her references, and that's what I came over about this afternoon."

"Who is she?"

"A Lady Ellis. She went out to India quite a child, seventeen or eighteen, the Jupps say, was very pretty, and was snapped up by some colonel, a K.C.B., and dreadfully old. He is dead, and she is home again."

"With a lac of rupees, I suppose."

"With a *lack* of rupees," retorted Mrs. Chester, rubbing her sharp nose. "The old colonel's property, every shilling of it, was settled on his first wife's children. She has a pension, or something of that, and that's all."

"Why should she be coming here?"

"I'll tell you. She has not been well, it appears, and the doctors have recommended country air: that is what she says in her letter to me. But the Jupps tell me that this county is her native place, so that may be why she has chosen it. She was a Miss—Miss—I forget the name, but her family used to live a few miles from this, and they knew her as a child. They have lost sight of her, though, for some years, they say."

"And yet she referred you to them! Take care, Penelope."

"You can't teach me," retorted Mrs. Chester, with a keen glance. "She did not precisely refer me to them, she referred me to a person in London, but she mentioned that the Jupps of Katterley knew her, and that I might inquire of them if I pleased. Mind!" added she, more hastily, "I did not tell the Jupps, or any one else, that she was coming to me as a boarder, I spoke as if she were coming as a visitor. 'She mentions that you know her,' I observed, carelessly, and they immediately began to tell all they did know; I knew they would; one trying to outtalk the rest: never were such talkers as the Jupp girls."

"Except yourself," cried Mr. Lake.

"Myself! why I'm remarkably silent. Nobody can say that I talk."

Frederick Lake smiled, and glanced imperceptibly at his wife. "Would you like to take home some trout, Penelope?"

"That I should. Have you any to give?"

"I'll have them done up for you; the fellow brace to these. Mind the youngsters don't get the bones in their throats."

"They must take their chance," was the philosophical reply of the widow. "A most horrid torment are children. I am going to pack all the three off to school."

"Have you any further news from the Clergy Orphan School, about James?"

"Oh yes—it's all tiresome and cross together. They write me word there's not the least chance for him at the election in November, but there will be the following one: he's almost sure to get in then."

"But that is good news," spoke up Mrs. Lake.

"Not so good but it might be better," grumbled Mrs. Chester. "I want you and Fred to come over and spend Sunday and Monday with me," she continued. "Will you come?"

Mrs. Lake did not immediately answer.

"You can come over on Sunday morning and remain till Tuesday. The Jupps are coming."

"All of them!" exclaimed Mr. Lake. "Where shall you put them?"

"Now, Fred! All of the Jupps! Two of the girls and Oliver. At least, I am not quite sure: perhaps four of the girls will come, and in that case Oliver goes back on the Sunday night, for I have but three spare rooms in readiness yet."

"'Yet!'" repeated Mr. Lake; "how many do you mean to have? Thirteen? What on earth do you want with so many, and you grumbling about the purse's shallowness!"

"Just let me manage my own affairs," returned Mrs. Chester. "When the children are off, I shall have a fourth room. You'll come on Sunday."

"Very well," said her brother. "I suppose you'll say Yes, Clara."

Clara did say Yes. But at the same time there was a feeling at her heart prompting her to say No. She neither listened to it nor gave way to it; and yet she was conscious that it was there.

Mrs. Chester rose when it was time to go to the station, and her brother prepared to accompany her, and carry, so far, the little basket of trout. The station was quite close: turn down by the side of the lodge, and you were at it in two minutes.

"You have some scheme in your head, Penelope," remarked Mr. Lake, as they went along.

"I must scheme to live," she returned. "I can't say just everything before Clara: her pride would take alarm."

"Clara is not proud," he answered.

"That's all you know about it. I am sure she is. It is not the pride that would stick herself up as being above other people, but that sort of pride that despises everything not quite high and honourable. I am left a widow, Fred, with a wretched pittance of two hundred a year—it wont't be more—and how am I to live like a lady, and educate the children? What am I to do? I can't lose caste. I can't go and open a shop; I can't turn court milliner; I can't begin and speculate in the funds; I can't present myself to the government or the Bank of England, and make a curtsey and say, 'Please, gentlemen, double my income

for me, and then, perhaps, I may manage to get along!' No, I have only got my own resources to look to, and my own headpiece to work upon. It has been ransacked pretty well of late, I can tell you. The first idea that suggested itself to me was, to educate the two girls myself, and to get half a dozen pupils as well, on the plan of a private family. But I hated the thought of it; I have no nerves and no patience, and I knew I should be worried out of my very existence: besides, education at the present day is different from what it was when I was a girl, and I am not equal to modern requirements. So I said, 'That won't do.' Next I thought of getting three or four gentlewomen to live with me, on the plan of a private family also, quite as visitors, you know; and the more I dwelt on the scheme, the better I liked it. I think it will be a pleasant, social way of getting on: at any rate, I mean to try it, and Lady Ellis is the first coming."

"What is she to pay you?"

"Well you know, Fred, I can't commence in much style, for I have not the means," returned Mrs. Chester. "I am unable to set up men-servants, and a service of plate, and a pony carriage, and that sort of thing; so at present my terms must be in accordance with my accommodation. Now what should you think fair?"

"I!" cried Fred; "oh, rubbish! Don't ask me."

"Lady Ellis is to pay me a hundred a year, if she stays the year. If not, ten pounds per month. Now, you see, if I get four at that rate," went on Mrs. Chester, rapidly, "it will make up my income to six hundred pounds, which will be comfortable, and enable one to live."

"I suppose it will," said he.

"You suppose it will," snapped Mrs. Chester, "of course it will. Why, it's as much as you and Clara possess. By the way, Fred, I wonder you can reconcile yourself to live on your income and do nothing to increase it. If you had a family—and you may have one, and a large one—what sort of a figure would it cut, when everything had to come out of it? A dozen children to keep at home, and find in clothes and doctors and sundries, and a dozen children to provide for at school, would make your money look foolish."

"Let's see," cried he, gravely: "twelve at home and twelve at school would make twenty-four. Couldn't you have added twelve more, while you were about it, and said thirty-six?"

"Don't be stupid! You know I meant twelve in all. But they'll require both home expenses and school expenses, and so you'll find. Now, were I you, I should turn my attention to some gentlemanly mode of increasing my income, and so provide for a rainy day. You can't be altogether without interest, abroad in the world as you have been: you might get a post under government."

"I'll apply for the lord-lieutenancy of the county," replied Fred. "It is vacant."

"I know you always did turn into ridicule every suggestion of mine," said Mrs. Chester. "And there's the train shrieking up, so we are just in time. Don't forget Sunday. I want you and Clara to see how nice the house looks, now it is all in order."

"All right, Penelope: we won't forget."

They passed through the waiting-room, on to the platform, and Mrs.

Chester took her seat in one of the carriages. Her brother chatted with various individuals who were watching off the train, one of whom was Oliver Jupp. Mrs. Chester beckoned to him.

"Fred," said she, in a low voice, "I am going to give you a caution. Don't you carry on any of that nonsensical flirting with Rose Jupp. If you do, I shall be sorry that I have asked her to meet you."

He looked very much amused. "I am astonished you asked either of us. A couple of sinful scapegoats!"

"There you are, ridiculing me again! You may think as you please, Frederick, but it's excessively absurd in a married man. I saw you kiss Rose Jupp the other day."

He burst out laughing.

"Remember, there must be no nonsense when Lady Ellis comes. It would frighten her away again."

"Oh, we won't fail to put on our best behaviour for the old begum. Do not let doubts of us disturb your sleep, Penelope."

"She's not old, but I dare say she knows what propriety is," sharply retorted Mrs. Chester, as the train puffed off.

Mrs. Lake remained at home, thinking of various things. But, ever and anon, there flashed an idea over her, that she had done wrong to promise to go to Mrs. Chester's. Why? It was impossible to say. She could give no reason. Sunday travelling? But she had gone several times before, to spend the Sunday with Mrs. Chester, gone and returned the same day, for the vicarage Mrs. Chester had previously lived at was equally within reach, though in a different direction. No, it could not be the Sunday's travelling that disturbed her, and she did not give herself the trouble to think what else it could be.

"Is the train gone?" cried she, as her husband came in.

"All safe, and Penelope with it. She has been talking to me about her plans: and what do you think she finished up with, Clary?"

He had sat down in a large arm-chair, and drawn his wife into it as well, holding her by the waist.

"With a warning not to flirt so much with Rose Jupp: which is absurd in itself, she says, and might frighten away the grand Indian begum."

Clara Lake laughed. She was accustomed to see her husband's free, rattling manners with others, but she had never yet felt a shadow of jealousy. She believed his *love* to be hers, as truly and exclusively as hers was his, and nothing as yet had shaken it.

She had, that night, a singular dream. Part of the evening's doings occurred to her again in her sleep, for she thought that Mrs. Chester came, drank tea with them, and gave them the invitation, just as it had happened in reality. She also thought that she had an insuperable objection to go, although she appeared to have accepted it. Not the vague idea that had presented itself to her awake, the half-wish that she had not made the engagement, but a strong, irrepressible conviction that the going would bring her evil—but accompanied with a conviction, a knowledge, so to say, that she should go, that it was her fate to go, and that she could not avoid it. She dreamt that Mrs. Chester had departed, and she was discussing the point with her husband. They were in a kitchen, a large kitchen quite strange to her, and were standing by a small, round,

dark-coloured table in its middle. The fireplace, as Clara stood, was behind her; the window, a wide one, with an ironing board underneath it, was in front of her; a dresser with shelves was on her left hand; and there were several doors, leading she did not know where. Altogether, the kitchen looked large and bleak, something like those we see in farm-houses: and, seated on a chair to the right, apparently engaged in sewing, and taking no notice of them, Clara suddenly saw Mrs. Chester. She and her husband were discussing earnestly—to go, or not to go. It appeared that both felt some evil was impending, but yet both knew they *should* go and encounter it, in spite of the hesitation: and yet Clara seemed to feel that her husband could have helped her to remain if he would. "What excuse can we make for declining?" she seemed to say to him, and then they both thought over various excuses, but none appeared to answer, and they came to the final conclusion that go they must, which they both had known throughout would be the conclusion. All the time they spoke, Mrs. Chester was sitting in her chair, listening, but taking no notice, and upon arriving at the decision Clara and her husband parted, he going towards one of the kitchen doors, she towards the window, but so sharp was the conviction that she was rushing upon evil, that she awoke.

Clara thought it a curious dream—curious because it represented what had actually occurred, and her own feelings; curious also because it was so unusually vivid, so like reality. She got out of bed quietly, not to disturb her husband, struck a wax match, and looked at the hanging watch. It was exactly three o'clock.

But the dream was not yet over. She went to sleep again, taking up the dream almost at the point where she had left it. She remembered all that had passed, both of dream and reality; she remembered that she awoke in the certainty that she could not go beside the dreaded expedition; all that was plain in this, her second sleep, but she now began making strenuous exertions to escape. She did not see her husband again, but Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp had joined Mrs. Chester, and the three seemed to be forcing her to go: not by force of violence, but of argument, of persuasion, and she still seemed to know that they must prevail, that to withstand at the last would be beyond her power.

The time appeared to change to the morning of departure: or, rather, with that inconsistency peculiar to dreams, it appeared to be the morning of the departure without having changed. Still she strove against it; not saying why, not hinting that she feared evil; that, she had only spoken of with her husband; but urging, not to go, by every possible argument, and by *passive* resistance. And—strange inconsistency!—it appeared that if she could have told them the reason of her reluctance, her dread of evil, all would have been well, but it was precisely to them she must not and dared not tell it.

A word to the reader. He may think the description of the dream spun out, more dwelt upon than it need be: but when he comes to know that it is no dream concocted by the author's brain, but a real dream of midnight, difficult to shorten sufficiently to be told, that no pen, no power of language can describe it as it was pictured, and that it did not end in the dreaming, with the dark night, but bore its after-fruits, he will cease to think so.

Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp urged her to depart, were waiting for her: Clara Lake resisted. "There!" she suddenly exclaimed to them, "we cannot go. It is past ten: we have let the hour go by, and the train is gone." "Oh," said Mrs. Chester, "we can get a carriage and overtake it." She went out with them—resistance appeared to be over, she *felt* that it was over, and that she could not help herself—went out to look for a carriage. They ran about, down lanes and in the open fields, and could not see one; but a butcher's cart came up in the lane; one of them said that would do as well as a carriage, and they all got into it. They seemed to fly, going along at a fearful pace, but through a most dreary-looking country, the skies gloomy, the scenery barren, and the road muddy, so muddy that it splashed up upon them as they sat: there were also shallow, dismal ponds through which they drove. All this haste seemed to be to catch the train, but suddenly a noise was heard behind them, and it was known that it was the train: they had gone so fast as to outstrip it. Their cart stopped to wait, and Clara, when the noise came close, looked behind, but could only distinguish something black which whirled by them, turned round, came back, turned again, and pulled up. "Why, it is a hearse!" she screamed out (but in surprise, not fear) to Mrs. Chester. Yes, it was a hearse, all black, and two men sat upon the box. Clara looked out, expecting to see the rest of their party *on* it, but there was no one but the two men: the one she could not see, for he seemed to hide his face, but she caught, fixed upon her, the strangely black eyes of the driver: the blackest eyes she ever saw in her life: of the rest of his face she remembered nothing. "Come," said he, "there's no time to lose," and they all four descended from the cart. Clara got on to the hearse first, and was settling her cloak around her, when she heard the cart drive off, taking the road home again; and, seated in it as before, were Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp. "Why don't you come with me?" she called out; "why are you going back?" "No," said Mrs. Chester, "that hearse is for you, not for us;" and they drove off. The hearse also drove off the contrary way, and Mrs. Lake found herself sinking into its interior. She was calm enough for a moment, but suddenly she knew that she had been entrapped into it, and that she was being taken to her burial. With a dreadful scream she awoke.

The scream awoke Mr. Lake. She was bathed in perspiration, and shaking as in an ague fit. In vain he asked what was the matter, whether she was ill: she could not speak to tell him, and it was at least ten minutes before she was able in any degree to overcome the fright. Then she related it to him.

He was a ridiculer of dreams, very much given to scoff at them, but he had too much regard for his wife to scoff then, while she was so distressed and agitated. "I am quite certain," she exclaimed, "that it is sent to me as a warning, and I will not go on Sunday to Mrs. Chester's."

"I never knew before that you believed in dreams," he said.

"I don't believe in them. But, Frederick, you must acknowledge that this is one beyond common. I cannot describe to you how vivid, how truthful everything appeared: and it was not one dream; it was two, and that is unusual."

"The one induced the other. I dare say you saw a hearse pass yesterday."

"I have not seen a hearse for ever so long," she answered, still shivering. "But go I will not. Thank Heaven, though the power to refuse was not mine in the dream, it is in reality."

Mr. Lake could not help laughing at her superstition, though he did all he could to soothe her to tranquillity. "The very fact of your being able to act as you please, when in your dream you were not, ought to convince you how foolish and unmeaning it was."

"I will not go to Penelope's," she reiterated, with a sigh of thanksgiving that the option was certainly hers.

"Wait till morning light," said he: "you will be in a different mood then."

Mrs. Lake got to sleep again at last, first of all making a firm inward resolution—that no persuasion, no ridicule, no "morning light," when things do indeed wear so different an aspect from what they do in the dark, weird night, should suffice to alter her determination to accept the warning, she believed was conveyed to her by the dream.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Frederick," she said, as they sat at breakfast: "that you will not mention this dream to any one. I will make some other excuse for not going."

"Dream!" cried he; "why, Clary, I had already forgotten it. And so will you, before the day's over."

She shook her head. "I shall send word to Penelope that I cannot go."

"My dear! you will never be so foolish! Well, Clara, I did give you credit for better sense. Dreams are all very well in their places—to amuse old women and children—but in these days they should not be allowed to influence actions. You can see the bright sun, the busy work-a-day world around you, and yet you can retain remembrance of a ridiculous dream! I thought they passed away with the night."

"Of course a great part of the vivid impression has passed with the night," she replied, confessing what was the actual fact, "but I will abide by the night's impression, nevertheless. I look at it in this light, Frederick: my remaining at home can hurt no one, it cannot bring harm in any way, while my going may bring me harm; we cannot tell. I am fully decided," she continued, in a firm tone, "and do you eat your breakfast and cease laughing at me."

"Perhaps you fear the train will come to grief," returned he, with mock seriousness, "and pitch us all into coffins, made to fit your hearse."

"Well, I don't know," returned Clara; "if I did get into the train next Sunday morning, I should be unusually pleased to find myself safe out of it again."

Mr. Lake said no more, but he felt persuaded in his own mind the fancy would wear away, and his wife go, contentedly enough, with the rest of them.

That day was Friday. On the next day, Saturday, two of the Miss Jupps called on Clara, full of the following morning's excursion. A large family was that of the Jupps, six sons and six daughters, all living. The sons were all out in the world, one in the army, one in the navy,

one in the church, one reading for the bar, one here, one there: Oliver, the youngest of them, was just now at home. The six daughters were all at home, and marrying men seemed to fight shy of so large a host. Social, pleasant, chatty girls were they, the youngest two-and-twenty, the age of the eldest locked up in the church's register. Mr. and Mrs. Jupp were a quiet, inoffensive couple, completely eclipsed by their sons and daughters; not that any were undutiful, but the old people belonged to a bygone age, and were scarcely equal to the innovations of this. Mr. Jupp had once been high sheriff of the county: it was the one great event of the Jupps' life, imparting to them an importance which their pride never quite lost sight of.

Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp had come to gossip about the next day's expedition. The plans were somewhat changed. Louisa, Rose, and Oliver were to go, but they were to return in the evening; and the following morning Mary Anne and Margaret would go.

"We think it would be so truly unconscionable to inflict four of us on Mrs. Chester at once, with her few servants, that we have written to tell her we will divide ourselves," spoke Margaret, with her usual volubility. "Mamma says she wondered at our thoughtlessness when she heard us making the bargain."

"Mrs. Chester would not have made a trouble of it: she is not one to put herself out of the way," said Clara.

"No, she is very good, but it would be imposing upon hospitality. Shall they call for you, or will you be at the train? Louisa desired us to ask."

"I am not going," replied Mrs. Lake.

"Not going!" echoed Mary Anne Jupp. "Good gracious me! Why not?"

"It is not quite convenient. Mrs. Chester does not expect me."

"But she did expect you," wondered Mary Anne. "Oliver was on the platform that night when Mr. Lake brought her to the train, and they said you were coming. Was it not so?" she added, appealing to Mr. Lake, who sat perched on a side-table, doing something to a fishing-line.

"All right," answered he.

"Then why have you changed your minds? Why are you thinking of not going? Half the day's pleasure will be lost if you do not accompany them."

"Ask Clara," returned he, without looking up from his work. "It's her affair, not mine."

"I seem to have a prejudice against going to-morrow," she intimated. "And I wrote to excuse myself to Penelope."

"How very odd!" uttered Margaret Jupp.

"The truth is," cried Mr. Lake, "my wife has taken it into her head that Sunday travelling is sinful, and that if we do venture to go to-morrow, in the teeth of the sin, the engine will infallibly burst and blow us all up."

Mrs. Lake felt vexed. "Do not talk nonsense, Frederick," she said; while Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp looked from one to the other, in doubt whether the true reason had, or had not, been assigned.

"My dear Mrs. Lake, they get to Guild for morning service, you

know," spoke Margaret. "I don't see any great harm in going just that little way on a Sunday morning."

"Frederick is very stupid to say such things," cried Clara. "That is not my objection. Though I do not like Sunday travelling: I think that unless there is a necessity for it, people are not justified in travelling on that day; especially those in our class of life, whose week-day time is their own. We do wrong to encourage it, or to afford it our example."

"The train goes, whether we passengers do or not, so that our staying away is not of the least benefit to any one," observed Mary Anne Jupp. "Do pray go, Mrs. Lake."

"Not to-morrow," she gently said, shaking her head.

"Can't you induce her, Mr. Lake?"

"I! I have wasted all my powers of oratory; I have tried persuasion; I have hinted at an illegitimate application of my riding-whip, and all in vain. She's harder than a brickbat."

The young ladies laughed. "Dear Mrs. Lake, you must go, if only to oblige us. Think of the disappointment to Louisa and Rose."

Clara remembered her dream: how Mary Anne and Margaret (the very two of the sisters now present) had striven to persuade her in it: and the recollection only served to render her more firm. They began to fear that there would be no prevailing. "And yourself, Mr. Lake, do you also remain at home?"

"Not I. I don't live in fear of the boiler's treachery."

"Of course I do not wish to prevent Frederick going," said Mrs. Lake.

"Though you know you would rather I did not," he interrupted.

"Well, of course, if there is to be—as you say, though I don't—a bursting of the boiler, it would be as bad for you to be in it as for me," she laughed. The truth was, she did wish he would not go, she should feel more easy; though she would not ask him to remain, lest it might seem selfish. The Miss Jupps rose.

"I hope you will think better of it," said Margaret. "Louisa was saying this morning how glad she was Mrs. Lake was going. She has been counting upon you."

"Ah well—she had better count upon me instead," cried Mr. Lake, as he sprang from his seat to attend them to the gate. "And mind you give my love to Rose, and tell her I shall be a bachelor for the day."

"Don't forget that," put in Clara.

Never did a more lovely day dawn over the earth than that Sunday in August. "Is it not a pity to lose it?" exclaimed Mr. Lake to his wife, as they stood looking at the sun's brightness when the time for departure was drawing near.

"It is a most beautiful day," she sighed. "I almost envy you."

"Clara," he said, turning to her with a sudden seriousness of manner, "I ask you to be yourself. Lay aside this folly, and act as a reasonable woman ought. Put on your things and come with us."

She moved closer to him and spoke deprecatingly. "Do not be angry with me, Frederick: I believe I am doing right to remain away: I must remain."

"Well, of all the simpletons that ever walked, you are about the worst," was his complimentary rejoinder. "Good-by, Clary," he added, stooping to kiss her.

"Oh, Frederick, darling, I hope you will come back safely!" she said, clinging to him as if she feared he was going away for ever; and the tone of her voice, full of mournful wailing, struck upon the ear of her husband.

He went off laughing, telling her not to fear—that he'd come back with all his legs and wings about him.

On the platform he encountered Louisa and Rose Jupp, under the convoy of their brother. "Then actually Mrs. Lake is *not* come!" uttered Louisa.

"And I have only come to see you off," was Mr. Lake's response. "I am not going on to Guild."

"Oh, you barbarous deceiver!" quoth Rose. "Where are you going?"

"To church; as a pious individual of modern society ought."

"I tell you what, Lake," interrupted Oliver Jupp, "this is not fair. These girls entrapped me into taking them, on the strength that you were to be one of the party, and it's too bad to shuffle off it."

"So it is," returned Mr. Lake. "But you must talk to my wife about it. I am the most helplessly henpecked husband your worst fancy ever pictured: Caudle was nothing to it."

The train went smoothly off, and Mr. Lake returned home. His wife was leisurely attiring herself for church. She started when she saw him. "Why, Frederick! what has happened?"

"Nothing. The boiler has not gone yet: that calamity is expected to take place midway between here and Guild."

"Why have you come back?"

"I came back because I have got a silly child for my wife," he said, standing in front of her, and speaking half tenderly, half severely. "One who would have worried her foolish heart into a fever, had I gone, believing I should never come back alive."

She wound her arms round him and pulled his face down to hers in her fervent love, her tears falling upon it. "Oh, my darling! my dearest! you don't know how happy you have made me!" she passionately whispered. "How shall I thank you for giving way to my foolishness? I *should* have been in unhappy suspense all day long."

"I shan't give way to it the next time," cried he, as he kissed away her tears. "And I have told the Jupps what a henpecked husband I am, the slave of a capricious tyrant. Jupp won't be in a hurry to marry, after my warning, and your example."

"The next time!" she repeated, with a sad smile. "Frederick, there will be no next time. I shall never have such a dream again."

II.

It was a fine night in August, though not unusually light, for there was no moon, and the nine o'clock train dashed into Guild, received its passengers, and dashed on again.

Seated in a first-class carriage, in about the middle of the train, which was a long one, were the two Miss Jupps and their brother. They happened to be the only passengers in that compartment: the young ladies

sat with their backs to the engine, Oliver with his face to it: he was next the door; the glass was down, and he frequently looked out. They were in high spirits, were talking and laughing.

"It has not been such a disagreeable day, after all," cried he. "Lake might have enjoyed himself, had he come."

"I can't think what possessed the Lakes," observed Louisa. "It has been a delightful day."

"My private opinion, if you care to know it, is this," said Rose. "That Clara Lake took some offence at Mrs. Chester, and would not visit her, by way of showing it."

"I don't think Clara Lake's capricious, Rose."

"No," was Rose's answer to her sister, "but Mrs. Chester can be domineering and abrupt when she pleases."

"Well—as I understand the matter, and it was the opinion of Mary Anne and Maggie—Mrs. Lake's objection lay in its being Sunday. Perhaps she is growing religious."

"What an awful look-out for Lake!" spoke up Mr. Jupp, from his corner.

"Oliver!" reproved the young ladies.

"She'll stop his liberty and his cigars," persisted Mr. Oliver: "there are no such martinets under the sun as your religious wives. Talking about cigars, would it affect your bonnets, girls, if I lighted one now?"

They screamed out together. They would not have their loves of new bonnets poisoned and blackened with cigar smoke; they'd never be fit to go on again. "And you must not smoke in these carriages," added Louisa: "we are close upon Coombe Dalton station, and they would see you."

"Pretty wives you'll make when you get married," remarked Oliver. "Afraid of cigar smoke!"

The caution, or the bonnets, caused Oliver Jupp to keep his cigar-case in his pocket. They were, as Louisa said, approaching Coombe Dalton station, an insignificant station about midway between Guild and Katterley, where the train did not stop. Rose dissented: she thought they were not yet near Coombe Dalton, and Oliver leaned out at the window to take a survey of the route.

"We are at it," said he to Rose, without turning round; "yonder are the lights. Halloa! what's that red light flashing up and down for? That ought to be a green."

"If a red light is waving in the green's place, there must be danger," said Rose, quickly. "I have always heard that red is the danger signal."

"There's no danger: if the light indicated danger the train would come to a stand-still; it is going on at the same speed."

Scarcely had the words quitted his mouth when—they hardly knew what occurred. There was a shriek from the whistle, a shock, and a shriek not from the whistle, but from human beings in their terror. The train came to a stand-still and they with it: they and their carriage were not hurt or inconvenienced; the carriages behind them were not hurt, nor the carriages immediately before them, but the foremost carriages—— What had happened?

The engine, unstopped, and dashing on in its speed and recklessness, had dashed into some obstruction on the line, a little past Coombe Dalton

station. The engine ran up a bank and was forced back on the line, falling sideways, and the three foremost carriages, next to the break van, were dragged with it. The two first, third-class ones, were horribly injured; the third, a second-class one, less so. Oliver Jupp, with other male passengers, was speedily out of his carriage, running forward to see what assistance he could render to those, his ill-fated fellow-creatures, some of whom were groaning in the death agony.

What a scene it was! The dark night, the hissing engine, mad instrument of death, but harmless now, the torches brought forward from the station to throw light upon the calamity, the figures, some dead, some dying, lying in the midst of the wrecks, the scalded, the wounded, the bleeding, the silent and still, the moaning and helpless, the shrieking and terrified! Not here, gratuitously to harrow the feelings and sympathies of the magazine's readers, will the worst details be given, but there they lay, a mass of them, such a mass that let us hope and pray we may never see: and, adding no little to the distress and confusion prevailing, was the uncontrollable alarm of the uninjured passengers, escaping from their carriages and running hither and thither, uncertain where to go or what to do.

Katterley and other stations were telegraphed to, for medical assistance, and the news spread like wildfire in the village. It is well known that news, especially of such a nature, does not lose in the carrying, and the place was up in arms. Mr. and Mrs. Lake were at supper, for they dined early on Sundays, when Mary Anne Jupp, without any ceremony whatever, burst in, neither bonnet on her head, nor shawl on her shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Lake!—and you to be sitting here quietly at supper!—have you not heard the news?"

They rose up: they saw the state of alarm and agitation she was in. Clara caught it, and looked as frightened as Mary Anne was. "What news?" asked Mr. Lake; "what is it?"

"There has been an awful accident to the train at Coombe Dalton. No particulars positively known, that we can learn, but people are saying half the train's killed and the other half wounded."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Lake, taking her trembling hands. "What train? How did the news come?"

"Why, our train," returned Miss Jupp, bursting into tears. "The train that Oliver and Louisa and Rose must be in. Oh, Mrs. Lake! was it true that you had a presentiment of evil to it—was that really your reason for declining to go?"

Clara, deathly pale, had sought the eyes of her husband. She was overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay, with a feeling that she could not describe and had never yet experienced. Had they really escaped danger, accident, perhaps death from that strangely warning dream? Her faculties seemed bewildered.

"How has the news reached Katterley?" repeated Mr. Lake.

"By telegraph. And one of the porters ran up to our house to tell us, knowing they went to Guild this morning and took return tickets. The station here is already besieged by a crowd. Poor papa is pushing his way through it."

Mr. Lake said he would go also and ascertain what he could, but before he had departed who should come running in but Oliver Jupp.

"Now don't smother me," cried he to his sister: "first of all, we are all right; you see I am, and Rose and Louy are safe and well, inside Coombe Dalton station. My father sent me in to tell you; he said you were here, and he is gone back home with the news."

"But how did you get to Katterley?" asked Mr. Lake.

"I came on a stray engine. I thought they would all be in fits together, at home, and I took the opportunity offered, of coming on, and stopping the alarm. The first person who laid hold of me at the station was the poor old governor, pretty nearly in a fit himself. It's an awful accident, though."

"How was it? Are many hurt? Did the boiler really burst?"

"If you all reiterate questions at me, how am I to answer? Very few are hurt, comparatively speaking. The engine went into something, a truck or trucks I believe, and there was a smash. The two first carriages, both third-class, are—nowhere, and the passengers I won't tell you about, Lake, before these two girls, for it would spoil their night's rest. The next carriage, a second-class, was damaged, and its inmates are bruised, but not much, I think."

"And what of the rest of the train?" breathlessly inquired Clara.

"Nothing. The carriages came to a stand-still on the line, and we got out of them."

"Are you sure there is no first-class carriage injured?" she reiterated.

"Certain. So to speak, there has been no accident to the rest of the train, beyond the delay and the fright."

Mr. Lake looked at his wife and smiled. "So you would not have been one of the injured, Clary, had you been in the train."

She shook her head. "We may not have had the full particulars yet. Oliver may be deceived. Are you going back again?" she added to him.

"Yes, as soon as I can. But I thought it well to come on and let you know the best and worst. Lake, will you go?"

"Of course," he answered.

They were not home again till long past midnight, and Mr. and Mrs. Lake sat talking over what he had learnt and seen.

"Clary," said he, "Mrs. Chester wants us to go to-morrow with the other Jupp girls: these brought the message from her. What do you say?"

"Will they venture?"

"I don't see why they should not. An accident two days running would be a notable occurrence. But you and your dream?"

"Oh, I will go. The dream has done its office, and I shall be ever thankful for it."

"Clara, don't you get superstitious," he gravely said. "To be superstitious, at all, argues a want of plain common sense, but to be *foolishly* superstitious is the worst of all. Had you gone to Guild, you would probably not have returned to-night; but had you returned, it would certainly not have been in any one of the three carriages injured: therefore, what possible bearing that dream of yours could have had upon this accident, or where could be the utility of the warning, which you declare it conveyed to you, not to go to-day, I cannot see."

Neither can I see it; neither probably can the reader. But the dream is not done with yet.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By Sir Nathaniel.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!
Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,
Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XXII.—William the Silent, Prince of Orange.

Adopting the principle of Fluellen's famous comparison, between Macedon and Monmouth, we might set up a paradoxical parallel between Macaulay and Michelet, and demonstrate a close resemblance, after a sort, between England's most brilliant historian, and France's. Of each the name begins with the same capital M. In each name the next letter is a vowel; and *that* followed by the same consonant; not to lay stress on the same liquid that initiates the final syllable in either case. But above all, each of the national historians is enamoured of a William, Prince of Orange. Comparison-lovers, what more would you have?

Lord Macaulay's veneration for William III. is sufficiently known, if not read, of all men. Hardly inferior, perhaps, though characteristically distinct in expression, is M. Michelet's regard for that monarch's great-grandsire, of the same name and principality and power.

> To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
> A wise, extensive, all-consid'ring mind,

as sage Polydamas,* discreetly brave, assures great Hector. A foremost place among these wondrous few the French historian claims for William the Silent—"ce très-grand personnage si bien nommé le *Taciturne*." It may be interesting to bring together some of M. Michelet's scattered tributes of homage to the political character and statesmanship of the patriot prince. His first allusion to William associates that hero with Coligny—though the association was, on the prince's side, cold and cautious to a degree. However profound his designs, William "had inexplicable hesitations, not only in 1566, when he was yet on the side of Spain; not only in April, 1572, when he disapproved of the taking of Brill in Holland (partly effected by the French); but even in August of that year he showed himself strangely cold to the advances of Coligny,

* Homer's (at least Pope's) Iliad, b. xiii.

who hoped to become his ally. Coligny was sure of Louis of Nassau, but quite otherwise of his elder brother, William of Orange."* The Massacre of St. Bartholomew came. Eight months later, "the greatest man of the time, William the Silent, in his desperate defence against the Duke of Alva, treated with Charles IX., recognised him as *protector* of Holland and king of so much of the Low Countries as he might conquer."† Long time had Michelet been at a loss to understand why William the Silent, as represented on his tomb and in various portraits, has the look of a spectre. "I think I know the reason of it, now. It is for having had to endure the execrable fatality of drinking Coligny's blood."‡ Again: "For two years past, had William been entreated, urged on by his brother, the hasty Louis, to enter into engagements with Charles IX. This great man, *esprit net et ferme*, but cruelly dragged about by fortune, advanced in this direction with repugnance, convinced that he should gain nothing but disgrace and misfortune by touching that bloody hand. Advance, however, he did. The dreadful siege of Haarlem, the desperate but unavailing effort he made to relieve it, overcame him,"§ albeit in the act of yielding he declared that he would not yield. Elsewhere he is expressly designated the *chef du parti de l'humanité*. "I have no hesitation in according this last title to the glorious Prince of Orange. This crown is his to wear. The friends of tolerance, of mildness, the enemies of blood-shedding,—a great people, veritably modern, which everywhere has its origin at this period,—of these he is the chieftain. At their head it is that history salutes him, and beholds him marching onwards, an august, venerable form, to the future.—So marked in him was this character, and developed to such an extent, that his reputation for ability was compromised by it. He was habitually the advocate of the Catholics, and would have liked (imprudent as this certainly was) to see them received into Holland. Their attempts on his life did not cure him in this respect. There are letters of his extant in which he intercedes with the magistrates for his assassins, and asks, in case their lives cannot be spared, that at any rate pain may be spared them,—that no resort be had to the atrocious tortures which were then in vogue."‖

In another place Michelet commemorates *l'étonnante douceur* of the Prince of Orange, whom he couples, on this account, with Henri Quatre —"clement, both of them, to a degree that made them seem indifferent even to right and wrong. Habitually assassinated (Henri IV. was so fourteen or fifteen times), they yet found it natural to live among Catholics, among those to whom it was prescribed as a duty to kill them."¶ And then, when Balthasar Gerard's bullet has done its work, we read: "Farnese [Prince of Parma] had calculated aright the immense void that would be left by the death of Orange, and the consequent embarrassment of Holland, bewildered, affrighted. This too great man had filled up all with his activity, had accustomed everybody to rely on his wisdom. He dies, and it seems that all is lost."**

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* Michelet, Guerres de Religion, ch. xxi. (Hist. de France, t. ix.)
† Archives of the House of Orange, IV. 117, May, 1573.
‡ Michelet, La Ligue et Henri IV., ch. i. (Hist. de France, t. x.)
§ Ibid. ch. ii.
‖ Ibid. ch. ix.
¶ Ibid. ch. x. Cf. pp. 136 *sq.* 146.
** Ibid. p. 151.

In his supplementary Notes to the "Guerres de Religion," the historian recurs to *la gloire* of *cet indomptable Guillaume le Taciturne*, with corresponding emphasis of admiration. He applauds the justice done to his courage and wisdom by Edgar Quinet, who is here styled the prince's interpreter, "in whom the firm genius of Tacitus and of Machiavel is seen in these pages* enlarged by the experience of our revolutions." Nevertheless, it is Michelet's decided opinion—as might indeed be anticipated, on the score of his ultra-Protestantism (not to understand that term in its Exeter Hall sense)—that William's tolerance was too far-going; that it was his weak point, in fact; and that the States knew better what they were about in opposing, than he in advocating, the Catholic claims of that age and country. "The temptation of this man, a modern genius in advance of his time, was tolerance and humanity. Let us proclaim this great man by the title he deserves, king of an immense people then coming to the birth among the peoples at large, —I mean the friends of tolerance,—the chief of the *party of humanity*. Henri IV., who succeeded him in this chieftainship, also touches the heart, but in a less degree, so indifferent does he appear to good and evil. The mildness of the Prince of Orange did not take its rise in indifference. The man who perhaps suffered more than any other man in that age, was himself; and he it was, too, that kept his heart the stillest, because his was the firmest spirit."† With one other reference to the Silent statesman we may close these citations from M. Michelet: "After the death of Coligny, the tragedy of tragedies is continued in William, *ce si grand homme!* so humane, so firm, so completely unfortunate, especially in that deplorable treaty with Charles IX., which the country imposed on him, and which wrung from him his very heart."‡ Enough to justify our allegation, in opening this paper, that Michelet, like Macaulay, has a pronounced penchant towards a William of Orange, prince, patriot, and liberator extraordinary. In Macaulay himself, by-the-by, we remember but one note-worthy allusion to *le Taciturne*. "Philip the Second," says his lordship, "would not easily have believed that within a century after his death, his great-grandson would implore the great-grandson of William the Silent to exercise the authority of a sovereign at Brussels."§ By the mouth, by the deeds rather, of this great-grandson it may be said that the Silent one, being dead, yet speaketh. What more eloquent than Silence, of a certain kind?

According to Mr. Carlyle, indeed, no grand Doer in this world can be a copious speaker about his doings. "William the Silent,"—the very instance Mr. Carlyle presses into his service,—"spoke himself best in a country liberated."‖ The child is father of the man, and it was while yet a child that William manifested qualities of mind which might seem to warrant, by anticipation, the surname he was to be known by.

Such, at least, is Schiller's report of young Orange—whose father, the Count of Nassau, had embraced the Protestant religion, and caused his son to be educated in it; but Charles V., having early taken a liking to

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* Quinet, Marnix, p. 105.
† Notes des Guerres de Religion, ch. xvii.
‡ Notes de la Ligue (t. x. p. 477).
§ Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. ch. xix.
‖ Latter-day Pamphlets: Stump-Orator.

the boy, had him to court, and brought him up in the Romish faith. The emperor, says Schiller, "already in the child discovered the future greatness of the man," and accordingly retained him for nine years about his imperial person, and "coached" him (in smartest state-coach style) in the whip-hand dexterities of government, so that in highways and byways he should know how to handle the ribbons of statecraft, and prove himself an old stager while yet unknown upon the roads. "He alone was permitted to remain in the emperor's presence, when Charles gave audience to foreign ambassadors—a proof that, even as a boy, he had already begun to merit the surname of the Silent."* Nor was Kaisar Karl ashamed even to confess openly, on one occasion, that the stripling had often made suggestions which would have escaped his own sagacity. So that William was not, at any rate, silent out of season; but knew when to infringe on the silent system; knew when to speak, and what.

That he had been so high in favour with the sire, was of itself quite enough, in Schiller's judgment, to ensure William's being in disfavour with the son, Philip II. This saturnine specimen of red-tape royalty felt an instinctive antipathy to young Orange. Long before the latter had literally won a name for taciturnity, did Philip mistrust those impenetrable looks, that staid, reflective aspect, all

——sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

The origin of William's acquiring the surname is traced to his mode of receiving the French king's confidences, in 1559, as to the proposed extirpation of Protestants. The Prince of Orange was one of the hostages selected by Henri II. for the due execution of the treaty of that year's date, and one day happened to be left alone with his Majesty while hunting in the forest of Vincennes. Henri then and there imparted his grand scheme for cutting down Protestantism, root and branch, by cutting off Protestants, hip and thigh. Philip, we are told, had been most anxious to conclude the public treaty with France, that he might be the sooner able to negotiate that secret convention by which he and France's Most Christian Majesty were solemnly to bind themselves to massacre all the converts to the new religion, in the dominions of either king alike. Now Henri had rather inconsiderately taken for granted that the Prince of Orange was conversant, as an accomplice or confidential agent, in this exterminating plot. The Duke of Alva was, he knew; and the Duke of Alva was William's fellow-hostage. But then the Duke happened to be Philip's plenipotentiary, so far as the plot was concerned; while the Prince happened to be debarred from Philip's confidence, and excluded from participation in his disastrous designs. Unwitting Henri, unwary and unsuspecting, poured forth the fatal intents and devices of his soul into William's attentive ears, among the glades of the grand old forest, beneath the shade of melancholy boughs. Startled, the Prince was; alarmed and horror-struck he was; but he listened, and listened, and gave no sign.

And thus it was, Mr. Lothrop Motley tells us, that "William of Orange earned the surname of 'the Silent,'—from the manner in which

* Schiller: Geschichte des Abfalls der vereinigten Niederlande von der Spanischen Regierung.

he received these communications of Henry without revealing to the monarch, by word or look, the enormous blunder which he had committed."* The surname has stuck. Nevertheless, like some others that equally have stuck, and are historically bound up with the particular character they designate, this eponym has been apt to mislead, to some extent, the general judgment entertained of William,—whom we are thereby disposed to regard as another manner of man than he really was —less free and genial, more systematically reticent and restrained, if not ascetical and morose.

The import of the surname, in fact, taken in connexion with his personal appearance, together with occasional illustrations of mature character, and the notoriously austere tendencies of the creed to which he became a convert,—putting this and that together, we are apt to form a somewhat distorted image of the natural disposition and constitutional temperament of the man. In effect he is commonly set down in the category of lean, noiseless agitators, so odious to Cæsar and his fortunes.

> Let me have men about me that are fat,

is the dictator's by no means irrational request,—

> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.†

Indeed Schiller expressly refers William to this very category of "lean and pale men," who think too much and sleep too little, and "before whom the most fearless spirits quail." The German historian's portrait of the Dutch prince gives prominence to this set of features. The calm tranquillity of a never varying countenance is there said to have concealed a busy, ardent soul, which never ruffled even the veil behind which it worked, and was alike inaccessible to artifice and to love; a versatile, formidable, indefatigable mind, soft and ductile enough to be instantaneously moulded into all forms; guarded enough to lose itself in none; and strong enough to endure every vicissitude of fortune. Schiller affirms, too, that "a greater master in reading men's hearts never existed than William."‡ In which respect again he corresponds with "that spare Cassius," as great Julius scans him:

> He is a great observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men.

But though the remainder of that line might hold good of Orange, "he loves no plays,"—what follows is in the main signally inapplicable—

> he hears no music:
> Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything.§

And just on this point it is that popular misconception is apt to arise. William the Silent is conventionally assumed to have been an unsmiling, unsocial, unpleasant old scarecrow, whose gaunt gloom and withered

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* Rise of the Dutch Republic, part ii. ch. i.
† Julius Cæsar, I. 2.
‡ Abfalls der Niederlande, &c.
§ Julius Cæsar, I. 2.

aspect and bent brows would make him a kill-joy at any dinner-table, and sour the wines to a certainty, and deaden the (animal) spirits, however effervescent, beyond recovery and without remorse.

That he grew a sadder man, as well as a wiser, with years that bring the philosophic mind, and that deaden the springiness of life's morning march, is a matter of course. Accordingly, we are not to regard William of Orange, on the threshold of his great career,—as a recent historian of the Dutch Republic cautions us—by the light diffused from a somewhat later period. In no historical character more remarkably than his, Mr. Lothrop Motley deliberately affirms, is the law of constant development and progress illustrated. "At twenty-six he is not the *pater patriæ*, the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond human strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict, privation, and ceaseless labour to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He had only the germs within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. . . . . He carefully averted his mind from sacred matters. If indeed the seed implanted by his pious parents were really the germ of his future conversion to Protestantism, it must be confessed that it lay dormant a long time. But his mind was in other pursuits. He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed likely to fill out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the king and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense. This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. His establishment was on so extensive a scale that upon one day twenty-eight master cooks were dismissed, for the purpose of diminishing the family expenses, and there was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen. The reputation of his table remained undiminished for years. We find at a later period that Philip, in the course of one of the nominal reconciliations which took place several times between the monarch and William of Orange, wrote that, his head cook being dead, he begged the Prince to 'make him a present of his chief cook, Master Herman, who was understood to be very skilful.'"

Master Herman's own fault it was, if he was not skilful. He had practice enough in the Prince's kitchen. Night and day the feasting was going on in that open house; night and day were savoury odours steaming up the staircases of the Nassau palace, tingling piquantly the nostrils and making the mouths water, of its medley visitors, and much better calculated to welcome the coming than to speed the parting guest. In the latter, surely, might be excused something of

——fond, reluctant, amorous delay,

considering what was on the sideboard while *he* was making for the door. Being what he was, flesh and blood to wit, how could he but, *in transitû*, cast at least one longing lingering look behind? From early morning till noon,—again to quote our American authority,—"the breakfast tables were spread with wines and luxurious viands in constant succession, to all comers and at every moment. The dinner and supper were daily banquets for a multitude of guests. The highest nobles were not those alone who were entertained. Men of lower degree were welcomed with a charming hospitality which made them feel themselves at their ease. Contemporaries of all parties unite in eulogising the winning address and gentle manners of the Prince. . . . His manner was graceful, familiar, caressing, and yet dignified. He had the good breeding which comes from the heart, refined into an inexpressible charm from his constant intercourse, almost from his cradle, with mankind of all ranks."* At the same time, his good breeding was not too refined for a little good fellowship, now and then, of the jolly-companions-every-one description. In his day, and among his countrymen, there was not only an eager competition, we are told, who should build the stateliest palaces, have the most gentlemen in waiting, and keep constantly employed the most scientific cooks,—but there was much depravity as well as extravagance; the morals of high society were loose; gaming was practised to a frightful extent, and drunkenness was a prevailing characteristic of the upper classes. "Even the Prince of Orange himself, at this period, although never addicted to habitual excess, was extremely convivial in his tastes, tolerating scenes and companions not likely at a later day to find much favour in his sight."† His letters bear witness to the High Jinks in which he could take his part with the best of them—down among the dead men, being the burden of the strain.

Perhaps without something of this character to start with, William of Orange could never have attained the popularity that eventually was his. What way would he have made, else, with roistering *Gueux* of the sort pictured by Freiligrath, with Dutch school realism, who make the welkin ring, at any rate the smoky roof-tree, with their lusty choruses of Orange Boven?

At the tapsters by the river,
Just out of Rotterdam,
In buff and feathered beaver,
They're hard at flask and dram.
The troop are bound for Flushing,
And start ere day shall break:
With singing and with lushing
'Tis best to keep awake.

The Maes will bear: unruffled
Snow shines on creek and shore:—
Well in his griego muffled,
The sentry guards the door.
To stand the sleety breeze in,
No trooper loves, perdy;
"The devil take this freezing,
Your *upsee-frieze* for me!"

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* Rise of the Dutch Republic, by J. L. Motley, vol. i. part ii. ch. i.
† Ibid.

To warm the watch they now are
Loud chorusing inside:
"Brave William the Nassauer
Am I, a German tried.
As Prince of Orange, truly
My birthright free I gain;
And still have honoured, duly,
The while, the king of Spain."*

The stress laid by William on this last particular is highly characteristic of his cautious policy throughout: even when in arms against Philip, he professed in every proclamation to have taken them up in his Majesty's behalf, against evil counsellers, and for purposes of pure loyalty, neither more nor less.

This wary circumspection, not too scrupulous for subterfuge, was another guarantee to the confiding multitude, of the safety of their cause in such hands. Father William, as they called him, was not the man to sleep with both eyes shut; his children might depend on his not being caught napping. "Come, sirs," interposes Buyck the Hollander, at a rude symposium (civic and military), in Goethe's play,—"while you are talking, you forget the wine and the Prince of Orange." Whereupon Jetter the tailor exclaims, "We must not forget him. He's a very wall of defence. In thinking of him, one fancies that if one could only hide behind him, the devil himself could not get at one. Here's to William of Orange! Hurrah!"† Schiller avers that no one, probably, was better fitted by nature to be leader of a conspiracy, than William the Silent. A comprehensive and intuitive glance into the past, the present, and the future; the talent for improving every favourable opportunity; a commanding influence over the minds of men; vast schemes, which only when viewed from a distance show form and symmetry; and bold calculations, which were wound up in the long chain of futurity; all these faculties he possessed, and kept, moreover, under the control of that free and enlightened virtue which moves with firm step, even on the very edge of the abyss.

"A man like this," Schiller goes on to say, "might, at other times, have remained unfathomed by his generation at large; but not so by the distrustful spirit of the age in which he lived. Philip II. saw quickly and deeply into a character, which, among good ones, most resembled his own. If he had not seen through him so clearly, his distrust of a man in whom were united nearly all the qualities which he prized the highest, and could best appreciate, would be quite inexplicable. But William had another and still more important point of contact with Philip II. He had learned his policy from the same master, and had become, it was to be feared, a more apt scholar. Not by making Machiavelli's 'Prince' his study, but by having enjoyed the living instruction of a monarch, who reduced the book to practice, had he become versed in the perilous arts by which thrones rise and fall."‡ So that in him, Philip had to deal with an antagonist who was armed against his policy, and who, in a good cause, could also command the resources of a bad one.

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* Freiligrath: The Gueux Watch Night. † Goethe: Egmont, I. 1.
‡ Geschichte des Abfalls der Niederlande.

Early in the course of their antagonism—while yet that antagonism was covert and unavowed—the Prince of Orange succeeded in organising a system of espionage upon Philip, the adroit management of which enabled him to foil the King strangely at times, and from disregard to which the fate of Count Egmont and others would seem to have been sealed. The King, we are told,* left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way likewise, ere he rose, to the same watcher in the Netherlands. No doubt that, as William's latest apologist allows, an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the Prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature; but then, urges this admiring advocate, he had mastered the dissimulating policy of his age only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny.

"His intrigue served his country, not a narrow personal ambition, and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined fearfully to atone for their contraband commerce, but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic."†

Elsewhere, again, recurring to the Silent one's spy-system, the same historian urges, that if William used dissimulation, it was because Philip's deception permitted no man to be frank. If the sovereign constantly disavowed all hostile purposes against his people, and manifested extreme affection for the men—Orange, Egmont, and Horn, for instance—whom he had already doomed to the scaffold, how, it is asked, could the Prince openly denounce him? "It was his duty to save his country and his friends from impending ruin. He preserved, therefore, an attitude of watchfulness. Philip, in the depth of his cabinet, was under a constant inspection by the sleepless Prince. The sovereign assured his sister‡ that her apprehensions about their correspondence were groundless. He always locked up his papers and took the key with him. Nevertheless, the key was taken out of his pocket and the papers read. Orange was accustomed to observe, that men of leisure might occupy themselves with philosophical pursuits and with the secrets of nature, but it was his business to study the hearts of kings. He knew the man and the woman with whom he had to deal. . . . . Had his friends taken his warnings, they might have lived to render service against tyranny. Had he imitated their example of false loyalty, there would have been one more victim, more illustrious than all the rest, and a whole country hopelessly enslaved."§ On the same principle does Mr. Motley justify, or at least account for, other passages of statecraft and stratagem in the tactics of the Prince. William's relations, for example, in 1578, with the Duke of Anjou (Alençon), have been subjected to strictures not without weight or

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* See Motley's Dutch Republic, part ii. ch. vi. † Ibid.
‡ Margaret of Parma, then (1566) Regent of the Netherlands.
§ Motley, vol. i. part ii. ch. ix.

worth; and the historian owns it to *be*, perhaps, an impeachment on the perspicacity of Orange that he could tolerate this mischievous and worthless "son of France," even for the grave reasons which influenced him.* But we are reminded that he only intended to keep Anjou in reserve, for the purpose of irritating the jealousy and quickening the friendship of Elizabeth of England, whose suitor the Valois cadet essayed to be. And those who see anything tortuous in such politics are cautioned against judging the intriguing age of Philip and Catherine de Medici by the higher standard of later and, possibly, more candid times. No heedless scholar had William been in the closet of Charles V.—his residence with whom reminds Dr. Miller† of that of Egbert with Charlemagne, previously compared by him with that of Philip (*not* of Spain) with Epaminondas.

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic is identified by its writer with the biography of William the Silent—whose life the historian characterises as a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. The life and labours of Orange are shown to have established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, and his death to have rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. "The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country." His life gave existence to an independent country—his death defined its limits. Had he lived twenty years longer, it is probable that the seven provinces would have been seventeen.‡ Twenty years longer he might have lived, for anything to the contrary his physical frame could show—the physicians who examined his body after death declaring it to "present an aspect of perfect health." Robust his constitution must have been, considering the toil and trouble, the stir and fret, the wear and tear, it had to undergo. It was not by choice or predilection that William became the Silent statecraftsman, rather than the social free-liver he once was. Not from natural indifference to home comforts and family endearments was it, that he tutored himself to

Scorn delights and live laborious days.

So complete was his conviction, personally, that 'tis not good for man to be alone, that he took wife after wife, to the number of four (successively, of course, not simultaneously). No. I. was Anne of Egmont,§ the greatest heiress in the Netherlands, to whom he was married in 1558, when they were both of the same age, eighteen; and with whom he lived happily for seven years. The antepenultimate‖ lady was Anna of Saxony, the famous Elector Maurice's daughter—who was not quite straight in the back, and who limped as she walked, and who was a Lutheran while Orange was still a Romanist, but whose heart was "carried by storm" as soon as the manly bridegroom showed himself. The penulti-

* Motley, vol. iii. part v. ch. v.
† Philosophy of History, bk. iii. ch. ii.
‡ See Motley, vol. iii. part vi. ch. vii. *passim*.
§ Daughter of the celebrated general, Count de Buren.
‖ Or, in Juvenal's phrase, *Volverit à prima quæ proxima*. (Sat. x.)

mate bride was the devoted Charlotte de Bourbon, whose death is attributed to the shock she felt at Jaureguy's attempt on her husband's life, in 1582. The fourth and last of the series was Louisa, widow of the Seigneur de Teligny, and daughter of the renowned French Admiral, Coligny. At the close of his life, *à l'apogée de sa gloire*, as Michelet puts it, "Guillaume d'Orange, instead of taking as his wife some German princess, as so easily he might have done, demanded the hand, and obtained it, of *la plus pauvre** Madame de Teligny, who had been left without any fortune save a small property in la Beauce, where she lived. This great man, on the eve of his violent death, and compassed about by assassins, seemed to be summoning to himself, in the person of Coligny's daughter, the image of a better world. Scarcely had a year passed over, when he perished almost beneath her eyes."†

This connexion gives the Orange family an additional interest in the eyes of French writers. M. Michelet's hero-worship of the Admiral would ensure an emphasis of interest, in his particular case, apart from his hero-worship of William the Silent as well. But other testimonies might be adduced from less partial lookers-on: suffice it to quote a reference by M. Chasles to the Orange race, "cette famille *silencieuse* et active, race sombre et ferme, qui ne s'était pas alliée sans motif à l'amiral de Coligny, symbole complet des vertus et des talents de la secte."‡ By the Admiral's daughter William the Silent had one son, Frederick William, who became stadtholder of the republic in her "most palmy days." Eleven other children were the fruit of the three previous alliances—the most celebrated being Maurice of Nassau, whose mother was crooked, limping, shrewd and shrewish Anna of Saxony.

The last named lady was, as we have seen, enamoured at first sight of the shapely Prince of Orange. Of his Highness's person we are informed, that he was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. "His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organisation, which was of antique model." Of his moral qualities, according to the same authority, the most prominent was his piety. "He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours." Then again his constancy in bearing the whole weight of as unequal a struggle as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid

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* This was the Admiral's favourite child, on account of her precocious *sagesse*, as well as her winsome *douceur* and modesty. He married her to one in whom he recognised the like qualities. When she asked her father which of her suitors he would counsel her to accept, he answered, "The poorest." *Le plus pauvre.* It was Teligny he selected for her,—a young man so much and generally beloved that not a Catholic could find it in his heart to kill him, we are assured, in the St. Bartholomew massacre, and who met with his death by mere accident, not design.

† Michelet, Hist. de France, t. xi. p. 28.

‡ Philarète Chasles, Le dix-huitième Siècle en Angleterre: Guillaume III. et la Révolution de 1688. § iv.

raging billows," was the favourite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness.*

Of his intellectual faculties, Mr. Motley's judgment is, that they were "various and of the highest order;" that he had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander. Out-and-out Orangemen shrunk not from asserting that in military genius he was second to no captain in Europe. If so, he was extremely unfortunate in default of opportunities to prove it. If success in the field be a test of military genius, he came a long way behind the Duke of Alva and Don John of Austria—to name no other and inferior names. Charles V., however, is said to have thought highly of William's capacity as a campaigner; and his eulogists point with reasonable pride to his fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse with Alva looking grimly on—his "unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general"—and especially his "sublime plan of relief" for the besieged city of Leyden,† which he directed from his sick-bed,—as historical *monumenta, ære perennia,* of his practical military skill.

Timidity has been charged upon him. The charge is not an uncommon one against men of even proverbial audacity. Alva did not escape it. Cardinal Granvelle was twitted with it. William of Orange *may,* his staunchest supporters are free to grant, have been originally of a timid temperament. But, however that may be, they will hear no denial of his perfect courage at last—manifested by his bearing amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, as well as in the trenches and on the ramparts, and while breathing, exhausted in body and mind, the "deadly air of pestilential cities," where Father William had to see a thousand falling at his right hand, without assurance that the slayer should not come nigh *him.*

Of what his biographer calls the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man, it is contended, ever possessed a larger share. "He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. . . . .

"The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observation. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms."‡ That hand once cold in death,

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* Rise of the Dutch Republic: concluding summary, *passim.*

† A graphic account of this stirring episode in the war will be found in part iv. ch. ii. of Mr. Lothrop Motley's history.

‡ Motley, vol. iii. part vi. ch. vii.

How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory!*

No other hand could master those complicated chords and take up the thread where it was broken off. And all the people knew that a prince and a great man had fallen that day; a ruler not merely in name but in power. This morning, lusty and strong; this evening, dead as those who died beneath the walls of Troy.

See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free.†

THE LUCKIEST DOG ALIVE.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

I AM not about to chronicle the *bonnes fortunes* of some *jeune homme charmant*, or the delights of inheriting an unexpected five thousand a year. I am not going to describe the feelings of the poet who "wakes and finds himself famous;" nor to be the historian of Napoleon III. The memoirs I offer are literally those of a DOG, and all that follows—incredible as it may appear—was communicated to me by himself.

I will not advert (so ran his narrative) to our accidental discovery of the electro-biological affinity which enabled us to communicate our thoughts. Should your own intellectual nature be united, for a new probation, to the body of a monkey or a cat, as mine has been to that of a dog, you will better understand the language both of Plato and of your own poets; and will feel as they did, that

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* E. B. Browning, "Cowper's Grave."—Mr. Motley's saying, that William "went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face," may remind us of two seemingly opposed stanzas in the same poem:

O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling:—

the next verse telling how

—when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because so broken-hearted.

† Iliad (Mr. Pope's again), book xvi.

> Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting.*

You will find that it is this

> Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
> Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past.†

But such "eternal blazon must not be." We become dumb animals to prevent it; and it is not merely for the "shedding of man's blood" that we are made accountable beings.‡ I may tell you of my life as a dog; but beyond this I am not permitted to reveal the past.

There is not much to boast of in my descent. My father was an otter-hound; my mother was a turnspit; and like all other *mésalliances*, it brought evil consequences. Though I had an imposing gravity of expression in my face, its effect was destroyed by the ludicrous appearance of my forelegs, which curved outwards like those of a *cabriole* foot-stool. In colour I was entirely black, with the exception of a small white spot on my breast, and my length of body was altogether disproportioned to my height.

While yet a small pup I was given to a gentleman—everybody is a gentleman, I find, now-a-days, and, if brought before the public for some atrocious crime, is said to "have occupied a high position in society"—and the gentleman to whom I was given was Mr. William Chalks, of Pump-alley. He was by profession — trades and callings being abolished—he was by profession a milkman, and was called by his companions Will Chalks, or Bill Chalks, or Bill, or plain Chalks, according to their degree of intimacy or relative appreciation. He laughed when he brought me home, and named me Punch, probably because he thought me funny (like the pages of my namesake), for in colour I more resembled "the gentleman" who sometimes forms another of the *dramatis personæ* in the public performances of that wooden Roscius.

Amongst Mr. Chalk's customers was a Captain Fane, who had a very pretty wife, and a son—an only child, whose bodily and mental development was the great object of his life. He had been told by Accum and Wakley, and their successors, till he firmly believed it, that all we eat and drink is merely poison in disguise; and for the sake of his son he had an especial horror of the adulteration of milk. The mere possibility that his child might grow up with a mound of limestone attached to some of his more important viscera was intolerable, and led him to devise a remedy. "My dear Clara," he said to his wife one evening, "I am going to buy a cow. I believe Chalks is honest—indeed I consider him as honest as most men—but really these adulterations have become so much a part of a man's business that he does not think them wrong. I cannot expect Chalks to be the only exception." His wife reminded him that a single cow would not always be in milk. "Certainly not," he

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* Wordsworth: "Intimations of Immortality."

† Coleridge: "Sonnet on the Birth of his Son."
The origin of all these fancies appears to have been Plato's speculation in the "Phœdo."

‡ Genesis, ch. ix. v. 5.

resumed; "but why not keep two? why not three? There is the field behind the kitchen-garden, which is put to no profitable purpose. It will give them grass enough; I shall have sometimes to buy hay; but there will be occasionally a calf to sell; Chalks has told me that he will take all the milk that I don't want; and, upon the whole, I have no doubt there will be a profit. Even if not, *I can save it in a thousand ways.*" This quotation from a forgotten comedy was his universal reply when his pretty and prudent wife attempted to check his love of spending; but it did not appear that *any* of these thousand ways was ever discovered. She yielded, however, as usual. The cows were bought; and a very good thing my friend Chalks made of his bargain. Captain Fane saw very little of his customer's money. Instead of cash there was a supply of winter potatoes, or a *fat* turkey, which had just arrived by an Irish steamer; or "perhaps the captain would like a beautiful side of dairy-fed pork," bought in a back street of the neighbouring seaport, at about forty per cent. less than the price charged for it. At last I was *myself* placed to the credit of the *milk account*, at the moderate price of two guineas. Captain Fane thought that I should make an excellent yard-dog; but I was too amiable, and having allowed a policeman to pass through the yard without barking at him, it was determined that I should be got rid of as soon as possible. The opportunity was not long wanting. His friend Mr. Darcy Sharpe, who lived in the next county, had been inquiring for a house-dog; so I was packed up in a hamper and sent by rail; and I *must* say there are worse modes of travelling than the inside of a hamper. It saved me from a good deal of kicking and cuffing, and it was only while in the delivery-cart that my transit was disagreeable. Whenever a package near me had to be looked for, I was tossed aside with a perfect disregard of *this side up*, and had to right myself as well as I could. It was soon over. I was delivered at Mr. Darcy Sharpe's, and the hamper, having been sent to the stable-yard, was opened by a groom with the exclamation of "*My* wig, what a rummy-looking brute!"

In a few minutes Mr. Sharpe came, accompanied by three rough boys and three very pretty girls. His remark, on seeing me, was as little flattering as the groom's:

"He may be a good house-dog, Tom, but he is certainly as ugly a beast as I would wish to see."

"What kind of dog *is* he, pa?"

"Why, I should think, Tom, he is a cross between a fox-hound and a lizard."

The bright days of my life had not yet arrived. I was evidently regarded with increasing dislike, and one day I heard Mr. Sharpe say to his son:

"I can't bear the sight of the disgusting creature. We must either lose him, Tom, or hang him."

All this was exceedingly disagreeable, and rather alarming. Though so ugly, I found myself frequently chosen to follow the carriage when they went shopping to a large town about five miles off; and, as a melancholy state of mind is not very favourable to observation, I at last failed to keep my eye upon the family vehicle, and was left behind.

I do not mean to say that I could not have found my way back to Sharpe House, but to what could it have led? Of the two alternatives—

hanging or being lost—the latter seemed preferable, though a lost dog is about as miserable an animal as any in creation.

Had I come from Captain Fane's by the road, I should have had little difficulty in retracing my steps. As it was, I could only go back to the railway station, and whenever I saw the guard who had taken charge of the hamper, I made an attempt to get into one of the carriages; but I was always pulled back by the neck, and I was at last expelled from the platform by an attack from behind of so painful and ignominious a description, that I never ventured there again.

This drove me fairly upon the town. Fortunately, I had not a great appetite. A scrap picked up near the entrance of a butcher's shop, or a piece of bun given to me by some benevolent old gentleman at a confectioner's, was sufficient to keep me from starvation; but if I attempted to follow any of my benefactors to their homes, a stern "Go! go!" showed me that I was not wanted, and my lonely nights were spent in an area, or in a stable-yard, or on a door-step.

My visits to the confectioner's were so regular, that I was recognised. Mr. Darcy Sharpe was quizzed at the club for feeding his dog by public subscription, and, being painfully sensitive to ridicule, he told Master Tom, that if he could find me, he was to fasten a string round my neck, and bring me home. He should *dispose of me* without any difficulty. The next day we met, and the young heir of Sharpe House prepared to fulfil his mission. With treacherous caresses this precocious Judas began to secure me, when, roused by a sense of wrong, and remembering

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow,

I left an impression upon his fingers which he did not soon forget. He never made another attempt, and I always after got quickly out of the way at sight of any of the family.

Then came a succession of miserable days and more miserable nights. If I rested even on a door-step, I was driven away; if I entered a yard, I was driven out; every one's hand seemed to be against me; and to a dog, to whose happiness human sympathy is essential, this brought a sense of desolation that, had I been a human being, would have ended in self-destruction.

At last, as I was lying under the portico of an uninhabited house, where I had passed a wretched time—for the winter, with its chilly nights, was now commencing—languidly opening my eyes, I saw looking at me, with a kind expression, a lady who, though not handsome nor well dressed, had an unmistakable air of good breeding and good society. She was accompanied by two "curs of mysterious pedigree," who came timidly sniffing up to me; and when she said, in a voice like music, "Come, poor fellow, you *don't* seem happy!" I rose, and approached her. She took a piece of bread out of a velvet bag, and, as soon as I had eaten it, she repeated her "Come, poor fellow!" in so unquestionable a tone, that, to her evident satisfaction, I followed her.

From this moment I was the luckiest dog alive.

I kept my eye upon my protectress much more carefully than upon Mr. Darcy Sharpe's carriage, till we arrived at a handsome stone house, which I soon found was to be my future home. This estimable lady I discovered to be the wife of a Colonel Gauntlet. He was a tall, fine,

aristocratic-looking man, but a suffering martyr to the gout, which confined him mostly to his own rooms; and, every forenoon, his wife left him, at his own request, to vary the monotony of a sick man's chamber by a walk in the beautiful neighbourhood that surrounded the town. Her constant companions were myself and my two predecessors, who had been rescued by her from untimely fates, as I had been. But I must confess that I was ashamed of their company. The ugly are more intolerant of ugliness than those who are better looking. Persons who are nobody do not like to be seen in company with those who are nobody. When Augustus Fitz-Nibbs (a son of Nibbs, the cocoa dealer), while walking with a distinguished friend on the promenade, was joined by Mr. Snooks, he made a dead stop, and looked vacantly before him; and Mr. Snooks, being a modest man, drew off. In my lonely wanderings through the streets, I have seen similar instances a thousand times. It was the same with myself. The sole drawback to my present happiness was having to go out in company with those despicable-looking creatures. There was no *character* in their ugliness. Now, in my own, I flattered myself there *was*. But I generally jumped, barking playfully, in advance of them, to the evident amusement of my protectress.

This delightful mode of existence—well-kennelled at night, well fed twice a day, kindly noticed, and with regular exercise—lasted for two or three years, when Mrs. Gauntlet, after a short illness, died. I grieved for her, as dogs often grieve for such a loss; and I do not know what might have been my fate, had not Colonel Gauntlet, who had sincerely loved his wife, determined that her pets should be taken care of. He was in somewhat better health, and able to go out in a Bath-chair, and he smiled one of his faint smiles as I gambolled and barked in front of him, to the occasional annoyance of the promenaders. He was also greatly amused—and, when he told it, expected his friends also to be amused—at my habit of sitting upon my haunches in front of his dressing-room window, and looking up and barking till he came down for his daily ride in the chair. He did not, however, long survive his wife. An attack of his old enemy killed him, and I might have considered that my good fortune was now indeed at an end. But he had provided against this in his will. The housekeeper, who had been the frequent companion of my walks when her mistress or master were unable, was left an annuity on condition of producing me to the executor in good health and condition once a month; and as the executor was a worthy solicitor, who was empowered, in failure of the prescribed condition, to give the annuity to an hospital in which he took great interest, Mrs. Perkins took special heed that either by herself or her friends I should be well taken care of.

Her friends were sundry tradespeople to whom she had made Colonel Gauntlet a most profitable customer, and on whose good offices she had some hold. Independent of this, I was a favourite; especially at the greengrocer's, whose shop I preferred, because he had a garden as well; and one of the men who lived there, and brought in daily supplies of vegetables, had taken a great fancy to me. His name was John Marsh, and at his cottage in the garden I now chiefly lived, running by his side as a companion on his many visits to the shop. Alas, poor fellow! his was to be a cruel fate.

If any of the great painters of actual life—a Faed, or an O'Neill—

had been at a loss for a fine example of an English peasant, they would have been glad to have had John Marsh for a model. He was somewhat under six feet in height, carried himself well, and moved his manly limbs with a natural ease which no drilling could have taught him. His features were regular and handsome, and expressive of everything that was good and kindly, and though his skin was bronzed by exposure to the weather, its darkness was relieved by a profusion of brown hair which shaded his clear and steady eyes. His industry was untiring. After he had done his master's work, he occupied himself in the winter evenings in mending his furniture and tools; and in the spring I have seen him after dark, in his own bit of garden, making trenches and sowing peas, with a lighted candle to show him the line.

He was married to one of the prettiest girls in the parish; a prettiness very like that of some of Murillo's Madonnas. The "good ladies," who came with tracts to her mother's cottage, used to tremble at the temptations to which so much beauty, in such a position, was exposed, and great was their jubilation when so worthy a man as John Marsh secured her from danger by making her his wife.

At the time I came to live with them, they had two children, both of them daughters, and more beautiful even than their mother had been; but John's happiness had become clouded in consequence of his wife having occasionally been subject to *fits*. He had often gone early in a morning to the worthy surgeon of a dispensary, to beg him to come and see her, as she had had another attack, without noticing that, after the first application, there was a peculiar curl at the corner of the surgeon's mouth, while he told him he "would come by-and-by." But at last it was amongst the gossip of the neighbourhood that the man of medicine had mentioned, as a curious fact, that Mrs. Marsh's attacks always came on after washing-day, and that when he made his visits, there had been an unsuccessful attempt to conceal in the corner cupboard a very suspicious-looking black bottle.

Poor Marsh strove long to disbelieve it. It was soon too evident. Day by day the habit increased upon her, till he saw the woman whom he had regarded as the angel of his life, in the degraded position of an habitual drunkard. By gradually stripping their home of its comforts, she found the means of gratifying her propensity.

I was destined to be the witness of a fearful scene.

It was a summer evening. Our cottage fronted towards the west, and it was about half an hour after sunset. John was sitting upon a bench by the door, looking very unhappy. I have often thought that it is more sad to see people miserable in the country than in a town. *There* it suits the squalor and suffering which lie on every side; but misery does not harmonise with green fields, and springing flowers, and the joyous song of birds. "God made the country, and man made the town," may possibly be false logic, but it is true poetry. I was seated at my kind friend's feet, and as I looked earnestly in his face, "Poor dog," he said, "you seem as if you wished to comfort me, but it is beyond *your* power;" and when I laid my head upon his knee, he gently displaced it, saying, "It is no time for such thoughts as these." Soon from within the cottage came a sound to which we were now too much accustomed. By this time in the evening she was generally stretched

upon her bed, either in a state of insensibility, or pouring forth a succession of foul and abusive words to which it was painful to listen. "I could bear it for myself," he said, "I could bear it, *bitter as it is;* but those little creatures, free as yet from sin, what must they be, brought up by such a mother? I cannot bear *that.* Such thoughts come into my mind that I dare not pray, and I cannot bear it." He laid his head upon his knees, and wept. But there was no relief in those tears. All was again silent in the cottage; when he arose and went in, and I closely followed him. He approached the bedside with a haggard look, yet there was nothing murderous in it; and exclaiming bitterly, "Oh, God! that this should be!" he laid the pillow across his wife's face, and pressing his broad chest upon it, he remained there groaning and sobbing, but never rising from his position, for nearly half an hour. The spirit of that unhappy woman was no longer in *this* world: she lay lifeless on the bed. When he arose, a strong will enabled him to appear composed; and, going to his children's bedroom, he kissed them, and told the eldest to dress herself and go and tell his mother to come to them immediately. When she came, he only said, "She is dead, mother." "In one of her fits, I suppose," was the equally brief rejoinder. And preparations were made at once for the funeral.

It happened that the county magistrates had, about that time, begun to interfere with the coroners in the execution of their duties, and were withholding their fees, on the ground that inquests were unnecessarily held. This led to a great deal of bad feeling on the part of the coroners, and they would have been glad if, through their limited action, a case that *ought* to have been investigated had been overlooked. They complained that they could not trust entirely to the reports of the police, and contended that if they went to make inquiry themselves they must be paid for it. The present case showed that they might sometimes be right. In taking his usual rounds, the policeman, seeing a going in and out of the cottage, asked what had happened; he was told that the wife had died in one of her fits. "Who was with her?" "The husband and his mother;" and he reported it as a sudden death, unattended by any suspicious circumstances. Of course no inquest was held. In two days she was buried; and in a week it would have been impossible to have satisfied a jury as to the cause of her death.

But it must not be supposed that the murderer escaped unpunished. There was not a day in which he did not suffer an agony of repentance and remorse, that would soon have laid a less iron frame than his in an untimely grave.

Everything looked fair upon the surface. As long as he remained in England, he worked and conducted himself well. His mother kept his house and brought up his children. But I was the daily witness of a misery such as few men have borne; and it was only when I reflected upon the ease and comfort which a kind master had secured to me, that I could still consider myself the Luckiest Dog Alive.

The purposes of my new probation had yet to be accomplished.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

By Fitz-Herbert.

PART THE SECOND.

The antique Gaelic poems known as Ossianic, now in course of publication by a learned society, are, undoubtedly, in general of an age more recent than the men and actions they represent. They refer and are referred to a period stretching so far back into the olden time as from the second to the fifth century of our era. But, although some of the ruder ballads may be enlargements of traditionary oral verses attributed to Ossian, or rather Oisin, the original scald of certain Fenian mercenaries in Ireland, they seem, for the most part, to be legendary compositions of bards of times immediately anterior to the English invasion, and to have been committed to memory for the purpose of amusing and animating the Irish chiefs, and their Scottish galloglasses and *bonachts*, or hired soldiery. Whoever composed these rough songs, and whenever they were admired, both the inventors and the audience were duller than, as I believe, any company that could be picked out for unusual dulness from an Irish regiment of the present day. As for French soldiers, a proverbially gay and songster class, I myself heard a company of them singing, solo and chorus, a song about their campaign in the Crimea that, for fun, beat all the Ossianic ballads. However, though the Muses did not smile on the most antique Celtic bards, the topic of "Ossian" opens up a controversy of such high curiosity—the controversy that once raged so hotly on the greatest of modern literary impostures—that it well deserves notice, at a future time, when perhaps some new electric light can be thrown on it, sufficiently powerful to reflect back to an age so primitive as when St. Patrick preached. By-the-by, one jest does occur to me, and, though it is a poor one, it may as well be retailed by-and-by on account of its rarity. All authorities agree that the Celtic bards were eager resorters to the larder and the cupboard. It was well enough that they should frequent the latter depository since they sang best in their cups; and it was natural that wandering men should have empty wallets and strong appetites—in fact, there is no denying their strength in this particular if we judge by their expressions of gratitude for hospitality. But at the commencement of the downfal of paganism, they encountered formidable rivals in many respects in the clergy, who, as humble missionaries, were not only claimants for food, but recommended new doctrines, such as temperance, sobriety, and fasting. Consequently, a bitter war, not of swords, nor paper, but of words, in which the bards had the most and last, though not the best, was long waged between the Irish priests and poets. As for the primitive evangelists—very ascetic men, some having, indeed, been made saints for their marvellous abnegation, while others, such as St. Patrick, endeavoured, besides banishing reptiles, to teach the virtues above mentioned—the poetically-inspired of the time held all such upholders of fast-days in disgust. Of the prepossession of bards for feasts, and of the frequency of their appeals *pour boire et manger*, there is the ensuing instance in verses

terminating a rather lively Ossianic poem called "The Chase," the singer asking his auditor, who was no less than the converter of all Ireland,

> Now Patrick, of the scanty store and meagre-making face,
> Say, didst thou ever hear before this memorable Chase?

Irish hagiological works are replete with anecdotes instancing the hostility which prevailed between the orders of ecclesiastics and bards. The latter, a very influential class at all times, fell from the zenith of their power directly Christianity triumphed over Druidism, and the clergy, the new rivals for support, did not fail to lower the popular respect for the former directors in religion and politics. From the exorbitant demands of the early bards arose a legend which probably was invented by some clerical disliker of their order, of their *coripanti, i. e.* "basket of covetousness," the depository of their gains.

In our days, when the bakers' shops have plenty of bread in them, when one market is tolerably supplied with meat, another with fish, and another with vegetables, we can hardly conceive how hungry mediæval men and women, living in the mountains of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, sometimes were. Murrain among cattle, measles among swine, and scab among sheep, often reduced their numbers so, that the entire flocks and herds of a clan were as despicably small as "those few sheep in the wilderness" King David's brother sneered at. As for corn, the midlanders of Britain had not learned to cultivate it in Cæsar's time, and the islanders of Eire had hardly so in Strongbow's. Bread was as scarce as jokes. After this my prelude, let me quote the unique jest, chronicled by no less grave authority than "The Four Masters," whose annals have recently been translated and edited by Dr. O'Donovan. The famine that occurred in the year 1433 was, according to these annalists, of so severe a character as to have been called for a very long time afterwards *samhra na mear aithne, i.e.* the Summer of Slight Acquaintance, because no one used to recognise friend or relative, in consequence of the want this great dearth occasioned. We take this to have been a biting satiric joke. And can well understand that when distress causing such obliviousness of all but hungry self was felt, men who could wield swords and pikes would be apt to sally forth in search of sustenance; and, indeed, it was normal poverty and intermittent famine that often compelled our ancient mountain countrymen to turn robbers.

The palatine earls of Desmond, lords over some quarter of a million acres, and of the love, moreover, of their powerful clan, the Western Geraldines, and their other numerous baronial vassals, were, of all their country's peers, the most munificent patrons of the poet's art. From an early period they evinced a discerning taste, and such a dislike to pretenders to poetic skill, that the first earl of their race revenged the insult of having been styled, in public assembly, "a rhymer," by laying waste with fire and sword the territory of Lord Le Poer, the insolent bestower of an epithet so contemptuous. Yet, after all, the indignant Desmond seems to have cultivated the muse with small success, if we are to judge by the sole relic of his labours, some verses in Norman-French, preserved under the title of *Proverbia Comitis Desmoniæ*, and which are not only devoid of moral points, such as Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is full of, but are not remarkable for aught but their style,

mere alliteration and rhyme, quaint transposition of words and sentiments, and plaintive strain, having apparently been composed whilst the author was a solitary prisoner, when he found poetry to be, as he sings,

Sovereyn ce est de se solacer, qui se sent soule e sanz solas.

The year 1345 is the date ascribed to this specimen of "alliteration's artful aid," which, nevertheless, has one curious feature, in proving that French was still the language of this chief of the Western Geraldines. But before two centuries had passed away, it was accounted rare to find one of his race who could speak any tongue but Gaelic; and, by that time, the native bards had bound the hearts of this great house by the chords of their harps. Gerald, the fourth earl, has a page devoted to him in Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," having emphatically earned the high title of "The Poet," and besides, of "The Magician," from his unusual amount of learning. Medicine and magic were so inseparable in his day, that it seems he tried his noble hand in the art of healing, as well as dabbling it in the darker science, both which stood high in a land where the surgeon had often to be called in, and the devil driven out. Memory of this mighty and marvellous nobleman still holds in traditions the peasantry around Loughgar, his island retreat, delight to dwell upon. He was the first to stamp the Celtic character and manners thoroughly on his race; and the subsequent history of his house shows how fatal was this degeneracy, from its degradation and alienation from feudal obedience. These Geraldines were exalted into a potent clan, ruled by an almost independent head, half chief, half palatine earl, by their adoption of Irish usages, such as the native bards loved to teach and extol; but at last their fall was precipitated by their trust in power so sustained, directly they brought it in collision with the growing power of the crown. The influence of the Irish bards for rebellious purposes, frequently brought under the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and particularly by the poet Spenser, was notably so by a state paper indited by one Smyth, the only apothecary of his time in Dublin, and the layer of the first stone of the University in that city. This document, recently published in Gilbert's History of Dublin, portrays, in indignant phrase and nervous style, the moral and political effects of the Gaelic war-songs of the day. One extract will suffice to show the writer's impressions as to the incendiary quality of the native bards. The first practice of the *Aois-dana*, *i. e.* men of songs, is, says our Dublin druggist, if they see that any young chief is popular among his swordsmen followers, they will make him a *dann*, or ode, "wherein they will commend his father and ancestors, numbering how many towns they burnt, how many notable murthers they did, and how many men they slew; and, at the end," will compare their new hero to Hannibal, or Scipio, or Hercules, or some other famous person, "wherewithall," saith our apothecary, "the poor fool runs mad, and thinks indeed it is so." Thus incited, he begins to gather about him "a sort of rake-hells," and then sends for a *fileadh* notable for skill in prophecy, "who shall," quoth the scandalised Smyth, "tell this leader how he shall speed. Then," continues our authority, "will he get lurking to the side of a wood, and there keepeth him close till morning; and when it is daylight

they will go to the villages, where they will ransack the houses, burn them and the corn, and spare not to destroy young infants, aged people, and women" about to become mothers. They will then drive away all the kine, plough-horses, and other cattle, and "must have a bagpipe blowing afore them. If they go by any house of fryars, or religious house," they will give the inhabitants two or three beeves; and the friars will take them, "and praie for the givers, yea, and praise their doings, and say—his father was accustomed so to do." When in a safe place the spoil is divided, according to the discretion of the chieftain. "Now," continues our state paper writer, "comes in the rymer that made the *dann*, or ryme, with his rakry" (*i. e.* singer). "The rakry is he that shall utter the ryme; and the rymer himself sits by with the chieftain verie proudly. He brings with him also his harper, who plays all the while that the rakry sings the ryme. *Also he hath his Barde, which is a kinde of folise fellow.*" Let me ask, what did our well-informed authority mean by characterising this last functionary as a sort of fool? Can it be that, originally, a bard was but a chorus man, and latterly a species of *buffo* ballad-singer, a half-witted fellow, something like a clown in the ring? However this may have been, our druggist declares that the said bard expected to receive a horse as the reward of his performance, whatever it was; while the harper, says he, "must have a new safron-coloured shirt, a mantell, and a hackney, and the rakry must have twenty or thirty kine, and the Rymer himself a war-horse and a suit of armour, a nag to ride on, a silver goblet, a pair of beads of coral, with buttons of silver;—and this," concludes the justly angry apothecary, "they look for to have, for destroying the commonwealth; and the best thing the rymers cause to do is this."

The extreme mischief was that, not merely was some young hopeful among the O'Mores and O'Conors excited into small escapades of the above nature, but that mighty magnates, such as an Earl of Kildare or of Desmond were also maddened into revolt, formidable principally in that these noblemen had magnetic influence enough on the Continent to draw small and great armadas, full of Spaniards, towards their own and the English coasts. Indeed, with the honourable exception of the loyalty of the great Protestant house of Ormond, nearly all of native birth in Ireland were more or less infected with the plague-spot of rebellion, the virus of which was inoculated by the poetic profession. In point of fact, the mischief of these pseudo-prophetic *fileadha* was that they persisted, even late in good Queen Bess's reign, that their countrymen were neither conquered nor conquerable. It is hard to say when national resistance to conquerors becomes a folly, and when the poets who preach it should cease to be addressed in the well-known lines of Lucan:

> Bards, whose sacred raptures fire
> To chant your heroes to your country's lyre,
> Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
> Brave patriot souls, in *righteous* battle slain.

We obtain a notion of the extraordinary effect of bardic song and oratory by the fact that Lord Bacon places, as third in rank among causes of the troublous state of the Irish, "their barbarous customs in habits and apparel, *and their poets or heralds*, that enchant them in

savage manners." Enchantment, indeed, it was—a magic influence that in those unsophisticated ages stirred the feelings and sympathies of all classes when "the blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style," roused the passions of the multitude, and moved even the accomplished Sydney "more than a trumpet."

Thomas, the eighth and great Earl of Desmond, delighted, more than any of his forefathers, in the arts of music and song, which move the hearts of all mankind, but none so deeply as of men in whose souls the love of learning is combined with the spirit of chivalry—a real passion, that has carried them foremost in many a field of battle. This illustrious earl, who was beloved by our gallant Fourth Edward, and who had fought abreast with him throughout the Wars of the Roses, is described by the Gaelic annalists as "the most distinguished of the Anglo-Irish of his time," for comeliness and stature, knightliness and hospitality, humanity to the poor, and bounteousness to clergy, bards, and soldiers. To the learned he is declared to have been surpassingly liberal, such as to *aois-dana, i. e.* people living by the poetic art, and especially to antiquaries, on which latter account their successors must hold his name in perpetual honour. All these testimonies to the high degree of poetic patronage rendered by these palatine earls are brought forward to prove the mutual attachment between these leaders of the Irish cause, and its bardic advocates, hardly less powerful supporters, if not with sword and spear, with harp and voice. Whatever the latter directors of the popular will may have owed the lords of Desmond, these lords subsequently owed most of their power over their own people to public opinion, which was chiefly swayed by such as had access to men's hearts by commanding their ears. A memorable instance that patents of peerage conferred no rights on even the heir to the earldom of Desmond is seen in the seventeenth and last earl, who, on being found to be a Protestant, was scoffed at and spit upon; and could not induce a single follower of his ancient house to stand by and shield him from the outrage.

Such having been the attachment between the Desmonds and their bards, it must have occasioned some pang to the fifteenth peer, when, pressed from without, he, being joined in a commission, ordained in 1541, among other "statutes" made by "commissioners for reforming" the south-western regions, the following strange decree: "No rhymer (*poeta*) or other person whatever shall make verses (*carmina*) or anything else called auran" (*abhrann*, Gaelic for a song) to any one after God on earth except the King, under penalty of the forfeiture of all his goods." This ukase evidently emanated from Whitehall, being quite characteristic of the despotic Henry VIII., the only person that was to be, like "Sydney's sister," the carnal "subject of all verse!" As for the penalty, probably it did not deter a single poet from labouring in his vocation. Sydney himself observed, when in Ireland, that, as he says in his "Defence of Poesie," although "learning goes *very bare* there, yet are their poets held in devout reverence," so, probably, any breaker of that statute had not many chattels to forfeit. Song, verily, soon broke out again, strong as ever, for another ordinance, issued from Westminster twenty-two years after, states that as much as one hundred marks, or 66*l.* 13s. 4d., was sometimes given by Desmond and his vassal lords for a poem, or "dittie." This is a far

higher honorarium than the 50*l.* recently given for an ode on Burns's birthday, since the value of money is greatly diminished. What did the well paid author do with such a sum? Certainly he had to maintain his respected self, his bard, and his harpers, besides his horses, if he was rich enough to make his bardic circuit, or visitation, on horseback. Yet, probably, either the price named for Gaelic rhymes was a rare prize in that lottery of literature, or else agreeably with the proverb, "Ce qui vient par la flûte, va par le tambour."

Despite these reiterated government orders, song still had breath; so much so that, during the sixteenth Desmond's revolt, carried on by his lieutenant, while he himself was a prisoner in the Tower, the English satrap of the province issued a proclamation, classing bards with "idle persons, spies, gamesters, and false messengers," and actually ordering "stocks to be made for putting such persons into!" Imagine Gray's bard in village stocks! The idea is too shocking! But then the governor had the excuse that these vagrant minstrels were the very bellows of rebellion. Subsequently, and preliminary to further operations, the earl employed one of his minstrels, named Conor O'Daly, as envoy extraordinary to various lords and chiefs, to incite them to join in revolt.* Yet I should not say extraordinary, since the evidence is ample that similar missions were part of the ordinary functions of the Irish bards; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that these plenipotentiaries were "persecuted." In November, 1584, a presentment was made of the names of no less than seventy-two persons, who lived in the county of Cork, solely by exercising the professions of "poets, chroniclers, and rhymers." Is there any statistic table that would tell us whether the United Kingdom now maintains half as many devotees of the Muses? Every one knows that, about six years after the above date, when the author of "The Faërie Queene" presented his immortal work to the royal prototype of "Gloriana," he could not obtain the fulfilment of her promise of 100*l.*! And we have seen how generous, to the extent of one hundred marks, or, as Spenser records, a herd of forty cows, the "mere Irish" nobility were to their bards. This "prince of poets of his tyme" is declared to have died for want of bread. What poor poet among the warm-hearted Irish ever met this miserable fate?

The remarks appended to some of the names of those seventy-two wild disciples of the Muses are curious. Besides the great Desmond's two septs of rhymers, the chief of one of which is named, *par excellence*, The Poet (a distinction vouchsafed to none other), the Viscounts Roche and Barrymore had their respective "rhymers," of whom one bore this name, John mac Teige mac Gwillish, a dissonant appellation, and likely to rattle the trump of fame to fragments. MacCarthymore's principal poet, O'Daly, dwelt in grandeur of a house of his own, where this progenitor of Daly, now Lord Clanconal, was attended by three inferiors, one of whom was "his bard," that is to say, the enunciator in song of his master's compositions.

Your Gaelic *fileadh*, or poet, always kept a bard, and either one or two harpers; a double number if possible, because two harps produce the best symphonal effect. Ben Jonson, in his "Irish Masque," introduces a band of gentlemen of this nation, who dance, in their mantles, to "a

* Bishop O'Daly's History of the Geraldines.

solemn music of harps." At the close of this performance (in which the exhibitors were completely attired, to suit the puritan feelings of the age), "a *civil* gentleman of Ireland comes in, leading a bard." From the adjective applied to the gentleman, it seems that his dancing countrymen were *not* civilised; and, if so, I may observe that Spenser, besides other comical accounts of them, states that a mantle, fastened in front with a skewer, often served them as their sole garment, whether for a dance or a dinner. But we are digressing. The "immortal bard," as Rare Ben styles him, is desired to sing some strain which shall confirm the prophecies relating to King James, and shall assure the Irish in their obedience; upon which this loyal representative of the Hibernian Tyrtæi sings, to *two* harps, an ode extremely adulatory of the monarch.

Next on the list comes "O'Kyll, a rhymer," who dwelt in MacCarthy-more's country, where, says the presentment, "he keeps many rhymers and bards together, calling them by the name of O'Kyll's scholars." This keeper of a poetic academy, which he modestly called a school, was perhaps not much superior in learning to the hedge-schoolmasters of later days. Martin, in his curious account of the Hebrides, tells us how similar pedagogues and their pupils went to work in those islands. "Their way of study," he says, "is very singular. They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plaids about their heads; and, their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyric; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and, if they purchase a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter."

In effect, the ode adulatory was a joint-stock exertion, and its intent, to set its authors, the said learned society or community, up for the sowing season in a pair of plough-horses! Such a putting of Pegasus under the yoke was sure to break his spirit and spoil his paces; yet, as the result of their labour savoured of the *ignotum*, it was doubtless deemed magnificent by the many, who did not understand it. O'Cuill is the true name of the above rhymer: it is now written Quill, as apt a surname for a driver of a pen, but not of a plough, as could be invented.

Even the fair sex could boast of poetesses by profession, for the names of "Mary ny Donoughue, a she-bard, and Mary ny Clancy, a rhymer," are recorded—contradicting the assertion of the historian of the order that "the Irish had no female bards, or bardesses, properly so called." These women were, probably, those of a class he, however, states were instructed in music and elegiac measure, that they might assist, by the melting sweetness and melancholy strains of their voices, in the chorus of *caoina*, or funeral songs. Their types are, of course, the mourning women mentioned in the Bible, since most Celtic customs are traceable to Chaldea and Canaan. Or this feminine order may have originally resembled, in their chanting function, those who, like Miriam and Deborah, met bands of warriors, on their return home in triumph, with congratulatory songs. Our above-quoted authority, Apothecary Smyth, notices a vagrant caste of singing women, called *monashula*, *i. e.* women-beggars, the same whose hapless way of life is reprehended by the poet Spenser, and who, says the Dublin druggist, "run from country to country sowing sedition among the people." One of the last on the long list is "Wil-

liam Halpeny," who is characterised as "a loose, masterless, ydell vacabond, and a common drunkard." *Ex uno disce plurinos!* for it is the truth, however libellous, to say that the vagrant and inebriate traits of this Willy the Rhymer were appropriate to many of his fraternity. As for this bad halfpenny, who had no owner to return to, he seems to have been a loose and thirsty fish, as debased as his surname, which is a corruption of Mac Alpine.

Sharon Turner's inquiry into the early history of the Welsh bards, and some revelations regarding their manners, to be found in Stephens's recent admirable history of them, shows them in phases that are only equalled by Teniers-like pictures of their Irish bardic brethren. From such an exhibition and its details I, however, turn away, as somewhat too *terre à terre* to please.

Let me now solace my readers by passing to the harpers of old in Britain, as we find them in the charming old English ballads. Where else can we read such dashing sketches of life? Who but remembers "King Estmere" and his bold "kempery men?" And how the two royal brothers, the elder of whom loved the king's daughter, disguised themselves as minstrels, that they might ride unchallenged into the midst of the monarch's hall; and how the foam from off their horse's bit lit on King Estmere's beard?

And you shall be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrie;
And I'll be your boy, so faire of sight,
To bear your harp by your knee.
And you shall be the best harper
That ever took harp in hand;
And I will be the best singer
That ever sang in this land.

This natural division of musical labour was also customary in Green Erin of Songs, as we have seen. The lover might well be successful, since he surpassed Orpheus in potency:

Glaskerion was the best harper
Harped ever on the string.
He could harp the fish out o' the sea,
The water out o' the stane,
And milk out o' the maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane.

A young Irish bard made suit in as high a quarter, but was foiled by an untoward accident, as we read in the poetic tale of the thirteenth century of "The Courtship of Fearbluidhe," granddaughter of the King of Scotland, by Carroll O'Daly. According to this romantic love-tale, O'Daly the harper, whilst in Scotland, visited the court, where, by his musical accomplishments and personal beauty, he captivated the fair Albanian.* The poem describes a continuous scene of festivities in a Scottish palace, which lasted for an entire week, without distinction of day and night. The principal beverage was "pleasant *cuirm*," an admirable ale, still well known in Wales as *cwrw*. The *dénoûment* is that, while Carroll played chess with the king, the princess sat by look-

* MS. in R. I. Academy.

ing on, and the youthful Irishman made silent court by pressing her foot under the table; but, by some change of position, his foot came in contact with that of the regal grandfather, who thus discovered the intrigue.

Very probably the minstrels of Ireland were not backward in taking their degree in the impudence that grows on most public exhibitors. The profession, considered generally, became, without any exception in favour of Irish modesty, disreputable by its mercenariness and immorality. A sharp satirist of the English, good old Piers Ploughman, brands the jongleurs of his day with many ill epithets, exclusive of two odious ones that derive from their appellation, viz. janglers and jugglers. And it seems that, though country lords and ladies sometimes rewarded these wandering sons of song and story for solacing their seclusion, by giving them faded garments and small coin; and, though the monastic clergy loved to call in the passing harper, and listen to his lies of the land, as well as its lays, these disciples of Momus, these queerest of all the crew of Comus, were arrant haunters of hostelries, where, having filled the court with their melody, until its galleries were crowded with listeners, they amused the gods and the groundlings; and afterwards, when treated pottle deep in the buffetry, corrupted their auditors with the coarse "mirth of mynstrelsy" and lax lubricity of "losels' tales."

"Bon poète, mauvais homme," says a cruel French proverb. Wit, we know, is cousin-german to insanity; and Lord Macaulay extends the affinity further, saying, "Perhaps no person can be a poet, or *even enjoy poetry*, without a certain unsoundness of mind"—a spice of madness. Besides this natural spiciness, poets have always been liable to the temptation of sipping other springs than the pure Pierian; and this was increased by the hope bards would indulge, of surpassing each other by the aid of what is technically termed "a spur in the head." In this rivalling and racing, the running was so good that it is difficult to say whether Welsh, Irish, or Scottish riders of mountainy Pegasian ponies came in first; but it seems that the Irish were not far behind in hard drinking. Certainly the Welsh ran into excesses with metheglin; but their brethren over the water kept step with usquebaugh. Aneurin, a renowned bard of Wales, mentions sad instances of the effects of mead; speaking of certain warriors, he says, "Short were their lives over the distilled mead." Probably the battered heads of these men could bear less than the stronger ones of men who used their brains. The company of the bards was much sought for, nevertheless; and it must be remembered that, in those ages, when military men were celebrated orally, and not by gazette, the sure road to fame lay in the brain of the poet and the mouths of bardic singers. Much testimony could also be adduced as to the poignancy and power of their sarcasms, as manifested in its effect of causing them to be bribed to silence. Indeed, it seems that the Gaelic bards gained more by satire than English poets have by rhymed eulogy and dulcet dedication. Unfortunately, we cannot obtain a perfect idea of their poetic merits without understanding their language; but their musical compositions will speak to us in tones that, like touches of natural feelings, make all men kin.

Gerald Barry, commonly called Giraldas Cambrensis, a Pembrokeshire Anglo-Norman bishop of St. David's, and secretary to Prince John during this prince's first sojourn in Ireland, gives an animated account

of the perfection of Irish music. He had resided some years on the Continent, and was conversant with courts, camps, and cathedrals: yet declares that he finds the Irish incomparably skilled in symphonal music, beyond any other nation he had seen. The applauses he awards them on this score are manifestly the warm praises of a delighted lover and connoisseur of music, and are trustworthy on another account, since he evinces no admiration for them, *excepting*, he says, as regards their "commendable diligence" in cultivating the art of playing on musical instruments. Caradoc of Llancarvan, also, without any of that illiberal partiality common with national writers, acknowledges that the Irish devised all the instruments, tunes, and measures in use among the Welsh. Perhaps the cause of this superiority may be traced to the abundance of ecclesiastic establishments in the Island of Saints, in which music would form a principal department of study. Cambrensis notices that the Irish bishops were in the habit of carrying harps with them in their visitations, and my archæologic researches tend to show that these prelates were usually and naturally members of the hereditarily learned families descended from Druidic bards. It is also noticeable that the characteristics he gives of the Irish style, an enharmonic genus, full of minute divisions, the modulation swift and lively, yet sweet and joyous in sound, agree with those of a majority of the national melodies. Many old Irish lyrical compositions derive much of their peculiar features from having been adapted to the harp, or, strictly speaking, to two harps. Of these are the vigorous, dance-compelling, quick tunes, which are unequalled by any similar music of other countries.

In comparatively modern times the powers of the Irish harp drew the warmest panegyrics from the pens of the philosophers Bacon and Evelyn, and the poet Drayton. "No harpe," says the former, "hath the sound so melting and so prolonged." Towards the close of the sixteenth century it had become a scarce instrument, if sought of superior quality, to judge by the following extract from a letter addressed, in 1588, by Sir Brian O'Rourke, a great chieftain, to M'Mahon, lord of Oriel: "What you request us to send you, a harp and a great spear, we do assure you that we cannot; there is never a good harp in our country. But we will provide one for you, and will send two great spears, and two skeans, of the best made in our country."* Apart from the point of this letter, showing the then difficulty of procuring a good instrument, I admire the writer's lordly liberality, in promising nearly twice as much as was asked of him. The Irish harp was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiery whenever they found it.

Hoping to return to this interesting theme, and to adduce further evidence in proof of the justness of certain severe remarks made on the contemporary bards of Ireland by one well acquainted with them, their writings, and the effects of those writings, namely, the author of "The Faërie Queene," who, at the same time, bore graceful testimony to their natural wit, fancy, and other merits,—I conclude by observing that, in the dark ages, the Druidic bards were, as the sole exponents of knowledge, the most powerful persons in their nation: but that their successors, by the time Christianity and the spirit of inquiry had swept away most of the rubbish of superstition, became degraded and despicable.

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* MS., State Paper-office.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Bushby.

IV.

About three months after Evelyn's marriage he accepted an invitation to accompany some gentlemen on an excursion to another island, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks. Isabella, albeit her skill in the use of fire-arms, had no wish to intrude herself on the party, nor to expose herself to the increased ravages of mosquitoes and sand-flies, which, too plentiful in all parts of the West Indies, particularly swarm among marshy grounds.

One evening, during Evelyn's absence, Isabella had gone to take a solitary stroll. She passed through the little town, on the outskirts of which stood the house Evelyn had hired, until the dilapidated dwelling-house on his estate should be repaired and rendered more comfortable. On the high road, which was skirted on either side by tall hedges of the beautiful and variegated Barbadoes flower fence, she met as usual negroes trudging along singly, or in small parties of three and four, some carrying bundles of grass for sale at the grass market—some busily chewing large pieces of sugar-cane—others with tobacco-pipes in their mouths, either loitering on the road after their day's work was done, or blithely singing and jesting, as they walked briskly to their houses.

A friendly salutation passed between Isabella and every negro she met, whether she knew them or not. "How do you do?" "Good night!" "A fine evening!" or some such short address on Isabella's side; while on that of the negroes it was: "How d'ye, my missis?" "Good night, Miss Isabella!" "Eh, eh! missis no 'fraid jumbee—walk alone, alone?"

At length she left the high road, and struck into a narrow path which lay between two rows of tall cocoa-nut trees, whose waving, fan-like branches nearly met above her head. The spaces between the stems of the cocoa-nut trees were crowded with shrubs, whose leafy boughs she had sometimes to put aside as she moved along. Among these shrubs were the pigeon-pea bush; the castor-nut; the coquelicot; the wild tobacco-plant, with its delicate flower in full bloom; and the wild sage, spreading a delightful fragrance around. This somewhat tangled path, after two or three windings, and more abrupt turns, led to the sea-shore, and to a negro burying-ground, which was now deserted for some more convenient and less secluded spot.

Isabella was about to emerge from the narrow path with its over-shading foliage, when her steps were suddenly arrested by the sight that met her eye.

Before her, and not many yards from her, stood three black men, apparently engaged in the performance of some extraordinary and unchristian rite. The moon had already risen, and its clear rays fell full upon the dusky figures that appeared in strong relief against the

dazzling sand and bright waters behind them. They stood around a grass-grown tomb, and stooping alternately, each lifted from the mould of the grave a handful of earth, which they threw into a small vessel that one, who seemed to be directing, held in his hand. The vessel was round and dark, but whether it was a calabash or a skull Isabella could not discern. After this they chanted some words, which she could not catch; and then, each plunging some sharp instrument into his arm, they mingled their blood in the cup, while the three gave utterance to one deep and savage cry. Again all was silence; then, placing a hand of each together, they all in turn tasted of the horrid mixture, thus pledging themselves, as Isabella, shuddering, thought, to the commission of some dark and daring deed.

She saw, or fancied she saw, an expression of triumph and hellish joy in each deeply excited countenance. Her first impulse was to spring forward, and, discovering herself to them, to ask why they had engaged in these dreadful ceremonies. But a moment's reflection told her that if this paction of blood were, as it might probably be, the prelude to some attempt at the destruction of the whites, it would be wiser on her part to remain concealed from them, and to give information of what she had witnessed, and might yet witness, to those who might be able to take steps for the discovery of any plot.

But the business which had brought the negroes to that lonely resting-place of the dead was now finished; and the tallest, a man of a singularly bold countenance and athletic form, for a second placed his finger on his lip, as if reminding his companions that secrecy was his object. They then all began to move from their solemn place of rendezvous.

With noiseless tread Isabella stepped back one or two paces, but one of the black men had caught a glimpse of her figure, and in an instant he darted towards her, brandishing in his hand a large knife, whose polished blade glittered in the bright moonlight.

It was a moment fraught with danger, but danger never unnerved the high-souled Isabella. Instead of turning to fly, she planted her foot firmly on the ground, and boldly stood to confront the approaching assassin. Her firmness saved her, for the negro, gazing in sudden awe at her lofty, and, as it looked in the uncertain light, her shadowy figure, drew rapidly back, exclaiming, in accents of extreme terror,

"It is de jumbee—de spirit dat haunt dis frightful place—it coming to keep watch upon its bones in de grabe!" And running towards the sea with his utmost speed, he and one of his companions leaped into a little boat which Isabella had not before observed, and which they immediately rowed off, while the other man, plunging among the wild bushes that grew almost on a level with the shore, was quickly out of sight.

Isabella waited until she had perfectly ascertained that they were all gone, then, retracing her steps, she walked faster and faster up the unfrequented path she had so lately chosen, and gaining the high road, she did not for a moment relax in her speed until she reached the little town, where she knew, and gratefully felt, that there were protection and safety for her. Now, for the first time, her heart began to flutter, and her knees to tremble, now that all immediate danger was over. She had to pass a house that was occupied by an old and faithful servant of her mother—by

the woman, indeed, who had taken care of herself in her infancy, and to whom she was much attached.

"I will go in," thought Isabella, "and rest for a few minutes. I wish, too, to tell my good Sophy what I have just seen. I know that I can trust to her discretion."

She entered accordingly the open door of Sophy's quiet habitation, and in the neat little parlour she found her true though humble friend arranging a small case of very fine shells, which she intended as a present for her "dear Miss Isabella,"* as she still called Mrs. Evelyn.

The elderly coloured female started as she beheld Isabella's pale and agitated countenance. "Something has happened to you, Miss Isabella. You have heard some bad news?" she exclaimed, gazing earnestly at her favourite.

"No, dear Ma'am† Sophy, no bad news; but I have seen a bad sight, and it has left a painful impression on my mind."

"What was it, Miss Isabella?"

"By-and-by I will tell you," said Isabella, for at that moment Sophy's only son, Julian, entered the house.

Julian was a tall, fair mustee, apparently about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. His hair, unlike the hair of the generality of coloured people, however fair, was rather of a dark brown than black; his features, too, were regular: in short, he rather seemed a Spaniard than one of coloured blood. His countenance was intelligent, but thoughtful, and serious almost to sternness, and there was in his air a strange mixture of haughtiness and diffidence. He bowed respectfully, but not submissively, to Isabella, and, without speaking, withdrew to another part of the room, where he remained standing while Isabella and his mother were sitting.

"I think you have forgotten me, Julian," said Isabella, with a slight degree of condescension visible in her manner. "You have never come to see me during your last visits to the island. How is this?"

"My time has been limited, madam, and I devoted it all to my mother. But I hear with pleasure of your welfare."

Isabella looked up in amazement. Was this the same Julian, the same shy lad she remembered? His manner had become almost imposing, he had in a great measure lost his Creole drawl, and his very features had changed their expression. She could not help exclaiming to Sophy,

"How much your son is altered!"

"Yes, Miss Isabella," replied Sophy, with a deep sigh, "he is altered indeed. He cares no more now for his native country and his old friends: he is all for roaming to foreign parts, or over the great wild ocean. Yet I cannot blame him; young people *will* love change."

"Would you desert your mother and your country?" asked Isabella, turning to Julian.

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* Among the generality of the black and coloured people it is looked upon as a mark of kindness and affection to continue to call ladies, after they are married, by their Christian names, and by the title of "Miss."

† "Ma'am," a title of respect which is given by the blacks to elderly coloured women, and also by those of their own hue. The coloured females of a certain age are tenacious of receiving this title, and the whites almost always accord it to such as are at all respectable.

"Not my mother, Mrs. Evelyn, but I should wish her to go where I could be sometimes with her. As to my country, I can do nothing in it, and the bread of idleness I *will* not eat. But why should *you* be troubled with my wishes or affairs?"

"I cannot cease to feel an interest in the playmate of my childhood," said Isabella, earnestly; "and whatever affects the happiness of my kind friend Ma'am Sophy must be a matter of importance to me."

"God bless you for these words, Miss Isabella," exclaimed poor Julian, surprised into the genuine expression of his gratified feelings. "I—I thank you yet more for my mother than for myself."

"Thank me for neither. I esteem *you*, believe me; and for your excellent mother, I feel that I can never sufficiently repay the debt of gratitude I owe her for all the care she took of me when I was a helpless child."

Julian replied not, but his silence was more eloquent. He turned aside, and Isabella perceived that he was struggling with deep emotion. Prompted by a feeling of delicacy, she arose, and remarking it was time for her to be at home, she bade Sophy good night.

"You are not going home alone at this late hour, and on this dark night, Miss Isabella?" exclaimed Sophy, as she looked out and remarked that the moon was clouded.

"Why not?" said Isabella. "What can harm me here, whether I walk at noonday or at midnight? Everybody knows me."

"Very true, ma'am; but it is a cloudy night, and, at any rate, your father's daughter is entitled to have some attendant."

Julian looked as if he were about to speak—probably to offer to wait on Isabella home; but if such had been his intention, he suddenly checked himself, and, after a moment's hesitation, he proposed to go for Mrs. Evelyn's carriage, if she wished it.

Isabella thanked him, but assured him that she did not at all object to walk home; and Sophy, actuated partly by her respectful feelings towards Isabella, and partly by curiosity to hear what was the "something bad" she had witnessed that evening, insisted on accompanying her.

As they walked on—not exactly together, for the coloured female walked about half a pace behind the white lady—Isabella related to Sophy the scene she had that evening witnessed, and mentioned her apprehension lest it should have relation to some rebellious plot. Sophy, however, would not admit that the ceremonies described by Isabella had any reference to a scheme of insurrection. She was sure that the three negroes were merely practising some obeah charm—after all, perhaps, only for the recovery of some stolen duck or fowl. Isabella shook her head.

"No," said she, "it was for no such trivial purpose that these men met. Had their incantations been prompted merely by a harmless delusion, why should there have been so much secrecy in their performance? Why should they have thought of attempting the life of one who seemed to have discovered them?"

"But obeah is forbidden, you know, Miss Isabella, and the negroes who believe in it always practise it in secret. I dare say they would be tempted almost to take the life of any one they caught watching them at their obeah work."

"In case of an insurrection," asked Isabella, who could not drive the

subject from her mind, "whose side do you think the coloured people would take?"

Sophy sighed deeply, and paused a few minutes before she answered the trying question.

"It is difficult to guess, ma'am. There would be a division among us; some would take part with the whites, others would make common cause with the blacks. Oh! Miss Isabella, if there were an insurrection, the people of our colour would suffer much more than anybody thinks. Look how we are placed, half way between the whites and the blacks, belonging to neither, yet related to both! It would be a bad thing for us, for it would set child against parent, and brother against brother. The struggle would be terrible, for the coloured people could not stand by and do nothing; they must either help to put down the blacks, who are their mothers' people, or join in endeavouring to destroy the whites, who are their fathers' people. We cannot, at least we *ought* not to hate either, though we know that we are hated by the blacks, and despised by the whites. But, in case of any rising of the blacks, I think the upper and more respectable classes of the coloured people would join the whites, and the inferior and more dissolute among them would join the blacks. People in other countries talk of the sin of slavery, of having slaves, I mean, Miss Isabella. But the Europeans who came to settle in the West Indies committed a greater sin than bringing over negroes from Africa to work for them. *That* was bad, to be sure, and unjust, for whatever was the miserable condition of the blacks in their own country, God placed them there, and there they should have been left. Even though they might have been slaves there, it was wrong to buy them from their chiefs. But at least there was some atonement made for this wrong; they were civilised and improved, and taught to be Christians, instead of the ignorant idolaters they were before: and there is a proof that they are better off here, for they seldom or never wish to go back to Africa, and cannot bear to be called 'New African negroes.'

"A worse wrong even than bringing blacks from Africa was the mingling with them of the white men. Ah! Miss Isabella," continued the coloured woman, in a lower, but still more earnest tone, "*that* was the curse of the West Indies. The whites should have kept to their own colour, and let the blacks keep to theirs, and not have brought into this world a race, that God, when he created the world, did not put into it. *He* made whites, and blacks, and copper colours of all shades, but *we* are the offspring of guilt and shame. OUR COLOUR NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN. And what is our position? We dare not claim equality with our fathers' kindred, and we scorn to level ourselves to our mothers' people.* There are some among us who feel these things, ma'am, and none more than my poor Julian. It is this that makes him so restless and so gloomy."

"It is only of late, I suppose, that he has entertained these thoughts," remarked Isabella; "since his intercourse with white people in other lands?"

"No, ma'am, from his childhood he used to regret that he was a

* This speech is taken almost verbatim from the words of an intelligent and respectable coloured West Indian woman.

coloured boy. He had a strange disposition—kind, affectionate, and good-hearted, but proud and distant. He was always respectful to those above him, but never would suffer familiarity from any below him. He did not seek to intrude himself upon white people, but he would not associate with blacks.

"When I lived with your good mother, and you and Master Frederick were children, Julian used to play with you; but after you both went to England, he would have no playmates, and his pleasures used to be to seek dangers of all kinds. He would go into the sea with a short thick stick in his hand to fight with the sharks that were swimming around, or would be buffeting the waves in a ground-sea, when the most hardy sailor would scarcely venture into the water. I wished him to learn a trade, and settle quietly among my friends, who, I knew, would help him on; but nothing could induce him to remain here, he *would* go to sea, and now he declares he will leave the vessel he is in merely because it is a West India trader. This, he vows, is to be his last visit to his native country, and he wishes me to go and live in America, where he will be able to see me whenever his ship is in port. But I am getting old, Miss Isabella, too old to seek a home in a land of strangers."

"I sincerely feel for you, my poor Ma'am Sophy," replied Isabella, who had been listening attentively to all she said; "and I feel for Julian, too. It is hard to repress the workings of an ambitious spirit. Men cannot tame down their energies to the mere performance of domestic duties as women do. Enterprise, even though it be accompanied by difficulties and dangers, is *their* vocation; *our* lot renders necessary the cultivation of qualities that are merely passive. *We* have only to acquire patience, and that fortitude which may enable us to bear up in silence against the evils of life. Men can contend with them, ay, and overcome them sometimes."

They had now reached Isabella's habitation, with its open galleries, jalousied windows, and trellised porches, and Sophy, anxious to return to Julian, bade her good night without entering the house.

V.

The night was far advanced, her household had all gone to rest, yet Isabella was still up. The incidents of the evening—the negro's covenant of blood on the lonely shore—her narrow escape from being murdered—the history of Julian's feelings, and old Sophy's striking opinions relative to her own race—the social position of that disowned and disowning race—the state of the black population—and the peculiar circumstances under which the white colonists were placed, all occupied her thoughts too much to admit of sleep.

She sat in that half dreamy mood which, if the imagination be occupied with pleasant visions, is sometimes so delightfully seducing; but so painful when harassing thoughts are crowding on the mind.

Near an open window was placed the sofa on which she half reclined; a pair of wax candles were burning on a table in a recess, but the lamps that hung from the ceiling had been extinguished before her attendants had retired. The room, of which she was the sole occupant, was long and lofty, with two pairs of folding-doors that opened, one, to a lobby or

passage that led to the back door of the house; the other, to a suite of drawing-rooms, on either side of which lay, as if in wings to the house, the sleeping apartments of the family. The "hall" in which Isabella sat had a row of windows reaching to the floor that opened on a little garden terminating in arbours covered with white and purple grapes, bell-apples, and granadilloes. Immediately in front of the windows was a profusion of myrtles and jessamines, mingled with flowers more particularly belonging to tropical climates. Among these were the changing rose, that lovely flower which opens of the most delicate white, becomes a pale pink during the course of a few hours, and by the afternoon has deepened into the hue of the reddest rose—the blossoms of the lofty Scarlet-cordia—the Coral-plant, with its poisonous nut and singular flower like branching coral—and the Marvel of Peru, or Four o'Clock, so called from its opening at the hour of four P.M. of different colours—white, pink, crimson, and yellow.

In short, it was a lovely spot; and as Isabella gazed on the beautiful productions of nature that seemed, as it were, reposing in peace in the calm moonlight, she sighed to think that the evil passions which deform the heart of man—of that being whom the Almighty created in His own image—might lead to acts of devastation and horror even among the soothing softness of these enchanting scenes.

Long had she sat lost in reflection, when on a sudden she felt an indescribable awe, a strange chilling sensation; it was not fear—it was not faintness—it was a sort of supernatural solemnity she had never known before. She looked round, she knew not why, and she beheld—or did fancy deceive her into the belief that she beheld—a dusky figure standing in the obscurity of the arched door at the extremity of the hall, gazing fixedly upon her.

For a moment's space it stood, and for that moment she had neither power to call to it nor to approach it. It was a female figure, and the face seemed black.

"God of Heaven!" was the exclamation that burst from Isabella's lips, as she gazed at the ill-defined form of her midnight visitor. But while yet she continued to gaze, the figure was gone; however it had disappeared, *there* it no longer stood. Isabella now arose, and, taking a candle, she walked with recovered calmness to the door where the figure had seemed to stand. She searched the next room, but no one was there. "It must have been one of the women," said she to herself, "stealing out for some night appointment, and hesitating to proceed when she saw that I was up."

She walked through the passage, but it was empty of human beings; she opened the back door and looked out, no one seemed to be stirring; she returned to the rooms which were appropriated to her waiting-woman, and the other female servants who slept in the house; they were all there, and sleeping soundly. Every apartment in the house did she examine, to find out, if possible, who was the intruder at that unreasonable hour. But nowhere was any one to be seen.

"It was fancy," thought Isabella; "a foolish fancy in consequence of my nerves being a little shaken by the extraordinary incident of my evening walk. I will go to bed; rest will make me think less of the phantoms of evil that have haunted me to-night; and what should I fear,

when I know that there is a protecting God who slumbers and sleeps not, and in whose merciful care I humbly yet firmly put my trust?"

Early next morning a negro woman, with the privileged familiarity of a domestic slave, burst into Isabella's room, and screamed in her ear that there had been a death on the estate the previous night.

"Fu true, missis—pore Celia gane!"

"Celia!" exclaimed Isabella, starting up; "I thought she was better within the last few days?"

"Es, ma'am; but, missis, Deat bery deceitful—he come when we no tink pon he."

"Poor Celia! When did she die?"

"A few minutes before de clock strike two, ma'am, and she last words was to commend her child to missis's care. She begged hard to see missis; she say she would sleep more quieter in de grabe if she could see missis. She wanted bery much to tell someting to missis, but dem would not call you up at dat hour, ma'am."

"They were very wrong. I would certainly have gone to her, poor thing! whatever were the hour; I would gladly have consoled her dying moments. And she expired a few minutes before two? Are you sure of this?" asked Isabella, anxiously, for at that moment she remembered that the hour of two had struck immediately after she fancied she saw a shadowy, dusky form standing in the distant and half-dark doorway of the partially lighted room in which she was sitting the night before.

"Es, missis; I shore she died leely bit before de clock strike two. And dem going to keep de wake to-night, dem will come to missis boom-by for one shroud, and ting for de burying."

"It is a strange coincidence," thought Isabella, falling back on her pillow when the woman had left the room. "What should have caused that extraordinary and indescribable feeling of awful solemnity that came suddenly over me? Could I indeed have been in the presence of a supernatural being—a being hovering between this world and the next? Can it be possible that the soul, ere yet it has winged its flight to the regions of immortality, may be permitted to linger for a moment amidst these earthly scenes, though separated from its substantial form? No, no; it cannot be! Communion there cannot be between the dead and the living; that belief would lead to madness. It was but delusion—the gloomy fancy of an over-excited mind. I will go to see the corpse; the sight of the stiff and inanimate body will best efface from my recollection the impression of last night's waking dream."

In the evening Isabella went, as she had determined, to see Celia's corpse. She drove to the estate, and leaving her carriage at a short distance from the negro houses, she opened the little white gate which led to them, and walked towards the house where the wake was to be held.

Outside of the house were gathered a number of negro men and women, all neatly and cleanly dressed, most of the men in black coats and white pantaloons, the women in white dresses, with white muslin handkerchiefs on their heads, and black silk shawls and ribbons, this being the general negro costume at wakes and funerals.

There was a loud hum of voices, and the sound of laughter might be

distinguished proceeding from some of the groups, while others sat rocking themselves back and forwards on their low chairs, with their elbows on their knees, their heads resting on their hands, and groaning in concert at regular intervals.

As Isabella approached, all became instantaneously silent, and all who had been sitting respectfully arose. Presently there was a murmur of "Eh, eh, da missis—missis bery good to hanour Celia wake."

"How do you do, my friends?" said Isabella, gravely saluting them. "I am very sorry for the occasion that has brought you all here."

"Es, missis—pore Celia—she gane! Her time come—eberybody must die when he time come, missis."

"Very true, my good friends, and therefore, as Death sooner or later *must* come to each, let us all so live that we may be prepared to meet him."

"Eamen!" responded the cracked voice of an old woman in the background; and then came a general groan, as if they were all giving vent to some pious aspiration.

"Missis please to walk in?" asked a portly black woman, who seemed to be acting as mistress of the ceremonies.

Isabella entered the abode of death, and there, on the bed, lay the body of the departed Celia. It was clothed in a long white cotton shroud, with a white cap on the head, tied and ornamented with white satin ribbon. One hand was laid across the breast, while in the other was placed a nosegay of jessamine and the yellow cedar flower. A dimity counterpane, white as snow, covered the bed, and the room was crowded with chairs and wooden stools, many of which had been occupied by black women, who had risen, however, on Isabella's entrance. In a corner stood a mahogany table, laden with refreshments for the wake. These—which had been provided by Mrs. Evelyn—consisted of coffee, sugar, wine, shrub, rum, bread, and cakes of different kinds, the latter covered with a large damask napkin to keep the flies off.

At the head of the corpse stood the negro man who was the reputed father of Celia's child. He did not seem in much grief, but appeared to be eyeing wistfully the goodly row of bottles which were to be uncorked for the evening's *entertainment.*

Isabella had just been told by the women who had witnessed poor Celia's death of her dying wish to see her good mistress, partly to disclose to her a dreadful secret, partly to bequeath her only child to her particular care. She had just assured them that she accepted the solemn trust, and would take the infant under her especial charge, and was inquiring if they had any knowledge of the secret which apparently weighed on poor Celia's mind, when "Dacta Obadiah Tiefhen," the itinerant Methodist preacher, was announced, and the subject necessarily dropped.

After paying his compliments to Mrs. Evelyn, whom he was not a little disconcerted to find among his audience, the pompous and sinister-looking mulatto proposed singing a "pesalum," before "*diffusing a discount upon the solemn evasion*"—*i. e.* "offering a discourse upon the solemn occasion."

Isabella bowed her assent, and Dr. Obadiah forthwith lifted up his

nasal voice and chanted, without mercy, the whole of the 119th Psalm! With exemplary patience Isabella stood it out, but for the "diffusion of the discount" she could not summon fortitude to wait. Leaving an offering of money for the self-conceited Dr. Obadiah, she took her departure amidst the exclamations of "Gar Amighty bless missis!" from the assembled crowd.

Isabella drove home in a more cheerful state of mind, and all traces of gloom were soon put to flight when, on alighting at her own door, she found that Evelyn had just arrived.

After listening to his gay account of his excursion, with all its pleasures and its hardships, Isabella related her more sombre adventure at the old burying-ground, and she was relieved of her worst apprehensions when she found that Evelyn took the same view of the matter as old Sophy had done, and believed that the three negroes were practising some obeah charm, which they were anxious to conceal from the knowledge alike of the whites on the estate and of their own class.

The apparition that had been visible to her, or that her fancy had conjured up, Isabella did not mention. She thought that Evelyn would but laugh at it, and she did not choose to expose herself even to *his* ridicule.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

By W. Charles Kent.

VIII.—SHELLEY AT MARLOW.

'Mid the verdant shade
Of a sylvan glade
That the river's deeps and shallows
Have with crystal floored,
For its emerald sward,
Fringed about with reeds and mallows:

'Neath the beechen leaves
Where the sunbeam weaves,
Overhead, such a glimmering glory,
That the tremulous sheen
Of the blue and the green
Tell again in the stream day's story:

Here in lovely haunt
That a fay might vaunt
As the realm for dreaming, doting;
On the limpid pool,
'Mid the shadows cool,
Lo! a little bark lies floating.

'Tis a shallop frail,
From whose light bows trail
Slackened cords, that some Naiad daughter
To the mossy root
At that gnarled trunk's foot
Surely spanned through the sparkling water.

'Tis a fairy scene,
Where the elves, I ween,
Scarce need wait for their moonlit gambols,
When a dew-gemmed sprite
From each flower can alight,
And quaint Puck from his covert scrambles.

But within the boat,
As it calm doth float
On its cool inverted shadow,
Where green twinklings run,
As when shower and sun
Thrill the grasses of a meadow,

Lo! at ease reclined,
'Twixt the wave and the wind,
Fragile—pale—but with eyes of splendour,
One with air of grace
And seraphic face,
With a soul as serene as tender!

Mark the sweet surprise
In those dreamful eyes
And arched brows of pencilled beauty:
It reveals the wonder
That struggles under
Godlike views of human duty.

For, though young in years,
Yet Love's sighs, Life's tears,
Have anointed as with chrism,
In his vernal age,
Yonder poet-sage—
With all heaven for his azure prism.

High above, far below,
Leaflets stir, waters flow,
While the shallop sways and trembles,
As her darling around,
With most delicate sound,
Nature's love charm on charm assembles.

Far below, to and fro,
As the gleams come and go,
Speckled trout through the rushes glitter:
High above, as they move
Round their nestlings in love,
Little birds 'mid the branches twitter.

Up the slanting stream
Of a solar beam,
Lo! yon blowball slow revolving;
How it swims and burns,
How it wheels and turns,
Till in distant light dissolving.

Not a seed afloat,
Not a golden mote,
Not a gleam of the glancing river,
But hath charmed those eyes
To that sweet surprise,
With a love that will last for ever.

For the fleetest grace
That o'er Nature's face
Flits in magic evanescence,
Shall for ever shine
In the light divine
Of that soul's celestial presence.

With the lark it hies
To the radiant skies,
Trilling down melodious showers;
Through the garden goes,
Where the purpling rose
Reigns the queen of unfading flowers.

'Tis a soul whose love
The green earth above
Aye shall chant like a rhythmic blessing:
Clothe decay with bloom:
Around cradle and tomb
Cling half-sobbing, half-caressing:

O'er the heart's thrilled chords,
With its soul-breathed words,
As Æolian music chiming
'Mid the hush of eyes,
From oft-rustling leaves
Pour the spell of a dulcet rhyming.

Where, as warm tints steal
Through the golden meal
On the king-moth's blood-red pinion,
With a ruby shine
Through each silver line
Passion throbs as in life's dominion.

What though brief the span
Of that life as Man,
There thy Angel-life ne'er slumbers
Where its pulses bound
With immortal sound
In thy wild harmonious numbers!

So recline at ease
'Neath the beechen trees,
Ever thus to my Fancy's vision,
Like a shade afloat
In a spectral boat
In a solitude Elysian.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In the Years 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

VIII.

THE MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

It was on one stormy night in May, 1805, that I was returning home after having attended the death-bed of one of my patients. A bleak wind blew down the narrow streets, the sky was covered with clouds, and I met no one as I hurried on, my thoughts harrowed by the painful scene I had just witnessed. It was a young man who had been cut off in the bloom of youth, and I had attended the case with deep interest for some time past, but my art had failed: I was powerless to save him from the common doom, and his eyes had but just closed in death. Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by the low, deep tone of a bell, which vibrated upon the wind, and then was still. I paused. Again the sound was repeated; some life had likewise run its course, and the body was to be interred at the solemn hour of midnight, was my natural conclusion. A spirit of curiosity seized me: I was in a fit state of mind to be present at a sight such as I knew this could not fail to be; so, turning, I bent my steps towards the grave-yard, whilst each toll of the bell seemed to vibrate in my heart, and a voice repeated in my ear the word, "Death, death!" It was as if the bell pronounced the doom of all that is earthy in its deep, mournful tone.

I stood in the open market; a black group of figures had gathered in the centre. I paused, for I knew it was the funeral procession, and I did not wish to intrude upon the mourners.

The coffin-bearers were resting from their labour, but soon and silently they raised their heavy burden up again, and proceeded on their way. I followed at a little distance; my heart was full, not with individual sorrow, but with that which touches every human heart at times such as these—sympathy in the common woe we all have to bear.

At length we reached the grave—the coffin was lowered slowly down. The heavens, which had till now been shrouded by dark clouds, parted, and the moon shone lovingly upon the coffin. I saw the faces of the by-standers, and recognised many: they were young artists and students of the town, whom I had often met. The coffin disappeared from our sight into the cold, dark grave, the clouds closed over the moon, and a bleak wind blew, howling across the quiet churchyard. I heard a suppressed sob, and then the mourners knelt, whilst the touching words of the Lord's Prayer were repeated solemnly.

"Thy will be done!" The broken heart may say those words, but oh, how hard it is to mean and feel what the lips so easily pronounce!

The hinges of the iron door which led to the chamber of death grated. I saw it close, and heard, as if in a trance, the name of Schiller breathed

by one of those who stood around the tomb, and then they all turned slowly away, leaving me alone and still standing unobserved by Schiller's new-made grave.

Was it possible! Had I then been an unconscious witness of the burial of so great a man? Had he, who in his lifetime had stirred so many hearts to reverence and love him—had he been followed to his last home comparatively by so few? Could the genius that had burnt so brightly be extinct, entombed in yonder vault? Oh, no! the mind of man is immortal, and cannot die.

I felt this as I stood by Schiller's grave on that dark night, and believed more firmly than I had ever believed before in a world to come.

A nightingale sang close by, and its warbling note rose up to heaven as if it were an echo from the tomb of him who had so often sung in praise of Nature.

Long did I linger in that peaceful spot, musing on the life of the poet, who had been one of those gifted few who leave an undying track behind them when they sleep—a track of thoughts, the influence of which is unbounded, incalculable.

"Ruhe sanft!" I murmured, as I had done over my father's grave the year before, and then I, the intruder, turned homewards, and left the slumberer to his long, long sleep.

Heilig, heilig, heilig bist du, Gott der Grüfte!
Wir verehren dich mit Graun!
Erde mag zurück in Erde stäuben
Fliegt der Geist doch aus dem morchen Haus!
Seine Asche mag der Sturmwind treiben,
Seine Liebe dauert ewig aus.

Schiller died on a Friday of the disease which had so long tormented him, and it was expected that he would have been interred on Sunday, but it was found necessary that the funeral should take place before. Goethe was ill at the time, and grieved bitterly for the loss of his friend. A gloom hung over our little town; one of its bright stars had set, and every one loved Schiller. The theatre was closed, and the circumstances of the poet's death talked over by people who had seen and heard so much of him that they felt as if they were his acquaintances, though in reality they were not.

Thus the first rain-drop of the storm which was to break over our little capital fell, and we all felt its influence more or less.

The tragedies committed the year before on the Duc d'Enghien, General Pichegru, and Captain Wright, had all come to our hearing. The audacious seizure of Sir George Rumbold, English minister at Hamburg, on German ground, was an insult rightly resented by Prussia. France's hope of anything like freedom was annihilated; Moreau, the principal leader of the republican party, was in exile; and there was no opposition to the all-powerful sway of Napoleon, who had now openly declared himself the despot he was, and had crowned himself emperor, sanctified by the blessing of no less a personage than the Pope of Rome. Europe, with the exception of three nations, bowed before him, but they little knew then how much lower he intended them to bow ere two more years had run their course.

In the spring of 1805 a new coalition was formed against France by Russia, England, and Sweden. Austria at length joined, but Prussia was slow in her movements. The home politicians of every nation speculated and wondered, and were enraged, pleased, and alarmed by turns. Scanty news and false reports kept the public mind in great excitement, and led to grievous misconceptions and errors among us, but we talked on, and thought we knew all about it, and as this was a very pleasant delusion, and did no one any harm, why might not we indulge in our political gossip? Rosenthal could no longer restrain his longing to become a soldier; and one day, in a rash moment of excitement, he threw up the appointment he held in Weimar, with the firm intention of joining the Prussian army.

"I am going," was the abrupt way in which he announced the fact to me one evening.

"Where?" I asked.

"To Berlin for the present. I intend joining the army. Have you not heard the news?"

"No," I replied.

"How does that happen? All the town is talking of it. General Mack has capitulated without hazarding a blow, and Ulm has been evacuated. I cannot sit still in these stirring times—I must fight. I feel like a dog that is chained up and cannot get at the man who is irritating it. Prussia will have to join in the thick of it ere long, so I am off, Hans," he said, with determination.

"And your wife?" I asked.

"Oh, she likes me to go; she says the army is the proper place for all those who are able to join it."

"Do you intend leaving her quite alone?" again I asked.

"There's the difficulty; but I think I see a way to obviate it. Part of your house is to let, is it not, Hans?"

I nodded an assent.

"Will you accept of her and my boy as tenants?"

I thought for a few moments; the plan to all appearance was an excellent one, but was it altogether wise?

"Do you hesitate?" asked Rosenthal, looking sharply at me, his brow slightly contracted.

"No; I accept your proposal with pleasure. Let Ida come to us; my mother will watch over her, and if public affairs should grow worse, she may be a comfort to her whilst you are in danger."

Rosenthal took my hand and pressed it. "Thank you. This arrangement is a great relief to me. I cannot stay at home," he added, as if excusing himself. "Oh that Prussia would throw off this mask of peace; we are all boiling with impatience to attack the French. They tell me Napoleon's army is advancing. Let it, I say, and we will show him what Germans are made of."

"Our hopes rest on Prussia," I said.

"And on ourselves," my companion added. "Let every man be true to his country, all holding the same views, bent on the same object; let us stand together, civilian and soldier, peasant and king, and I would not give a whiff of tobacco for Napoleon's chances."

These were Rosenthal's principles when he left Weimar to join the

army, and placed his wife and child under my roof. Ida said little about her husband's departure, but I often saw traces of tears in her eyes as she came down to breakfast with us. "Had she spent a sleepless night?" I asked myself, and my heart bled for her silent grief.

Little Ernst quite approved of his father's determination, and told us long histories of what he intended to do when he was a man, and could go and fight under his father, who, according to his ideas of quick promotion, was to be a great general directly. Ernst was very vivacious on the subject, and would even succeed at times in drawing a happy smile from his pale, quiet mother.

Vienna fell, the capital of the German empire was in the hands of Napoleon, and, to his deep and lasting shame, the Elector of Bavaria was enriched by a share in the military stores plundered from the arsenals. Whilst smarting under this blow, we heard of the total defeat of Napoleon's navy at the battle of Trafalgar, and this, at least, was a small satisfaction; but what could Prussia be doing? why was not its power joined to that of Austria and Russia? United, they might have effected much. Report said Prussia held to Napoleon in the hope that the imperial crown of Germany might be conferred by him on the house of Brandenburg. Was it possible that old jealousies could thus be acted on, when everything was at stake? I did not believe the report, for I trusted in Prussia.

The battle of Austerlitz was lost, the Emperors of Russia and Germany were beaten, and we sat by our fires, trembling.

"Where will it end?" sighed my mother, as she drew her chair closer to mine. Alas! I could not tell her. My heart misgave me, and I shook my head.

"Why do you despond?" said Ida, coming from the dark corner where she had been sitting. "There is not a man who will not rise to fight for Germany. The French *must* be driven back."

"Must!" I repeated, smiling at her woman's energy. "We want unity," I continued. "Our long indifference to all political affairs benumbs us; we are not one nation, but many, and all our separate interests must be merged into the one common cause—the freedom of our fatherland—or we shall most surely fail."

"Do not fear," said she, confidently; "we shall unite and drive back the common foe. Napoleon does not threaten Saxony, Würtemberg, or any state in particular, but he threatens the whole, and as a whole we shall rise, for there is not a heart that does not beat true to Germany."

"There are many who hope to secure their own interests through the instrumentality of Napoleon," I said, gravely; "and there are others, again, who hope for political salvation through him."

"Impossible; you wrong the nation," she cried.

"No, you do not understand me. I mean, that in striving against Napoleon they hope that petty interests and numberless parties may by this common point of union become politically one. This is earnestly to be desired, but I cannot help foreseeing many trials, and a bitter, deadly struggle."

Ida heard but rarely from her husband, and his letters, when they did come, were full of politics, which was not altogether satisfactory to her,

although every one felt a more or less personal interest in the public events of the time. He complained bitterly of the inactivity of the Prussian government.

"Public opinion is not now what it used to be here; every one is against France," he said. "People look with suspicion on Count Von Haugwitz, and many doubt his capacity as a diplomatist. The king detests war, but this shallow peace cannot last. The people jeered at us when we returned from the frontier, but what could we do? Ours was involuntary inaction; nothing would have pleased us better than to have marched into Moravia. General Rüchel, our commander, is greatly incensed, and, from what I hear, he has offended the king. I suppose we are all to go to sleep again now. Prince Louis is entirely on the side of war, and the hearts of us soldiers are with him. If we are but allowed to meet Napoleon in the field, there is not a doubt but we shall teach him a lesson."

Thus Rosenthal wrote to his wife, and his confidence inspired me with an entire reliance on Prussia in the event of war.

The Confederation of the Rhine was formed, and Napoleon arrogantly named himself the protector of these his sub-governors. I must now record an event that enraged the German people more, perhaps, than any of the cruelties of which the ambitious tyrant was guilty, and which has left a lasting stain on the name of the conqueror of Europe; I speak of his murder of the bookseller Palm, whom he caused to be decoyed from home, and shot for refusing to reveal the name of the author of a small pamphlet he had published, entitled, "On the Humiliation of Germany." There was not one human being throughout the empire whose blood did not boil at this atrocity, and who did not long to wreak vengeance on the head of him who was the instigator of this crime.

Hanover had been added to Prussia at the treaty of Vienna, but now it was discovered that Napoleon, in his negotiations with England, had said he would offer no opposition to the rightful claims of the monarch of that kingdom, George III.; Prussia at length was roused from her lethargy; it was said the king had yielded to the almost universal cry for war. General Frederic von Knoblesdorf was sent to Paris, and the next thing we heard at Weimar was the report that Napoleon had entered Germany at the head of a large army. War then was, indeed, commenced amongst us; we looked at each other and asked how it would end.

Just about this time I received a happy, peaceful letter from Schlosser, in which not one word of politics was mentioned. He seemed entirely ignorant of what was going on, or, perhaps, he was not sufficiently interested to write about it. A council of war was established at Weimar, and we heard that the Prussian head-quarters were at Erfurt. Ida's heart beat when she thought of her husband. Where was he? was he destined to be in the thick of the battle, which every one felt sure could not be far distant? We had received no news of him whatever since the Prussian army entered Thuringia, when one day a messenger came over to us with a letter from him, saying that he was with the small detachment under General Tauentzien, near Hof, protecting the magazines, and that it was generally believed that this district would be the scene of the warmest conflict. He spoke as if in high spirits, and begged us to write a few lines to him, which Ida was only too ready to do.

Weimar was completely surrounded by troops, and it is impossible to describe the state of excitement into which the town was thrown. Reports were in constant circulation, and no one was quite sure what to believe. My aunt came to us several times, and told us that the Grand-Duke Karl August was stationed somewhere near Arnstädt; that the troops were said to have no confidence in their commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, and that the generals were not of one mind as to how they ought to proceed. People said that the Queen Louise had by far the coolest judgment, and it was a pity she had not the rule instead of the king, who was blinded by his councillors. Then came reports that a battle had been fought and the French repulsed with incredible loss, and next we heard that Weimar was to be attacked, and the duke had especially requested his palace should be protected. Now arrived the more correct intelligence that the French were advancing, and almost immediately afterwards the sad news of the attack at Saalfeld, the bravery of Prince Louis of Prussia, and his death, which was all but too surely confirmed.

Ida was greedy after news of all kinds; she received one more short note from her husband through a military friend of Count von P., which had been written under difficulties, and all he had time to say was, that the magazines at Naumburg had been blown up, and that Soult had driven Tauentzien out of Hof. "We fought hard," he wrote, "but what could our small force do against such numbers? I have escaped unhurt, but poor R. was shot dead by my side. Everything appears in confusion; I do not know how the army is situated, or what we are to do; my duty is to attend to orders, the result is on the responsibility of the generals."

This letter caused her more tears than no news would have done, for it showed how pressing the danger was hourly becoming. That the Prussians would be successful in the end none of us doubted, but a victory is only gained by great sacrifice of human life, and who would fall the victims, was a question held in suspense over us all. My aunt came to us in great distress one day; she had heard of the death of a near relative of her husband, who had been shot whilst fighting in Prince Louis's corps. She was very desponding, said there had been rumours of another battle, and she feared the French might march to Weimar. Count von P. would not quit the town, although she was frightened out of her senses. He would not believe in danger, and trusted entirely to the Prussian army. "Come to our house if the danger presses," she said to my mother; "it would be safer to be together if what I fear comes true." I joked her about her alarms, assured her they were groundless, that if a battle did take place, the Prussians would not choose the Thuringian hills for the scene of action. "Depend upon it, they are only waiting to concentrate their forces, and will then march on to meet the enemy on more advantageous ground." I said a great deal more nonsense to comfort her; I reasoned blindly on a subject I did not understand, and though I did not in the least believe my own arguments, I had the satisfaction of cheering her.

"Well, Hans," she ended by saying, "the French are at Naumburg, you cannot deny that; but perhaps they will not come our way, but pursue their course towards Leipsic."

I saw my mother wince at this. She thought of Veronica and her husband living in happy security, and I doubt not pictured to herself all the unknown horrors of war, for to us they were as yet as personally unknown as if the armies were fighting in a foreign country.

"Mind you come under my protection if anything dreadful happens," said my aunt, somewhat playfully. "Never mind what Hans says; he is not fit to take care of you, so come direct to our house. Good night, Herr Hopeful."

"Good night," we rejoined. And thus it was we parted on the evening of the 13th of October, 1806.

DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER.

Wednesday, September 1, 1854.

I AWOKE this morning with the memory of a dream of green trees, and birds, and running water; and the first sounds I heard seemed to keep up the delusion, for, besides the noise of the water, slightly agitated by a light breeze, I heard, on all sides around me, a continuous whistling, as if I was in the midst of a multitude of birds. I came on deck; the noise proceeded from the piping of the boatswain's mates. The delusion is dissipated, but the scene before me appears hardly as real when I attempt to analyse it. We are in the centre of the fleet, the *Waly* being surrounded by thirty-two ships of the line. A three-decker is athwart her bows; a French liner, the *Bayard*, is within fifty yards of our stern; starboard is our friend the *Simeon*, known by his two funnels, and larboard is the huge hulk of the *Britannia*. The other ships of the fleet form outer circles, the most remote not being out of rifle range. Now each of these ships has a solemn significance; it is a symbol of England's power, and not only a symbol of that mystic sway, but a real concentration of it in its most effective form. On an average, each of these thirty-two ships contains seven hundred men. There are, therefore, within a radius of a mile, twenty-two thousand fighting men. Each ship is isolated from the others more effectually than one prison on land is isolated from another, so that these floating fortresses, armed with the most formidable powers of destruction, are garrisoned with men who cannot desert. Thus, though Britain has few fortifications on her own soil, she sends her wooden castles to destroy the fortresses of other countries which are built on the solid land, and at the same time that she assails the territory of her enemy she protects her own. From a fortress on land incursions can only be made in the country it is meant to defend, or, if beyond its boundaries, only to a short distance and at the greatest risk; but the locomotive forts of England can sweep the shores of the enemy's coast for hundreds of miles, seizing her merchant navy, blockading her ports, burning and destroying all stores and arsenals, and, if it please the government, all private property on the coast, or within any accessible creek, and thus inflicting losses to which the marauding incursions of the garrisons of

frontier fortresses are but trifling injuries. Much better, therefore, in every way, as compared with stationary fortifications, is our system of floating forts, which gives us perfect security on the defensive, and in the aggressive is the means of inflicting the greatest humiliation and injury on the enemy.

Observe, we secure all these advantages at present nearly with impunity. We are under no necessity of attacking the forts either on the Black Sea or the Baltic. We may let them alone. The option of attack is with us. The enemy cannot come to us, while we can go to them when and how we please.

The world, meantime, is anxiously awaiting the solution of the problem, whether, in a stand-up fight, the batteries of ships or the batteries on land are superior? The mobility of the ships gives them an advantage, as they can constantly alter the point of attack and the distance of their range, and thus secure to some extent the advantages of surprise. Owing to their smaller bulk, they are, besides, not so good a mark for the shore batteries as these are to them, while, with respect to comparative liability to injury, it is true the ships are liable to be set on fire by red-hot shot, but the Russian forts built of granite will be shivered and cracked by the balls and shells of the fleet, while a small hole, easily filled up, is the general effect of the projectile on a ship. In addition, the ships can withdraw from the contest and again return, whereas the forts must abide the brunt of the battle so long as the ships choose to continue their attack.

Three P.M.—We have had two days of active business. By one o'clock to-day we had sold three-fourths of our cargo, when we were boarded by a boat from the French admiral, who sent his steward to negotiate the purchase of our remaining cargo and the charter of our brig as a transport. The bargain was easily closed; the goods have been removed, and the *Waly* is no longer a bum-boat.

We are ordered to go in nearer land, to take on board some military stores, and we are accordingly sailing slowly in, the admiral's steward and a naval officer directing our movements.

Five P.M.—We have taken on board a number of tents, which we have piled on deck, and our hold has been loaded with hay. We have also got twenty French soldiers under a lieutenant, who are to stow themselves away as best they can. They have accordingly made themselves pretty snug in the bow and stern.

A great many vessels have arrived to-day. The embarkation is rapidly going on. We see them hoisting horses and military stores from the steam-tugs into the transports. Boats loaded with men swarm from the land to the ships, and then row back again for another cargo. Every ship, as its load is completed, fires a salute, and all the bands are at present playing all varieties of tunes. A Babel of voices is heard in all directions, broken now and then by the fine cheer of Old England. It is well the isolation occasioned by the ships prevents the contagion of sympathy, aggravating to madness the excitement which must exist in the numerous societies into which the immense multitude is broken up.

Eight P.M.—The fleet is illuminated. Boat-loads of men, horses, artillery, ammunition, are moving rapidly from the shore. We see the decks of the transports gradually become black with men. Steamers of all sizes are dashing about; some towing transports to the points of embarkation,

others with their living cargoes for the transports. The evening is beautiful; the headlands which line the coast loom large in the imperfect light, and assume fantastic battlemented shapes.

Eleven P.M.—All is still. Every one in the vast array seems asleep. Our party of soldiers are lying on the deck in that sound sleep which campaigning makes easy under any circumstances. The moon is obscured; the water is perfectly still, gleaming here and there with the reflexions of the light from the ships' masts, seeming as if from a galaxy of brilliant stars over our heads. On our right side are the huge hulks of the *Britannia* (the admiral's flag-ship) and the *Ville de Paris*, brought out darkly and gigantically by the quivering light. Around us in every direction, far as the eye can now pierce, are ships of war. Huge, mysterious steamers, merchantmen, and transports of all sizes. All still, immovable; and, save that we see the sentries pacing the gunwales of the men of war, we might think the crews had been suddenly annihilated by pestilence, or that the ships had drifted in the ocean for long years, until all life on board had died away, and that here in Varna Bay, by some ghastly influence, had assembled the navy of the perished world.

Varna, September 2.

The bay of Varna must at present contain a thousand sail of all descriptions, from the line-of-battle ship to the bum-boats. All possible varieties of size and rig are here, the flags of every nation but Russia wave in the breeze, and sailors speaking all languages may be found among their crews. The allied fleet presents the strongest naval array that ever sailed, while the force which it is to convey is fully three times the magnitude of that which constituted the expedition to Egypt or Portugal. So long as it keeps together, it is safe against the combination of all the rest of the world; and, seeing the vast preparation going on around us, and impressed with the accumulation of power, we feel as certain of its success as if Sebastopol were taken. And yet—and yet—— But no, failure is impossible; even the winds and the waves, though they fought for Russia as they did for our Queen Elizabeth, could not destroy the present expedition.

Could they not? Realise the idea of a storm. The wind a hurricane, the ships at its mercy, the steamers barely able to keep head against it, liable every moment to be engulphed by the waves, which rush over their decks, eager to punish man's presumption; the night pitch dark, save when the lightning reveals the scene of wild disorder; ships running against each other, the heavier sinking the lighter, and rushing past before they can even hear the scream of the drowning men; the transport ships, loaded with soldiers, who are below decks, with portholes battened down, and in the stifling darkness rolling on one another as the ship plunges over some mightier wave, yet not one accent of fear from their choking ranks—silent, stern, resolved, ready to meet death—the roar of the winds, occasionally broken by the signal-guns of distress, or by the thunder, and, above the noise of the thunder and the guns, is heard the collision of two ships-of-war; then a heavy grating noise, a wild clamour of voices, and again the wind and the thunder. A war steamer is on fire in the engine-room, and its speed cannot be checked; down it comes before the wild wind, blazing in the dark night, faster

than a race-horse. Vain to attempt to evade the fiery demon; no helm has power in the hurricane; it crushes onward, sinking streets of small craft, until at last it strikes, with a force to express which language has no image, right midships the noble three-decker, and cuts its way, wedge-like, into its huge sides, rolling it over till its tall masts touch the water. Into the gaping wound gushes the tide, and the ship, with its five hundred sailors and one thousand soldiers, disappears, dragging with it, as if in a vice, the burning steamer. Picture these scenes repeated throughout the scattered yet huddled armament. Suppose the storm to have lasted all day, and that towards night we hear the surf on the shore, to which the ships are hopelessly drifting. Try it, ye giant steamers with gleaming funnels! It is possible to save a remnant. Quick! attach the towing-lines, then turn, and, with all steam, out to sea! It may be that by infinite pressure you may beat the gale. The attempt is made: in some instances the cable holds, in others it breaks, and the ships are on the rocks. Two steamers blow up, and suddenly the storm is hushed, the sea is quieted, the rain ceases, the clouds break, and the calm moon comes forth to gaze on the scene of devastation, and to guide by her light back to Varna the baffled Armada of England and France.

This may actually happen, by the ordinary course of nature, within three days; therefore, let us not by self-congratulation provoke the Nemesis. England is strong, and so is France; but Nature is stronger, and has at her command powers of destruction more potent than those now accumulated in Varna Bay.

September 5.

Eleven A.M.—The first division of the fleet sailed early this morning. The light division is following.

I have got a copy of the English general orders for the embarkation, and I have just read them. I am glad to see we adhere to the Wellingtonian style, and utterly reject all fanfaronade in warfare. The programme of a masonic procession, or of a railway opening, may be heralded by some declamation, but the English feel war to be a solemn thing. Nothing could be more prosaic than these general orders, and nothing could be clearer or more comprehensive. Any allusion to any other subject but simply the work to be done seems carefully avoided. There is not a hint of glory; the word duty even is not mentioned. The general does not say he relies on his troops; all this is subsumed, and the entire attention of those charged with responsibility is directed to their individual tasks. Now this dry, curt style implies more grandeur than the most florid declamation, because it rests on the basis of a national greatness. The general knows that the English character rises in the crisis of danger, and develops energies of which, in ordinary circumstances, it gives no token. Nor does he rely on his soldiers the less because their courage is undemonstrative till the peril comes.

In his proclamation and general orders the English leader must adapt himself to this national character. To address his troops in the style of the first Napoleon, or even in that of the Arnauds and Hamelins of the present day, would excite surprise and disgust in his soldiery, and demonstrate his own incapacity to command.

September 6.

The English fleet have now nearly all left. They form a long serpentine line, about six miles long, and on an average one mile deep. They have kept time beautifully, maintaining ship with ship nearly the precise distances from each other as when they started. The French fleetdoes not appear to have been so quick in embarking, owing, perhaps, to a want of aptitude in the trade of transporting human beings, which is familiar to us.

Noon.—We have weighed anchor, and have been taken in tow, with several other small craft, by a steamer.

Nine P.M.—We have cast anchor out of sight of land. In every direction, far as the eye in the fading light can see, nothing but ships. It seems the same scene as in Varna Bay, only we have no shore boundary.

September 10.

Four P.M.—We have been sailing since the 6th along with the fleet without any incident occurring worthy of being mentioned. We saw land yesterday near about Odessa. We have had on the whole fine weather, with a light breeze. We have just been signalled to anchor.

September 13.

We are now off Kalamita Bay. A town is visible on the land, apparently of considerable size. It is Eupatoria. The coast seems covered with windmills, so that I suppose it is a good corn country, otherwise it is not very promising, as it looks low and swampy. We are at present at anchor with the rest of the fleet, except the *Spitfire* steamer, which has run in nearer the shore, and seems engaged sounding the bay, so that I suppose they are contemplating landing here. The *Spitfire* must be near enough to see the good people of Eupatoria, who are, no doubt, considerably interested in watching her proceedings.

The *Spitfire* has been signalling for some time, and now we notice five other war steamers approaching her; one we recognise as the *Caradoc*, in which, I understand, Lord Raglan is. The *Caradoc* has a flag of truce flying. We are in expectation of signals to land, but as the day is now drawing on, we suppose it will be deferred till to-morrow. The steamers have returned.

Seven P.M.—We are signalled to be under weigh at two A.M. to-morrow, and to steer S.S.E. for eight miles.

September 14.

At two o'clock this morning rockets were sent up from the French admiral's ship as a signal to move. Accordingly, we proceeded slowly on. At daybreak the fleet offered the most imposing spectacle, moving deliberately as if one motive power impelled the entire armada. We cast anchor at seven o'clock, and the disembarkation immediately commenced. If our division, that is the French, were rather laggard at the embarkation, we have made up for it by our alacrity in landing. The first boat-load reached the shore by seven exactly, and the men in it immediately landed and hoisted the French flag. After eight o'clock the general disembarkation commenced, and I think in about half an hour the French must have landed eight thousand men. It was interesting to observe them deploying as they landed, and spreading over the beach, which, at first quite solitary, has gradually become black with men.

September 15.

The English must have passed a most miserable night, as they are only now landing their tents, which, as the rain is over, must rather increase their murmurs than abate them. Even the Turks have managed better, as we see their tents covering several square miles to the north. Many an ague must have been caught last night in the English army, and the cholera, which had been disappearing, will have got another chance, of which no doubt he will avail himself.

I thought the disembarking had been over yesterday, but it is still going on, and the beach is swarming like a wasp's nest, or rather like an ant colony, since every one, though running about in apparent disorder, nevertheless assists the general operation. The spirit of order and discipline reigns throughout, and gradually the different regiments are grouping themselves together. As yet, however, all are "at ease," and in general engaged in the welcome task of cooking or eating breakfast. The tents are rising here and there in the English camp, specks of white canvas amidst the dense masses of the troops. We can make out sentries pacing at the entrance of some of them.

The horrible music of Scotland is beginning to be heard, mingled with the réveil of the bugle and the more measured performance of some regimental bands trying to beat their drums dry and blow some heat into their damp bodies.

Our troops are as gay as crickets, for, although the rain must have penetrated most of the tents, as it did those of the English, the sun is already hot enough to dry them, and the French are adepts in that philosophy which makes the best of circumstances.

A fine set of fellows they are in our mess, utterly reckless of the past, the present, or the future; model food for powder, with sharp, half-developed features, like English faces, salted and smoked, but the expression is one of alacrity and confidence, of hope and ambition; for, unlike our troops, who fight under the cold shade of aristocracy, every French soldier now, as in the time of the first Napoleon, carries a possible marshal's bâton in his havresack.

I have accustomed myself to the lieutenant's French, or rather he adapts it to my comprehension, but his brother officers speak so volubly that I can only catch occasionally their meaning, but find it impossible to carry on conversation. So I sat silently and mused on the strange chance which has landed me in a camp tent, in the midst of French officers, with whom I am already hail fellow well met.

Not one of them, not even my friend the lieutenant, knows my name nor cares to know it, and not one individual in the whole French army has the smallest interest in my welfare; nay, not one solitary Frenchman in the wide domains of Louis Napoleon ever heard, or in all probability ever will hear, anything about me. Now, of the twenty-three million who thus ignore my existence, each individual is as full of his own importance as I am of mine, and, indeed, the greater number never having realised their real isolation amidst the whole body of the lessees of the earth, must have a much greater idea of their importance than I have. Few, like me, have sailed two months in a bum-boat, and after having had their reflective powers morbidly developed, been suddenly flung, friendless and alone, into the multitude of strangers.

Therefore, no doubt fully twenty million fret and fume their petty hour on the stage of France, fully convinced that they are something, and thanking God, openly or tacitly, that they are not as other men. And why not? Let them enjoy their self-importance; let them fancy the cage in which they dwell to be the world, and the some dozen or two who know them by name, and who would eat, and drink, and sleep not the less though they were gone,—let them think these represent its inhabitants: their delusion is as good as any other; far better than any I have to offer in exchange.

"Knowledge," says Solomon, "is more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than fine gold." But Solomon is not very consistent, and his own authority may often be quoted against him. He has also said that knowledge increaseth sorrow. For my own part, if there were any magazine or warehouse in which good comfortable delusions could be purchased, I would offer in barter all my rubies, which are none, and even a portion of my gold, though altogether it consists only of thirty sovereigns, and a credit for as many at Vienna. Ah, Solomon, if you had not been so completely *désillusionné*—if you could but have built a few castles in the air, like the temple of Jerusalem—if you could but have imagined a finer and brighter being than any of your six hundred wives and infinite concubines, you would have been a happier man, and not have written that first chapter in Ecclesiastes, nor gone after the gods of the heathen.

But delusions once dissipated are not to be reproduced. We get cold, and difficult to please; the pleasures of imagination are put aside with the toys of our childhood. We clothe ourselves with the homespun of convention and common sense, and buy our pleasures with the current coin of the realm, even though cheated twenty per cent. in the name of agio, as we are in the Crimea.

September 18.

Thanks to my civilian's dress, I am allowed to wander at will over the vast encampment, so that I am in all its localities, and can find my way from one part of the canvas city to another as easily as I do in Gloucester, which contains about half the population.

Shakspeare, with his happy choice of epithets, speaks of the *pomp* and *circumstance* of glorious war. The pomp needs no unfolding. Every one can imagine flags and trumpets, plumed Highlanders and glittering cavalry. They may see it at Astley's much grander than the reality; (!) but only they who have served a campaign will recognise the aptness of the other epithet, as describing the obtrusiveness and palpability of military importance. The *circumstance* of rich men and of men of rank, and in general of the whole class of dons, is in part ideal, and requires filling up by the imagination; but the circumstance of a colonel at the head of his regiment is a real fact, while generals and commanders seem to be Fates charged with the destiny of man. Nor is the circumstance, like the pomp, adventitious—a thing which may be dispensed with; it is involved in the very idea of an army, which could not exist without the chasms which military rank interposes between the different grades, making the highest somewhat awful and mysterious to the dazzled eyes of subalterns and soldiers.

But at present the circumstance of glorious war is nearly as highly

appreciated by the civilian as by the military man, for the interest attending the present contest is becoming more and more engrossing, and likely to put in the shade all other subjects. Before 1848 it was otherwise: war and warriors were at a discount, and literature and science were the channels into which the impulse of the human race was thrown. But the interest directed towards war is the more intense. It is a simple subject on which every one can have some opinion, whereas while literature and science were in the ascendant the topics of interest were infinite in number, and, instead of converging towards one prominent idea, they radiated outwards to the wide circumference of knowledge. Only the philosopher of universal acquirements took any interest in the general progress. Scientific men, although interested in discovery in those sciences which they cultivated, took little account of the advance in other directions; while men of ordinary education, and the public in general, never thought of looking at the direction of the current down which they were insensibly floating. Nevertheless, the intellectual movement was worthy of attention and admiration, for never did war nor invasion so completely change the face of the world as did the progress of knowledge during the years intervening between Waterloo and 1848. If we were adequate to the task, we would like to give an analysis of this remarkable period, point out the leading lines of progress, and indicate the more important steps in advance which have been achieved. Not being able to accomplish this task, we make one general remark, namely, that the intellectual progress we have made brings into striking relief the disproportion between the length of human life and the immense apparatus of pursuits, businesses, knowledge, and relations which present themselves to man. The *pomp* of life is absurdly exaggerated as compared with its *circumstance*. The musicians are more numerous than the soldiers, and the banners and flags float so thick in the air they nearly hide the army; or, to alter the image, we seem to see the clothes of Micromegas laid out for Tom Thumb, or provisions sufficient for an army stored up for the use of a single soldier.

This disproportion was not so striking before Waterloo. Threescore years and ten seemed then a period of life well proportioned to the state of knowledge and variety of interests then in the world. And if we go still further back in history, the relation becomes inverted, and twenty years seem enough to exhaust the limited varieties of experience. Let us get still nearer the origin of man, when life becomes most simple, dwindling down to a pastoral or hunting state, and we see the duration of existence immeasurably extended, and the antediluvians, who transmitted through Noah neither sciences nor arts, enjoying an average period of life of five hundred years.

POSSIBILITIES.

BEYOND VISION.—III.

By Edward P. Rowsell.

We wish we had the means of carrying out the following curious design. From the vilest haunt in London we should like to rescue the most degraded and depraved girl of about thirteen years of age whom we might be able to find. This miserable creature we should like to raise by slow degrees to the highest point of refinement. Tardily but completely we should remove from her every sign of her former condition, until at length we might introduce her to the world as an elegant, graceful, and accomplished young lady. It would be so strange to watch the progress of improvement. The exterior losing day by day its coarseness, the mind expanding, the heart softening, the crushed and deadened spirit rising and smiling in the new and heavenly light. How it would make us glow with pure pleasure to observe this battle between good and evil, between beauty and deformity, and watch the gradual incoming of happiness and peace where before wretchedness and vice had reigned supreme.

Now it might have been that we had had the power of gratifying this strange fancy. If we had, what a vast alteration would have occurred in the fate of some Susan Smith or Betsy Brown, revelling now in a polluted region of this great city. We will say that, roaming abroad one night, we had made a capture of Susan Smith in one of the hideous nooks about Southwark. We had found her as deplorable a specimen of misery and vice as could have been selected. And we had put her under the treatment we have sketched; and the results had been those we have imagined. Well, what then? Why, it would appear that Susan Smith might now be a virtuous, engaging, well-educated young woman. Yes, instead of what? Instead of being a blot upon the land and a curse—instead of lying at this moment, a despairing reprobate, on an hospital bed, to be quickly exchanged for a pauper's grave.

Reader, you must have heard plenty of charity sermons. And you must have remarked in sermons for penitentiaries, schools, and such institutions, the preacher has always laid immense stress upon the moral responsibility resting upon the good and the wealthy to reform and to teach the wicked and the ignorant among the poor. The pious advocate has almost gone the length of saying, that with you it will lie whether or no certain souls shall be saved. If you give so much money to a particular reformatory, a number of cases which cannot now be admitted will be instantly received, a great mercy now unavoidably withheld will be delightedly supplied, a vast blessing now of necessity kept back will be proffered with gladness, and will, most assuredly, be grasped with joy. And there is nothing extravagant in this. Doubtless it would seem that evil might be nearly uprooted from the land if the help extended to our backsliding or needy fellow-creatures were commensurate with their requirements. Vice would shrink and cower amazingly if virtue were fairly to buckle on her armour, and, girding herself with all the weapons with

which her holy character supplies her, were to refuse to know slumber until her mortal foe should lie prostrate in the dust.

But we know well that good has never assumed this determined aspect, or played this vigorous part. Thousands of wretched creatures who apparently might have been wrenched from evil have lived and perished in it, and every day destruction embraces many a weak and laden heart, simply, it might seem, because no kind and influential friend has stood forth in the service of truth to startle with the cry "Forbear!" and to soften with the whisper, "Come!"

Now, if many a man at this moment high uprearing his head in conscious honesty would have been, but for certain favourable circumstances which moulded his character and marked his course, an atrocious villain, and if many a fallen creature whose bones moulder in a dishonoured grave would have been, but for certain *un*favourable circumstances which beset his path, dodged his steps, worked upon his weaknesses, and poisoned his soul, a true and faithful worker, a curious inquiry must, of necessity, present itself, how far "circumstances" affect the moral responsibility of every living being.

If I had found and taken charge of Susan Smith, and almost forced her into virtue by my unremitting care of her, how far could she be considered meritorious over Betsy Brown, who remained a miserable profligate simply because no hand drew her from her degradation, and held her in the right path? My choice might have lighted upon Betsy Brown, and then she might have been raised to respectability, leaving Susan Smith to live and die among the hopelessly depraved. Look around. As I journey along the streets, I behold a being so fearfully disfigured, such a frightful spectacle, that I turn away sick and horrified. I see a man dragged between two policemen, followed by the lowest rabble. I hear that this wretched creature has just murdered his wife in a fit of fury occasioned by intoxication. He has been seized, he has resisted, he has been beaten with staves until his features have become almost undistinguishable, he is covered from top to toe with blood and dust, his head lies on his shoulder, he is almost insensible, he will quickly be before a magistrate, he will be committed for trial, he will be tried—will be convicted—will be hung until he is dead—will be——What then? Who shall answer? Who shall dare to say, that, this awful misery ended, worse torment shall begin? Reader, I tell you solemnly, that while, without being a pharisee, I hold myself as free from tendency to dark guilt as most men—while, not as a mere farce and form, but truly and sincerely, I thank God that I am not as this murderer—yet I have no assurance but that I might have been the same, and done the same, had his circumstances been mine. And I have no conviction that because he is what he is and I am what I am, therefore I dare reckon that I am his superior save in the sight of surface-judging men. The truth—the truth—is hidden now. Who shall abide the withdrawal of the cloud which screens it? This appalling outcast might, with my opportunities, have been far better than I am, and I, under his temptations, been far worse than he. Who shall talk of merit, and who shall look down upon his neighbour? The best amongst us will be the lowliest; the highest saint will be the most merciful judge.

And now it is unquestionably a great mystery is this seeming truth,

that we are rather what we are made by circumstances than what we become through listening to or rejecting any counsel within ourselves. Because, inasmuch as there is no such thing as chance, as every event, both great and small, owes its occurrence to some operation of the Master Will which rules all, both above and below, therefore it would appear that, if not actually compelled to the words we say and the actions we perform, we nevertheless are either so led or so driven to the utterance of the former and the committal of the latter, that, to judge us in respect of them, to punish us for the bad and reward us for the good, would appear inconsistent with Supreme Justice and unerring Truth. Survey this murderer. Almost every circumstance from his youth up seemed to tend darkly to the terrible consummation. The offspring of vice, in vice he was nurtured, and vice he was trained to love. Taught no means of obtaining a livelihood save dishonest means, dishonest means he adopted rather than starve. Beaten and bruised when weak as a child, he seemed but to follow out his teaching when, with man's strength, he oppressed and ill-treated such as he could master. Led to drink by misery, incited to quarrel by fever, hurled to murder by madness, cast down groaning and despairing by remorse, goaded to frenzy by fear, and, at the last, dying sullen and unrepentant through the previous death in him of all sensibility, of all power of thought and understanding, are we not in a difficulty when we note how completely some evil influence seems to have clutched and guided this man's fate from the time when light first shone upon him as an infant at the breast to the moment when the executioner's task was done? Mark yonder saint upon his knees. His is no feigned devotion. His whole life has been true and holy, and his death will be blessed. Yet undoubtedly there is an inclination to surmise, that if in infancy the babes had been exchanged, and he who is now a saint had been given over to the sinners, and he who is a murderer had been handed to the saints, their respective courses would have been correspondingly changed, the gallows-tree would have exhibited the body of him who will now fall asleep under angel guardianship, and he would have gone hence, with holy calm, who will now be wrenched away from earth in agony and shame.

There is another point of mystery deserving of notice. It is embraced in the greater marvel of the compatibility of universal providence with final judgment; but it would have existence independently of that wonder, and would remain if the loftier difficulty were done away. We allude to the effect of intercession or prayer. There are many texts in Scripture pointing to the efficacy of intercession, and to intercession *for others*. It would seem as though there might at this moment be a great blessing hovering over, or withheld from me, according as prayer in my behalf may be uttered or restrained by some pious well-wisher. Consider how much the happiness of others enters into both public and private prayer. We pray for the Queen, for all in authority, for bishops and priests. We pray for other nations, for Jews, Turks, and infidels. We pray for the fallen and degraded; the outcast has our prayer, the worst criminal, the most degraded sinner. A man might be contemplating the committal, this very night, of some terrible deed of blood. As far as any irresolution within himself was concerned, it might have absolutely disappeared. A fierce desire, an irrepressible longing, might

have thoroughly assumed sway over him, and he might be counting the moments when the victim should appear, and the opportunity be come. But hark! in an humble cottage, hundreds of miles away, might be seen upon her knees an aged woman, that man's mother. And in a broken voice, prayer upon prayer, entreaty upon entreaty, passionate intercession again and again renewed, might, in the stillness of night, be wafted to the heaven where no prayer is unheard. This fervent supplication might be in behalf of the hardened wretch, whose spirit might be ready, and whose hand might be clenched, for the robbery and the murder. And the supplication might be answered—"Ask and ye shall receive" —the mother's faith might save the son's destruction. In an instant illness might seize the son and lay him prostrate, save him from his terrible deed, open his eyes, during its long and wasting process, to the peril he had escaped, and finally, ere it laid him in his grave, behold him prepared for—*home.*

But what mystery is this! Suppose that the man standing on this terrible precipice had long ago followed his mother to her grave, so that the lips had been cold, and no prayer could be heard! The influence powerful to save him would have been wanting, and we might almost infer the certainty of his condemnation. Yet how difficult it is to understand the dealing which would seem to make a man's present and future welfare dependent on the possession of a fellow-being's love, and that love being shown in one holy manner. This man might have been saved, and another man, not an iota more depraved, might have been lost, the sole difference being the outpouring or the absence of a mother's prayer.

This apparent inequality (if we may for a moment use the phrase) in the Divine ways with man, brings to our mind the parable of the lord who, having given employment to different labourers, for periods varying from one hour to twelve hours, nevertheless, at the day's close, made the same recompense to all. We say (and without the least irreverence) that although as there was the same agreement with all, there was no legal injustice, yet, morally, the arrangement appears exceedingly eccentric, if not unfair. We do not, of course, speak arbitrarily—we would not dare, for that would be impiety; but we look at the narrative, for a while, by the light of human reason, as we contend we may lawfully do, and we judge it by that. When we find, however, that the result of such judgment is to cast discredit upon that which is not necessarily within the grasp of human reason, we say to our judgment, "Be silent, for here there speaketh a greater than thou."

We have heard it suggested that the whole difficulty of this apparent startling variance in the divine dealings with our race may be disposed of by the supposition that there will be a special judgment in each case, and that each will be judged, not by the works which he shall have done, but as he may have embraced the opportunities of good which may have been afforded him. Certainly this idea would wonderfully remove the precise difficulty, but then it would create fresh entanglements even greater than that it would release. To some extent, indeed, with all its drawbacks, we seem compelled to adopt it. Against these intensely barbarous tribes among which all ideas of virtue and vice seem utterly perverted, where violence is honourable and murder is glorious, where revelation never penetrates and truth never speaks, shall we believe the gates of heaven to be inexorably closed? In such

peculiar cases we see no alternative but to surmise that judgment will be passed on these unfortunates rather according as they may have followed their own horrible convictions of good, than as good is known to be in the pages of Scripture. But if we are almost forced to this conclusion in these especial cases, we shrink from admitting the principle it involves in a circle the least degree wider. In the first place, consider how strangely must our anticipation of heaven be altered to allow of our imagining it peopled by those who have been judged according to their "opportunities." The man who has but such few opportunities that although he has availed himself of them to the utmost extent he is quite of the earth, earthy, will find a seat. Men of formal morality and cold hearts—men whose lives have been passed in pressing forward objectionable and hurtful views—men who have done little good and much wrong—these may not be excluded. If the existence of drawbacks and stumbling-blocks is to constitute an efficient excuse for the absence of truth, then who may not be visited with a gleam of hope, and see heaven shining behind the blackest cloud? A motley group, indeed, would this principle admit!

Again, if we are to be judged with reference to our opportunities, doubt, ye saints, and tremble. The many opportunities may have been less improved by the pious man than have been the few by the comparatively lukewarm. We can imagine a man being far beneath a saint, and yet being far more praiseworthy in respect of the point of goodness to which he has attained than is the religious man, who, with many more opportunities, has not clasped them so eagerly and improved them so much. On this supposition, a strange exchanging of places between the saints and sinners of this world may take place in the next; the first may indeed be the last, and the last first.

But while these points do not form absolute obstacles to the reception of the foregoing idea, the following difficulty seems to us insuperable. While the salvation of a man who has made good use of his few opportunities is quite consistent with our sense of justice, the condemnation of the criminal, by whom the few opportunities have been wasted, would be a subject of most material difficulty to our human wisdom. Repentance may, or may not, be a thing of slow growth. It may be born so gently and so quietly that its stealing into life may scarcely be felt, and it may be long ere it shall have attained such proportions that the heart shall fully know the new guest by whom it shall be tenanted. But so, likewise, it may be an infant and a giant at once. Last night may have not seen a vestige of it, this morning may find it in overwhelming power. Opportunity after opportunity may have passed; the "few" opportunities may have been long ago exhausted, but who shall say that even when the ample have merged in the multitudinous, there may not come, after the long dark night, the bright dawn of a heavenly morning? To imagine, then, that sentence shall go forth on the result of the few opportunities, is, we repeat, according to our final judgment, to impute injustice where injustice cannot be. I look upon two equally erring men, and I see one suddenly cut down by death in the very midst of his profligacy, while in the other I witness continued existence, the arrival of repentance, the sure grasp of reformation. Is it so clear that the first

man, if he had lived, would not have been drawn to good equally with the last? Both disregarded the few opportunities, both might have embraced one out of many, and to believe, therefore, that both will be judged as they availed themselves of opportunities, when the number of these opportunites were greatly unequal, is a course from which we shrink with doubt and dismay.

We believe that the only approximate solution of the great mystery is to question boldly the fact of an inequality in the Divine dealings with the spirit of man. That there is a great difference in worldly circumstances, of course we see; and that the period of human existence varies widely, we also know; and that these points seem most materially to determine good and evil, is unquestionably true. But we must remember, in dealing with any vast mystery in which the Creator is concerned, how marvellously clouds disperse and difficulties vanish before the rays of the bright Omnipotence. Is it so certain that circumstances do completely control the number and the force of opportunities of good, of calls to repentance? Recollect that so curiously fashioned is the human heart, that it is open to impressions from the most trivial causes, and that its susceptibility is wonderfully and mercifully moulded to meet the peculiar circumstances in which its owner may be placed. The tear of sorrow which may be wrung from the refined and educated lady by an eloquent sermon may be equally elicited from the regretful peasant woman by the few awkward words of counsel uttered by the humblest labourer in the field of truth. I will not say that, merely because a result is so seldom seen, a warning voice steals not from heaven into the court of vice even as into the home of virtue. The startling roll of thunder which says nothing to the man of education, may be a terrible threatening to the ignorant. Death is busy at all times; but while we who are clothed with purple and fine linen come to regard it with composure and without deep impression, it may be that, when in the haunt of vice, some spirit which was ever ready for evil, sinks low, and is cast forth, struggling with wretched wail, into darkness, a lesson is taught through the spectacle far more forcible than we can dream of. I see on a miserable pallet a fallen girl, whom consumption is claiming. Her eye fixes on a solitary star—the only star which the narrowness of the court in which she resides permits her to behold. The star becomes a preacher. In the dead of night it preaches to that unhappy soul a sermon more powerful than was ever echoed by cathedral walls. It preaches of the old home, the dead parents, the little sister's grave hard by, the brother in foreign lands. It speaks of the time when there was happiness and hope—the time in the far-off past—and it whispers, "All is not even yet lost, there is yet *a home.*" I see a drunken ruffian paralysed by the sight of his dead child. I see the callous artisan in the fields on a summer day. I see him stirred by sight of the blue sky, and shining sun, and by the songs of birds. It is fully possible that in some mysterious way "opportunities" are equally distributed to all. That Sarah Smith, if I had rescued her, would have had but the same amount of facility of escape from condemnation which she will have had left to her present course. That the captured murderer was as much screened from vice, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, as I and others have been who would benefit, instead of slay, our fellow-creatures. That

whether long life or early death be our portion, the measure of merciful chance is precisely the same. Whether the earnest prayer in our behalf be offered by such as love us and are loved of Heaven, or whether there be none to love us and none to pray for us, the balance is yet preserved. In short, that each and all of us, free to choose between good and evil, have been equally drawn to good, and that if one man stand upright and another fall, the difference in outward circumstances shall in no way have led to such result. Whisperings and warnings are everywhere, and find their way into lordly palace and humble cottage, into virtuous home and criminal haunt. A voice is heard through night, through day. The hand which guides all human beings through earth, would bring them equally to home, and though doubts and difficulties which, while they may wholesomely be pondered, cannot be fully solved, hang around this mighty and mysterious subject, we may be sure that in the great day not one spirit will be enabled to stand forth and cry aloud, "I have been wronged."

EVALLA.

By W. Beilby Bateman.

XX.

Study to be quiet.

"That sky," said Helmet, "looks as stormy as my fate!"

"Would you live for ever under a heaven of cloudless and perpetual blue?" asked Evalla, smilingly. "Epicurean!"

It was the same evening of the last chapter. They stood in the large bay-window apart, watching the storm, but with different emotions. Each had the proud spirit that looks with defiant eye upon the future. Evalla Castelmaine would have sent a kinsman warrior to battle, and have disdained to wring his heart or shake his fortitude by the exhibition of a single pang. Her voice would not have faltered, her eye would not have quailed. And when the echo of his last footstep had died away, and none remained to witness the deed, her woman's weakness would have overcome her pride, and a bosom heaving with agonised throes, and sighs that tore the heart asunder, and clenching hands, and dishevelled hair, and one long wail of the soul well-nigh despairing, would have attested too well what woe the effort cost. Helmet, too, was of heroic mould, fond of opposition, and exhilarated by the sense of danger, nor (like all who are capable to conquer) destitute of a certain confidence in himself.

And yet his brow was gloomy now as the far-away black horizon on which they gazed. Why did that gaze peer so deeply into the distance, as if it feared to rest upon the present, and avoided the form beside him?

Was that beauty too dear? Did he feel that his destiny stood living, breathing there, and *he*, with no more power to clasp the dream, to warm the marble, to utter the enchanted word that made the spirit correspondent to his will, than if there rolled between them that fabled gulf which separates the happy and the lost?

He flung his hair back from his forehead hastily.

"When we met two months since," he continued—"two months since, was it not?"

"Two little months," replied Evalla, echoing the sigh of the Prince of Denmark.

How spare the action, how fruitful the emotion, crowded into that bank and shoal of time! At least for one of them!

"You said I should soon be on the wing again, and I disclaimed it; yet *you*, Evy, were the truer prophet, the wiser seer! I shall speedily be in harness!"

"A rare scheme on my part, was it not, to scare you away?" Evalla said, with a short laugh, but one that had not much of glee in it. "You were too good for us," she resumed, more seriously; "there was no affinity between Alfred Helmet, of the restless mind, the robust limb, and the quiet farm where energy has no object, and genius is thrown away. We must all do our appointed tasks—find out our peculiar talent, and exercise it; to bury it is still a crime, though the reward is only reached by long study and patient watching, by painful travel along thorny paths. Shall it ever be said that *you*, Alfred, bore in your bosom the feeble heart that fainted by the way? I would sooner see yon lightning rend you to ashes where you stand!"

"And you would be right," he replied, musingly.

"Have you heard anything more about the purchase of Elderbrake?" she said, suddenly changing the subject.

"No!"

"Then see to it," added Evalla; "you are too careless about money matters. If it is sordid to think too much of them, it is iniquitous to think too little. By-the-by, Mr. Wilders was seeking you to-day, and had something to tell you. Will you find him now?"

"Then I must find Miss Lilian Rivers, I suppose," said Helmet, "and the tail of the comet will follow in its wake."

Lilian entered from the interview with D'Arcy, and sat down (rather more gravely than usual, it must be added) beside Evelina.

"One word before we part," he said; "you will visit me at Elderbrake?"

She cast her eyes upon him, unutterable thoughts flying all the while over their dreamy pupils, and a confused expression that he failed to fathom.

He broke the pause:

"With Mr. Castelmaine—and the comet, Miss Rivers—and our absent friend, the comet's tail."

"I will," she replied, then, and only then; "on condition that you have begun the task which I believe it your duty to fulfil."

"Enough!" was the answer; "if I am not happy, I must be content. So now for the pleasant commencement; a dozen letters from constitu-

ents, asking impossible things, and requiring answers before daybreak. Adieu!"

"Even as I told you," said Willie Wilders, joining them; "you have fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Much better have digested fat bacon on a gate at Eversley, like Mrs. Castelmaine's freckled aide-de-camp, Samuel Sloe; for you may remember, Alfred, that Emmanuel Kant declares, in his 'Critic of Pure Reason,' page 10, on the difference of analytical and synthetical judgments——"

Strange to say, when the speaker looked up to launch his argument, the audience had dispersed. Evalla was far away by the fireside, lost in thought, and buried in a fauteuil. Helmet had vanished altogether. So the proof of Alfred's confusion by pure reason, and upon irrefragable principles, being lost and buried too, Willie Wilders sighed at the indifference of mankind to his cherished author, gave (Jessamine's despair) the straggling hair a sweep from the broad pale temples, and finally settled down beside Lilian, and entered into an animated conversation upon topics less abstruse. Evelina, missing D'Arcy, retired early. They were left alone. And so soft was Lillie's whispering voice that night, so sweet the expression of the deep blue eyes, half advancing, and then retreating timidly, but always with a vague, undefined wish to recal and to win back, that the sensitive, hesitating nature of Willie Wilders became reassured. He grew gay, as he felt, while he poured forth the treasures of a teeming intellect, that his listener was as attentive as she was beautiful, and that her heart followed the burning words that fell like eloquent fire from his lips. Those were the happiest moments they had known for many a day, and if the recollection banished sleep from either pillow, delicious waking dreams filled up the void.

The fair reader has not yet forgiven Lillie the resolute step she adopted in venturing to meet Mr. D'Arcy Livermore with no other chaperone than Gellert the hound, but she shall accord her full pardon in due time.

So slumber crept over the household at last, and all was still within, in spite of the tempest without.

And it would have been well for Sammy Sloe, the garrulous possessor of the scarlet waistcoat, to whom Willie Wilders had thus casually alluded, if, eschewing vulgar curiosity, and concealing his innocent nose in that red nightcap which was his nocturnal adornment, he, too, had betaken himself to his truckle-bed, and had studied to be quiet (as the motto of this chapter might have taught him), instead of spending that eventful midnight on the hill overlooking the dell of Oak Hollow.

After the destruction of the bridge, he found himself cut off from those whom he had signalled to join in the pursuit, and left with no resource but his own agility to save him from desperate and angry foes. He was not so swift of foot, however, as usual, on this occasion, having provided himself rather too plentifully with a fortification of fat bacon before starting, and added frequent applications from a cow-horn drinking-vessel as he went along, to sustain his courage. The country had been familiar to him from infancy; but the night was black as ink, and the rain and lightning confused him, so that the path was not difficult to lose, and his pursuers had the advantage of the lantern, which from time to time was turned on him, to ascertain his track, and then darkened again, leaving a deeper gloom than before.

Gradually his breath began to fail; his panting sides heaved piteous sighs; and, finding that he could hold his course no longer, he felt his way on hands and feet down into a ditch, and stood there crouched, in hopes that his enemies would pass him by unobserved. Calming down his laboured respirations as well as he could, though every now and then a repressed grunt escaped, like a groan from a pair of bellows, he heard the hurried footsteps approach nearer and nearer. The torrents that had fallen, and were falling still, had so swollen the contents of the ditch, that in lieu of the usual trickling stream which scarcely covered the foot that forded it, it now formed a rapid rivulet, which nearly reached up to his armpits, and he shivered with cold and apprehension while the water filled one pocket after another, rendering his corduroy dress so heavy, that as his hob-nailed boots sank inch by inch into the mud at the bottom, he was soon unable to move. To complete his dismay, not only did the waters continue to rise in height until they nearly reached his lip, and bubbled down his throat, but every possible kind of obscene thing that dank places can produce, from the newt to the water-rat, began to disport itself round Sammy Sloe, and make excursions into his legs and arms, wherever an opening presented itself. Perhaps, having found a victim more than usually plump, they were more than usually active in their researches. The force necessary, however, to draw one foot out of the mud only drove the other further in, and he would assuredly have died that ignominious death which coroners call "found drowned in a ditch," but for the arrival of Mark Margrove and Aaron Vandelow, who paused to breathe just beside him. Conscious that among these foes of this unlucky night the toad and the water-rat were, possibly, the least baneful, Sam endeavoured to remain quite still, in hopes that the pursuers would pass by before he was compelled to call for help. But a bite from a rat of more than ordinary enterprise so confounded him, that he made a loud splash. The lantern was turned upon him in an instant, with all the vigilance of suspicion, and he knew that he was betrayed.

"Here he is!" said a voice from one (*which*, he did not know, for both their forms were in shadow).

"S'help me, yes!" said the other. "What shall we do with him?"

"Six inches deeper, and the spy will be in kingdom come!" was the reply.

Sammy Sloe, in spite of the chill stream that oozed into his bones, felt the blood rush like fire through every vein. With a violent effort, he endeavoured to disengage himself and reach the other side, but the iron hand of Mark, who had lain down on the grass to reach him, held him with a giant gripe, and firmly and irresistibly dragged him to the fatal bank. As he approached through the muddy waters, Aaron Vandelow lent his aid, and Sam began to think his last hour was come, when with little ceremony he was landed, like a well-played fish, through bush and briar at their feet.

"Run to the cart," said Mark to the Jew, who was dancing about in great excitement, "and bring the spare trace from the box in front; this dunghill fowl must be trussed, or have his wings clipped at least. Quick, you little dirty son of Abraham; your legs were made to run; leave others' arms to fight!"

Obedient to the master spirit—master, at least, where strength and

courage were needful—Aaron hurried off on those queer Israelitish legs which Mark had apostrophised. His steps had scarcely died away, when the sound of a horse's hoofs were audible. Sammy Sloe waited until the rider was close, and then struggled violently to get free. Once, and only once, his gurgling cry of "Help!" escaped the throat that Mark Margrove's fingers were empurpling with their savage hold. It passed unheard, or unnoticed. The horseman never stayed his rein. Both listened in a breathless, dreadful silence to the retreating sound, as it grew fainter—fainter, yet still clear. Suddenly it ceased amid a rumbling roll of falling rock, followed by one dull echo from the dell. Many a good steed had carried the rider over brook and fence before, but that was the last leap of Squire Castelmaine!

Aaron was not long in returning with the leather trace which Mark had indicated, and escape soon became hopeless. The Jew delighted particularly in ransacking his pockets, not so much, it would seem, from the desire to plunder, as in the indulgence of a cowardly animosity towards an unarmed and helpless victim. When he was quite secured, Mark took Sam's handkerchief. It was a bandanna of which the sufferer was proud, and its disappearance caused a throb in his heart that he could not restrain.

"I knows yer, Mark!" gulped out Sam; "I knows yer, mind!"

The only answer was the heavy pressure on his chest of a merciless heel, that made his body wring with wet like a sponge.

"You'll hear o' this," continued Sam, in another sudden spurt; "I said where I were gone—afore I left——"

Aaron had just found the cow-horn, and testified his tranquillity at Sam's prostrate condition by taking a long pull at the fiery spirit. But Mark Margrove had caught the last words, and his brow grew deadly.

"The squire!" gasped Sammy Sloe—"the squire! He'll make yer answer for this 'ere, and——"

"You, like him," said Mark, "shall ride a last steeple-chase in the dark; *he* sleeps in the Hollow; there's room for a spy beside him in the bed he has chosen!"

Before Sammy Sloe could remonstrate further, his own handkerchief was thrust in his mouth, and he lay gagged, and unable to ejaculate a syllable.

Mark Margrove's worst passions were roused. He looked round. There was no one near. The storm was screaming itself to rest. Here and there the stars began to shed their quiet light upon the troubled scene—upon the gushing waters—upon the uprooted trees—upon the disturbed marauders and their luckless enemy. The keeper already had his hand upon Sam Sloe's collar, preparatory to dragging him to the edge of the precipice, and hurling him over its fearful steep, when the fears of Aaron overcame him, and he rushed to the rescue.

It was a bold act on the part of the little Jew.

Mark paused. A sudden thought flashed across him.

One witness was safe—helpless as an infant—*and could wait!*

The other, his worst foe, one whom he could never shake off, who followed his footsteps everywhere, who more than once had lured him to the perdition he so often sought to spurn, until it was too late,—*he*, the

Jew, was in his power now—the Jew to whom he was bound by galling chains, whose weakness was so feeble yet so strong! It was only another blow—one more—and he was free as air! No witness left—all debts and deeds wiped out! He took Aaron's arm, as if he wished to counsel with him. He led him on—on, while the Jew reasoned—on towards the dell—to the very brink—when——

From the ivied tower of the old church tolled the third hour of morning.

And while the echoes died away, came the angel whisper, as it had done once before when infant voices arrested him with their Sabbath hymn at eventide.

It painted to his mind the picture of a gulf—dread, dark, terrible!

On *this* side, Redemption!—the quiet home, peaceful pursuits, an unburdened bosom, healthful tasks through days never too long, and nights of unhaunted repose! Church was over. That reverend preacher of the silver hair passed among the flock that loved him. In the midst of the old tombs *he* stood—Mark, not as then, but with the smooth face of childhood, ere a line furrowed his brow, ere an evil thought furrowed his heart; and the preacher patted his young cheek while he wound through the throng. He remembered how that touch fell like a blessing. Could it be recalled? "*On this side!*" whispered the monitor.

But beyond!

He led the way back to where their prisoner lay, and in his turn refreshed himself from the cow-horn, which was handed him by Aaron, who little thought that his very life had been trembling in the balance a minute since. Mark's thoughts reverted to Sammy Sloe. Now that his passions were, in a measure, cooled—for the revulsion of feeling, though sudden, had been complete—he would willingly have set him at liberty upon a promise of secrecy respecting the adventure in which he had been involved, and Sam's fears for his personal safety would doubtless have induced him to comply. But he had committed the fatal error, when his caution was overcome by the dissolving view of the handkerchief, of letting Mark know that he recognised him, and of accusing him by name. It was this which had fired his assailant in the first instance with the idea of extreme vengeance, propounded to and combated by Aaron. There still remained, however, the imperative necessity of at least silencing him whom they had determined not to kill. A very few words from Mark, aside to Vandelow, explained the course he intended to pursue, and, as a first step, the Jew was despatched to fetch the cart from which he had previously taken the leather trace that now held the prisoner in its mortal coil.

The vehicle, a rough farmer's cart, was not long in arriving, filled with a load of straw, a portion of which was soon displaced to make room for their merchandise, and afforded it ample concealment. When this was completed, Aaron, mounting to the front, made a snug receptacle for the sleek, well-fed figure of Sammy Sloe, and Mark, who had taken out his clasp-knife, and cut a strong oaken staff, exhibited this weapon to his victim by the light of the lantern, with an admonitory intimation that if he wished to keep his brains *in*side his skull, and to retain his limbs in their natural symmetry, his only security lay in silence.

"Ah, Mark!" gasped out Sam, whose mouth had been somewhat relieved from the gag by the violent speed with which, as if shot from a catapult, he had been projected into the straw, "ye were always a ne'er-do-weel! Pretty doings these 'ere, ain't 'un—sloamin' about wi' carts and lanterns! And there's the black sow a goin' to litter—and who's to gie the wall-eyed mare a mash? Oh, Nannette, lass! Nan——"

The remainder of Sam's lamentations were here cut short by the motion of the cart, which started off so rapidly as to show that a horse of no ordinary strength was bearing it away.

Sam's gag was tightened, but only in a manner to stifle speech, and as mile after mile was covered, the fatigues of the night, the drenching from the storm, not unassisted possibly by the contents of the cow-horn, overcame him utterly at last. In spite of his danger, and amidst the steam of his reeking garments, the warm straw soothed him into as profound a slumber as if he had been in the truckle-bed at Eversley.

When he awoke, many hours had elapsed. It was broad day, and the sun was attaining the meridian. The gag had been removed. He was no longer bound in leather, nor reclining in the cart, but propped up against a jutting rock, and surrounded by strange faces and stranger forms. Before him spread a scene which baffled his comprehension. Wherever he gazed he saw nothing but an illimitable waste of waters. White sails, apparently no bigger than the outspread wings of a bird, were visible upon the edge of the horizon. Within a gunshot of the shore rode a magnificent schooner, built no less for power than speed, and he could just distinguish figures moving about her deck, and gradually spreading her canvas to the breeze. Close to where he sat, and already nearly loaded, with her head seaward, was a small boat, only retained by the weight of her stern upon the sand. It gradually dawned upon Sammy Sloe's bewildered intellects that, for the first time in his life, he looked upon what *must be* the sea!

After overcoming the first surprise, and finding that his questions elicited no reply, though he was evidently watched, he looked round upon the coast. It was wild and desolate. The waves almost washed his feet as they rolled in heavy and monotonous music to the beach. He sought in vain along the line of white cliff for any vestige of a human being to whom he could appeal for rescue. Only the sailors were near, regarding him with vigilant eyes. Mark Margrove, the Jew, and the cart in which he had slept, were departed or invisible.

A movement among the sailors soon interrupted his observations. The boat was ready. Too paralysed for remonstrance, he was hurried hastily into her bows. The measured strokes of the oarsmen bore them swiftly over the intervening waves, whose heaving roll increased Sam's terror every instant. The cargo was shipped, the boat was hoisted on deck, the anchor raised. Every stitch of sail was set, and bellied gracefully, as the schooner, leaning to the steady wind, ploughed her track along the waters, and flew, like a freed greyhound, impatiently on her course. The bolts rattled, the timbers creaked, the seamews hovered aloft uttering their wild, melancholy cry; and a weather-beaten tar, who seemed to exercise authority over the rest of his mates, placed himself at the helm, and steered the beautiful little craft straight ahead from the shore they had

quitted to the dim line where the green sea merged into the distant horizon.

By this time Sam had courage to look round him. The storm, though past, had left the sea swollen into long sweeping billows, whose foamy crests came careering on; and still the dolphin that formed the figure-head, dipping deep into the ocean trough, rose again undaunted, and dashed over or through the next wall of water, spreading the fore-deck with spray. In fact, the schooner *Dolphin*, whatever her character might be in some respects, now showed her sea-going powers with a kind of triumphant devilry, and the captain, who had the helm in hand, surveyed her progress, as he cast a wary glance ever and anon up to her tightened canvas, with the pride and love of a sailor for his ocean mistress.

The sea grew calmer as the day declined. The captain abandoned the helm to a subordinate, and giving a shrill call, was answered by a roguish young imp, who took off his dirty woollen cap with a flourish, made a preposterous kind of mock obeisance, and then, toning himself down into seriousness, stood gravely waiting for orders. These were conveyed in a language loud enough to catch the ear of Sammy Sloe, and he recognised the accents at once as those of which Nannette was so proud.

"Dang it," said Sam to himself, almost under his breath, "if these 'ere bean't Frenchers! Oh, Nannette! Nannette! if *you* was only here to tell 'em a thing or two in their own unnateral lingo!"

The sea-imp received his commands, gave a nod of the matted head towards the prisoner with an air of inquiry, was answered with an affirmative look of reply, and disappeared.

Speedily the smoke of a fire began to issue from the cabin chimney, accompanied by a warm odour of cooking. At the first whiff Sam turned a shade paler than usual; the imp, on the contrary, seemed to think that his culinary genius gave him unlimited licence while the occupation lasted. As often as he could desert his post, he was seen making grimaces at the skipper, mimicking poor Sam, or doing stray bits of diabolical and irreverend dances. At length he appeared on deck with a fish basket, which steamed with some incomprehensible viand. The captain, helping himself first, drew forth a round, odorous, hissing thing with claws, cut a large slice from a loaf about a yard and a half long, and proceeded literally to make his prey "shell out" by the aid of his pocket-knife. The rest opened their knives too, and followed his example. Lastly, the prisoner was lifted from the boat on to the deck, to partake of the feast. He was about to sit down, when the imp, dipping one hand into the basket, and pointing down his throat with the other, as an intimation that he purposed to indulge Sam's appetite with an unheard-of delicacy, brought into upper air a small, juicy, reeking crab, and placed it close under his nose. No sooner did the victim smell the strange creature simmering in such near approximation to his nostrils, than, abandoning the banquet with a shudder, he made a rush to the schooner's side, and, hanging his head over, commenced such a protracted, minute, and comprehensive survey of Neptune's dominions, as if his curiosity would never be satisfied.

The sailors, however, washed down the unctuous fragments with weak rum-and-water out of a small yellow basin. Like that of the barber, which Don Quixote believed to be Mambrino's helmet, and adapted to his

own skull accordingly, this basin had more uses than one. It was called into requisition early in the morning, to minister to the ablutions of the captain. Then it became successively a receptacle for coffee, soup, beer, brandy, schnaps, and various other liquids, vinous, aqueous, or spirituous, until at last—unless any one wanted to shave—it finished its manifold duties at night with the skipper's final cup before he turned in. He never actually slept, but sat before the cabin fire, and dozed in his boots, with one eye open.

The basin was empty, the sailors were chattering, Sam Sloe was groaning, the sea-imp was dancing some cannibal fandango, when, suddenly, an ejaculation from the helmsman attracted universal attention. Instantly all voices were silenced. There was scarcely a sail in sight. A heavy-laden merchantman was beating up in tacks against the wind; a large three-masted vessel, apparently a man-of-war, lay at anchor in the offing, repairing damage; and, with the exception of one white distant speck, that was almost concealed in haze, the schooner was alone upon the waters.

It was to this white speck that all eyes were now directed. The glass (not the social one) went quickly from hand to hand. The skipper looked thoughtfully up at his wide-spread sheets, and then his eye lightened with a flash at once of excitement and defiance. His orders followed each other in rapid succession, and in clear, determined tones. The canvas was braced down closer, that not a breath of the breeze might be lost; fresh flying sails were unfolded; and soon the craft, feeling the additional impetus, reeled through the waves with a kind of drunken desperation, covering her decks with water as she bent over, and leaving, for it was sunset now, phosphorescent gleams of fire in her wake.

The skipper's contraband countenance seemed to revel in the race, as the distant sail rose more distinctly, showing a government pennant and a hull of cutter build. The strain on the schooner, from the immense press of canvas, shook every beam in her frame, but still she bore on gallantly, and instead of blenching, or heeding the whispered fears of his crew, the skipper lit his pipe and clung to the helm, and said, and sung, and also swore, in good old Suffolk Saxon, "She's done it afore, and if she don't do it again, I'll drive her out o' the water, Frenchers and all, or my name ain't Dennis, damme!"

Through a night that Sammy Sloe thought would never end, went the vessel plunging and careering on its liquid way, and he was almost stupified with the rapid flight of events, and the sense of danger and despair, when a dreary, forlorn glance showed distant lights visible on the lee. The loosened sheets flapped, the schooner was brought to, the anchor-cable rattled out, the boat was lowered, and, amid a dead silence, with the sole exception of a shrieking adieu from the sea-imp, Sam was borne rapidly to the shore. They gave him the cow-horn, the weight of which evinced that it had been replenished, and throwing him half a dozen biscuits, pushed off, and left him to what fate he knew not. Even while he gazed, the retreating boat reached the schooner's side again, the canvas spread in broad sheets as before, and the vessel flew away like an ocean sprite into the mists of the morning.

Awaking at length to the fact that he was deserted and alone, he

remembered the lights, which, he rightly judged, argued the neighbourhood of human habitations. The dull brown cliffs were not very high, though rugged, and on reaching the top he proceeded along a wide sandy plain. As day advanced, stray labourers in blouses, and women in miraculous caps, with red umbrellas, met him, and Sam (as if, like one of the famed dreamers of Ephesus, he had slept a hundred years, and wakened in another generation) endeavoured to ascertain where he was, in the inquiry, "Oh, if yer please, as how—where *am* I?" In reply to which they only shrugged their shoulders, and clattered away briskly in their wooden sabots. He reached the town at last, weary and footsore, and, looking about for a resting-place, saw a large church before him. He entered mechanically, and sat down in a chair before the altar—not the pure, simple altar he had known at Eversley, but one richly sculptured, adorned with strange figures, and lit with saintly tapers. Massive pillars supported a lofty dome. The sun, shining through windows of stained glass, flooded the walls with holy rays of purple, rose, and amethyst. The fretted niches and the echoing aisles gave back the organ's notes, as it were the deep voices of angels welcoming to their glory the souls of the immortal and the blessed. Poor Sam knew little of creed or dogma, as he bent his wayworn knees instinctively. He only felt that around and above him was a temple—of whatever worship—whose echoes were of religion; and when all forms were bowed, he bowed down too, and bent his honest, freckled face between his horny hands, and wept in weariness of spirit!

The service was over. He halted in the porch. The sunlight cheered him; and he was rubbing the tears away with the cuff of his coat, when an unshaven man, leaning on a stout oaken stick, who had been noticing his despondency, beckoned him to approach. Sam obeyed, adding his stereotyped inquiry at the same time, of "Oh, if yer please, as how—where *am* I?"

The stranger eyed him from head to foot, and, after mature deliberation, made the brief remark:

"Poor devil!"

"Oh, zur!" exclaimed Sammy Sloe, catching at the words, "*do* say that again; I be so glad to hear yer say that 'ere; *do* go on calling me poor devil. Hooray!" shrieked Sammy, and he flung his cap up in the air with joy; "*he* ain't a ferriner—he called me poor devil. At last I've found a friend as speaks like a rational critter!"

QUEENS OF FRANCE OF SPANISH ORIGIN.*

THERE can be no doubt that the influence exercised by queens on their royal or imperial husbands, sometimes more or less manifest, at others more covert, is still always real. Such an influence must, to a certain extent, always affect more or less his will, his conduct, and even his policy. With the princes—the inheritors of thrones—the influence as a mother is still greater. Tacitus held, and M. de Lamartine has developed, the principle that great men partake more of the mother than of the father. Studying history in this point of view, and limiting the sphere of observation for a moment to the French queens who came from the heroic land of the Cid, a fact of unanticipated importance is eliminated—it is, that of all the queens of France those who have most contributed to found that unity of power which has ever been essential to the prosperity of the French nation came from Spain. They have possessed more than any others the sentiment of national unity, and they have more than any others, by the sense of dignity, which was no doubt derived from the race from which they descended, aided in raising the French monarchy to that elevation at which we see it exalted in the times of Louis XIV.

Brunehilde, the earliest example of a French queen of Spanish origin, was brought up by the light of the last rays of Roman civilisation, and hence also was she desirous of transferring the same into Gaul, at that time half savage; she sought to discipline boors lusty in their independence, and to curb their licence beneath an imperial yoke. If barbarianism triumphed, and the queen herself fell a victim to her efforts, still her task did not perish with her; the idea of administrative organisation survived, to be carried out by others. When Blanche of Castille ascended the throne of France, she inspired others with the sentiments that she inherited as a true Castilian, that the people among whom she had cast her lot, with whom she had condescended to dwell, and over whom she was called by Providence to rule, must of necessity be the first nation in the world, and that all other peoples were only fit to gravitate, as it were, around her! This was an inheritance which court flatterers could not fail to see remained to be reaped by Louis XIV. and Napoleon. "The crown of France," said the pre-eminently Catholic Bossuet, "is as much above the other crowns of the world as the royal dignity surpasses the fortunes of private individuals." Notwithstanding her sincere and fervent piety, the Spaniard, become the wife of Louis VIII. and mother of Louis IX., did not hesitate to vindicate the temporal rights of the crown against the encroachments of the clergy and the pretensions of the Pope himself. She accustomed the barons, by the firmness of her policy, as well as by her noble qualities in private life, to consider themselves subjects of the king, whom they had hitherto looked upon as their equal. The wife of Philippe le Bel defended the same principle of royal authority and monarchical unity in the presence of the French counts and

* Les Reines de France nées Espagnoles. Par A. Noël, Officier de l'Université. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et C^ie^.

barons as well as before strangers. Queen Anne of Austria was not less firm during her long and arduous regency. One thought only filled her mind during the troubles and dangers of the Fronde, and that was to preserve the authority of the king, her son, intact. She confronted every attempt made against the maintenance of this power, and neither the resistance of parliament, nor popular insurrection, could turn her from the object which she so courageously aimed at at the peril of her life. But these have not been the only glorious results of Spanish alliances. Six different times did these alliances put an end to sanguinary and devastating wars; and lastly, if the present inheritor of an imperial diadem is a Spaniard on the maternal side, it is pleasant to the French to think that so also were Saint Louis and Louis XIV. "Un grand homme est presque toujours le fils de sa mère."

Brunehilde, second daughter of Athanagild, King of the Visigoths, crossed the Pyrenees in 566 to wed Sighebert, son of Chlother (Clotaire) I. The royal pair were alike in advance of their age. Sighebert had embraced Christianity, and repudiated the Germanic privileges of a plurality of wives. Brunehilde was, according to the poet Venantius Fortunatus, a very pearl of beauty, modesty, intelligence, and dignity; and the Gallo-Roman nobles sat with the Frank warriors at the nuptial repast at Metz.

Yet, strange to say, an alliance that seemed to promise so much, was devoted from the onset to the pursuit of a vengeance which, however legitimate, was but too characteristic of the sanguinary ferocity of the age. Hilperik, the debauchee who had repudiated Andowere in favour of Frédégonde, was so much dazzled with Sighebert's good fortune, that he sought a sister of Brunehilde's, Galeswinthe by name, in marriage; and he was aided in the negotiation by the now Frank sister, who little anticipated the deplorable issue of her kindly-meant intervention. The jealous and revengeful Frédégonde having regained her ascendancy after Hilperik's marriage, the unfortunate Spanish princess perished a victim to the outrages of the king and of his concubine.

Brunehilde aroused upon this the spirit of vengeance among all the Frank chiefs, and Gonthramn, King of Burgundy, and brother of Sighebert and of Hilperik, joined in the fierce struggle, which devastated all Gaul for nigh half a century. Frédégonde was the evil spirit that inspired the angry passions. As haughty as she was fair, she is said also to have engaged magic in her cause, and to have controlled the passions of those around her by dark and mysterious means. It is by such means that she is described as having won over the two giants of Therouenne (whose effigies are, or used to be, in the cathedral of St. Omer) to murder King Sighebert.

Brunehilde, who at that time dwelt in the well-known "Palais des Thermes," in Paris, was, upon the murder of her husband, exiled to Rouen, where she contracted a marriage with Mérovig, son of Hilperik, and, consequently, her nephew by her previous husband. Frédégonde, however, soon succeeded in bringing about a separation, and had the young prince's crown shaved, and himself immured in a monastery. His connexions, however, soon provided him with means to escape, but after sojourning a time with the historian Gregory—then Bishop of Tours—he ultimately fell a victim to his stepmother's persecutions.

Nor were the insatiable passions of the demoniac Frédégonde glutted with this sacrifice. Having taken to herself a new lover in the person of Landerik, she had Hilperik put to death, and Brunehilde, profiting by the disorders that ensued, and abetted by Hildebert, King of Burgundy, sought to re-establish the rights of her son. Frédégonde, on her side, attempted, but unsuccessfully, to thwart her by assassination. The dagger and the chalice were used by this extraordinary woman to solve all the most common-place difficulties; she had the Bishop of Rouen slain at his altar; she gave a "liqueur inconnue" to two clerks, and introduced an assassin into the very bedroom of King Gonthramn. Brunehilde appears to have been little less energetic on her side. She put several chieftains to death, and exiled others; but while history describes this with her as "purging her kingdom," with Frédégonde the same method of getting rid of rivals and enemies is ranked among crimes of the darkest dye. The executions and vengeance that followed upon the treaty of Andelot (Nov. 29, 587), drawn up by Gonthramn and Hildebert, the latter accompanied by his mother, Brunehilde, and wife, Faileube, are in the same way excused, on the plea that they themselves had escaped no less than twelve attempts at assassination made against them by Frédégonde.

At the death of Gonthramn, in 593, Hildebert became King of Austrasia and Burgundy, but he perished early, "perhaps," says Mézeray, "of the poison that came from Frédégonde's shop;" or, adds the quaint old chronicler, "if not hers, it may have been Brunehilde's!" He thus appears to have entertained pretty nearly the same opinion of both. The latter had now to carry on the war of extermination against her rival, with only her grandchildren to abet her. Three little kings, the oldest of whom, Chlother, was only twelve, marched at the head of their armies; but victory remained to the son of Frédégonde, who was herself shortly after removed by death from the perpetration of further crimes.

The decease of her enemy does not appear to have assuaged the passions of Brunehilde; on the contrary, they seem to have been only all the more ferociously awakened against Chlother, Frédégonde's son. In her insatiate pursuit of vengeance she slew the Duke of Champagne, and was in consequence expelled from Austrasia. In Burgundy she procured for her grandson Théodorik a victory over Chlother, which was followed up by sad excesses; and she enervated her grandson by a precocious debauchery, while she herself forgot her dignity and chastity in the arms of Protadius, a Gallo-Roman; then, annoyed at Théodebert's concluding a peace with Chlother, she set the two brothers, Théodorik and Théodebert, at variance; but, Protadius having been put to death in his tent, the brothers came to a friendly understanding, and the old queen was baffled for a time. It was, however, only for a time; an intriguing, unprincipled, passionate woman, is never defeated. Brunehilde, after taking one Claudius in the place of Protadius, and getting the daughter of King Witterik, whom Théodorik coveted in marriage, sent back to Spain, once more lit up the embers of war between the two brothers. This, after the abominable excesses at the court of Théodorik, had entailed the rebuke of the clergy, and it was for their intervention in the cause of Christian morality that Didier, Bishop of Vienne, was stoned to death, and Colomban exiled. Brunehilde, victorious in war,

had the unfortunate Théodebert put to death; and a soldier, taking his youthful son up by the legs, broke, at her command, his head against a stone. Théodorik did not, however, long survive his brother. Mézeray even attributes his death to the queen-mother.

Brunehilde then set up Sighebert, one of Théodorik's numerous bastards, a child of eleven years of age, as king, but the whole country was weary of crimes and profligacy. Mayors, barons, clergy, and people, all disdained to support a cause sullied by guilt. Chlother had an easy triumph, and Brunehilde became the expiatory victim of that long tragedy, the first scene of which had been marked by the blood of her sister. After having put her to the torture for three long days, Chlother had her paraded through the camp, seated on a camel, and exposed to the derisive shouts of the Leudes. She was then made fast to the tail of an unbroken horse, by which her head was smashed in and her limbs were torn to pieces amidst stones and brambles. What remained of her was consumed by fire, and her ashes were, according to Mézeray, committed to the winds; but, according to later archæologists, an urn full of cinders was found, with the rowel of a spur, in her grave at the abbey of St. Martin, at Autun.

Such was the end of this truly extraordinary woman, whom some believe might—had she lived in other times—have been a great and good princess. She was pious, fond of the fine arts, respected by popes, poets, and historians, and the founder of many churches, monasteries, and hospitals,* and she was launched into a career of crime by others. Twenty times did she struggle to shake off the burden that weighed her down, and ultimately crushed her, but in doing so she learnt to use the same weapons that were sharpened against her and hers; and whilst attempting to revive civilisation, and to establish the supremacy of monarchical authority over feudalism, she became less than a woman—a disgrace to humanity!

Galeswinthe, the murdered wife of Hilperik, and Hermenberghe, who awaited, but in vain, for a whole year at Châlons for the consummation of her nuptials with Théodorik, number in the list of queens of France of Spanish origin. Their story is, however, a very brief one.

Louis VII. did not live happy with his first wife, Eleonora of England and Guyenne. She is said to have shown herself too sensible to the brilliant qualities of Raymond, Prince of Antioch, during the Crusades, and even to have condescended to favour a handsome Mussulman captive. It is possible that these were the mere calumnies of the day, from which no reputation was safe; but certain it is that a divorce was mutually sought for and obtained. The results were so far unfavourable to Louis, that Eleonora, by offering herself to Henry Plantagenet—at that time only nineteen years of age—added the territories beyond the Loire to that prince's already vast possessions in France, and rendered him, in fact, more powerful than his sovereign.

As Louis could not remedy this political disaster, he at least sought to assuage it by a more congenial union with Constance of Castile, daughter of Alphonse VII. Louis was, however, of a naturally suspicious disposi-

* Tradition also makes her the first constructor of several ancient highways. The roads from Cambray to Arras, from Arras to Therouenne, and from Therouenne to the sea, are known as the "Chaussées Brunehaut."

tion, and his happiness was so troubled by rumours of the illegitimacy of Constance, that he made a journey to Burgos to satisfy himself personally as to their inaccuracy. Constance herself did not enjoy the king's affections for any lengthened period; she died in childbed in the sixth year of her marriage, and her place was filled *fifteen days* afterwards by the sister of the Count of Champagne. "State reasons," writes the monarchical panegyrist, "were more powerful than affection or regrets. Louis was apprehensive lest the kingdom of France should cease to be governed by an inheritor of the blood of the Capets."

Louis VII. had wedded Constance of Castile; Louis VIII. took to wife a still more distinguished Spaniard, Blanche of Castile. Blanche was so marvellously fair that she was named after her beauty. There was English blood, too, in her veins, for she was daughter of Alphonse VIII., by Eleonora of England and Guyenne. She took joy and gladness with her across the Pyrenees, for her marriage was one of the conditions in the peace concluded between Philip Augustus and John, King of England. It is admitted that Louis, himself of a feeble character, was solely instigated by Blanche when he braved the anathemas of the Pope and accepted the crown offered to him by the revolted barons of England—a crown which he was not, however, destined to wear. The reverses of the king her husband only brought out the heroic and affectionate character of Blanche in greater perfection. When Philip Augustus refused to contribute either men or money to the prince's aid, "Par la benoîte mère de Dieu," exclaimed Blanche, "j'ai beaux enfants de mon seigneur, je les mettrai en gage, et bien trouverai qui me prêtera sur eux."

Although she dissimulated her influence with a tact peculiarly feminine, Blanche continued to direct the conduct of her husband during the three short years that he reigned; and she was appointed by him regent at his death, during the minority of Saint Louis, at that time twelve years of age. But this fair dame, who was then thirty-eight years of age, and had borne her husband eleven children, could not escape the spirit of calumny so rife at those remote times; and even Matthew of Paris has lent himself to reporting evil things concerning the queen's relations with Count Thibaud of Champagne, and of the death of Louis by poison.

This Thibaud was one of the trouvères of the day, and he has left behind him stanzas that reveal the sincerity of the passion which he entertained for "Madame Blanche;" but the very character of that passion, as depicted by him, would seem to attest to its respectful and honourable nature:

S'ele me fait languir,
Et vais jusqu'au morir,
M'âme en sera salvée.

There had been no guilt, at all events, when that complaint was indited. It is not so certain that Blanche, when regent, did not utilise the affections of the poetical and enraptured count in the interests of her son. The great vassals of the kingdom, held down by the strong hand of Philip Augustus, had lifted up their heads again under Louis VIII., and they became still more haughty and imperious under the regency of a woman and a stranger; but that woman was Blanche of Castile. She had pride, talent, courage, and perseverance enough to dare everything for her son; and she maintained his rights alike against the encroachments of the

barons and the pretensions of Rome and of the clergy. She aroused all Paris in favour of the young monarch Louis IX., then just raised to the throne; and she marched into Brittany against the rebel duke, Pierre Mauclerc. This Duke of Brittany endeavoured to win over Count Thibaud by the offer of his daughter in marriage, but one word from his *dame* brought the serf back to his allegiance—that one word would almost lead to the belief that he *had* sacrificed his soul to his love:

"Si cher que avez tout quant que aimez au royaume de France, ne le faites pas; la raison pourquoi, vous savez bien; je jamais n'ai trouvé pis qui mal m'ait voulu faire que lui."

When the great barons, jealous of Thibaud, invaded his domains, the queen went herself with her son to his succour, and, proud as a Roman, she would entertain no proposals till the confederates had departed from the province. But the appearance of Henry in France, and the continued accusations of poison laid even before the King Louis IX., if they were attended with the downfal of Mauclerc, also entailed the ultimate banishment of Thibaud to the Holy Land.

> Amor le veult et ma Dame m'en prie
> Que je m'en part; et je moult l'en mercie,
> Quand par le gré, ma Dame m'en chatie,
> Meillor reason ici voi à ma partie.

Blanche was, with all her firmness, still a woman, and to her many virtues she added also several characteristic feminine weaknesses. She carried the love of her son, for example, so far, as to be jealous of his affections for his wife Margaret, and when the University of Paris arose in insurrection against the bourgeoisie, her severity knew no bounds. When Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, set up the standard of revolt, she won him over by marrying his daughter—the family being heretic and excommunicated—to her son Alphonse, and at the same time she made the count receive absolution at the gate of Notre-Dame, after having been flogged by the legate. Yet was Blanche notoriously bigoted, and when Louis IX. bore the fragment of the true cross, brought home by Baldwin, to the Sainte Chapelle, the two queens followed behind bearing the crown of thorns. When Saint Louis vowed, in his extremity, with that cross on his bosom, to go to the Holy Land, the queen-dowager was appointed regent and not the queen, and it was indeed owing to her firm and intelligent administration that the long absence of the king was of so little prejudice to France. Zealous as she was in favour of Romanism, she would still ever defend the rights of her people, as well as those of the monarchy, against the tyranny of the priesthood, and she had many victims liberated in her own presence from their captivity, in the face of their anathemas and threats of excommunication. The greatest error of her life was the countenance she lent to the Pastoureaux, a fanatic sect who filled France with blood and mourning. At length, after seeing the county of Toulouse fall to the monarchy by the death of Raymond, Blanche died at Maubuisson, in the garb of a nun, at sixty-four years of age. Miracles were attributed to her after her death, and, the mother of a saint, she was herself canonised by the popular verdict.

Philip III. returned from the crusade, which was so sorrowfully ended by the death of his father Saint Louis, in deep mourning, bringing with him, after so many labours and so much expense, "des coffres vides et des cercueils pleins d'ossements." These coffins were indeed five in number, and they contained the remains of King Louis, of King Thibaud of Navarre, of the Count of Nevers, and of Queen Isabella, of France, and the royal infant who perished with the mother at its birth.

Isabeau, or Isabelle d'Aragon, daughter of Jacques I., King of Aragon, and Yolande of Hungary, came to France under happy auspices and as a hostage of the peace concluded between her father and the King of France. The court of France received with transports this young and beautiful Spaniard, destined to the throne which Blanche of Castile had adorned with so much genius and so many virtues. The young wife insisted upon accompanying her husband to the Holy Land, and she participated alike in all his fatigues, privations, and even dangers. Philip was returning to France with the body of Louis, who perished at Carthage, when he was wrecked on the coast of Sicily, where his brother-in-law, Thibaud II., King of Navarre, died; and, lastly, he had reached Italy, and the party were engaged in fording a river near Cusance, when Isabella's horse stumbled, and she fell, and being at that time six months gone with child, she hurt herself so grievously as to entail the subsequent death of both mother and child. Hence it was that Philip III. arrived at Rome with so melancholy a convoy; it is difficult, indeed, to imagine one more particularly doleful — a father, wife, and son, "enfançon royal," as Guillaume de Nangis calls the latter. Isabella of Aragon's tomb of black marble, surmounted by a recumbent statue in white marble, is still shown at Saint-Denis.

Jeanne of Navarre, wife of Philip IV., had been brought up by Philip III., who began his reign under such melancholy auspices at the court of France. Jeanne inherited the crown of Navarre from a singular accident that befel her brother, his tutor having let him fall when playing with him and lifting him up by the hands, whereby he was so grievously hurt as to cause his death. Philip III., anxious to possess so rich an inheritance, married the young lady, at the age of thirteen, to Philip, his eldest son, then sixteen. Two years after, Philip and Jeanne were crowned, and consecrated at Rheims. Jeanne is described as highly endowed both in mind and person, and the king, her husband, appears to have been sincerely attached to her, albeit second cousins, and married so young.* Jeanne wisely held aloof from the politics of the time, so fruitful at that epoch in perfidiousness aud crime. An anecdote is related of this Jeanne, which is made, according to some, to reflect upon her otherwise unsullied reputation. Being in Flanders with the king her husband, after the defeat of Count Guy (1100), she was so much struck with the costly dresses of the Flemish burghers—clad as they were in stuffs wove with the fine woollen cloths of England—that

* An anonymous poem found in the chapel of the College of Navarre describes Jeanne as imposing in her aspect, with a beautiful face; as being prudent, firm, far-sighted, chaste, and loyal; pious, compassionate, and charitable; disdaining earthly things; always looking to another world. "She was a brilliant lily, whose lustre honoured even the lilies of France."

she exclaimed: "I thought until now that I alone was queen, but I see here more than six hundred!" But it is open to doubt, if the observation arose from a woman's spitefulness or from annoyance at the inferiority of the French nation. Jeanne founded the College of Navarre, over the gateway of which were placed two statues, one representing Philippe le Bel, the other his wife, and the statue of the latter does not belie the tradition which says that she was "la femme la mieux faite et la plus belle de son temps."

Unfortunately for her fair fame, the memory of Jeanne of Navarre, as well as that of her three sons, Louis, Philip, and Charles, and of their wives, Blanche, Jeanne, and Marguerite of Bourgogne, is associated with the strangely disreputable legends attached to the Tour de Nesle. It is much to be wished that this dark page had been for ever torn from history, but certain it is, that, as far as the fate of Buridan is concerned, Jeanne could have had nothing to do with it, for she died in 1304, and Buridan was alive in 1348. It was Jeanne of Burgundy who lived in the time of the scholar to whom the tradition says the sack was given in the Seine. (Anciens Châteaux, &c., p. 59.) Beloved to the last by her husband, to whom she had borne seven children—Louis X., surnamed le Hutin; Philippe V., or le Long; Charles IV., le Bel, who succeeded one another to the crown of France, and died without issue; Robert, who died at twelve years of age; Margaret; Isabella, wife of Edward II. of England, and mother of Edward III., so fatal to France; and lastly, Blanche, who died young. Jeanne of Navarre died at Vincennes, at thirty-three years of age. "Worthy," says a contemporary, "of the regrets and prayers of all, she could present to the supreme tribunal a life replete with works of faith and charity." Such a verdict is most assuredly not consistent with the foul legend of the orgies of the Tour de Nesle.

Blanche of Navarre, second daughter of Philip III., King of Navarre, and of Jeanne of France, was destined first for Peter of Castile, and then for Duke Jean, son of Philip of Valois, but arriving at the court of France at the very moment of the death of Jeanne, wife of Philip VI., the old monarch took advantage of the absence of Jean, and married this young and pretty girl of eighteen himself. He did not, however, long survive this marriage, but died the ensuing year, leaving his young wife mother of a princess called Blanche, after herself. "La belle Sagesse," as the Navarrais used to call Blanche d'Evreux, showed herself worthy of the name as the widow of Philip of Valois. She declined an offer of marriage from Peter of Castile, saying, that "the queens of France did not marry again," and retired to her château at Neaufle, where she passed her life in works of piety and charity, dying at the age of sixty-eight, and leaving in the absence of a reputation as a great queen, which accident had deprived her of, that of one of the most amiable and virtuous of women.

Eleonora of Austria, wife of Francis I., occupied also, as elder sister of the Emperor Charles V., an important place in history. The first pretender to her hand was Frédéric II., brother of the Elector Palatine; but Charles married her, for political reasons, to Emmanuel of Portugal—old, infirm, and humpy—yet by whom she had two children before his

decease. Charles then wished to give her to the Connétable of Bourbon, as a reward for his desertion; but she was destined for greater things, having won the affections of Francis I., captive, after the battle of Pavia, at the court of Spain. Eleonora was thus destined to become the bond of union between the two most powerful princes of Christendom. And, although the two rivals never kept peace for any length of time, still "Madame Aliénor," as she is called in the chronicles, managed to bring about interviews, once at Aigues Mortes, and another time on the occasion of the revolt of Ghent, and to soften the asperities between the two. Unfortunately, Eleonora did not long enjoy the affections of the king her husband; these had been usurped by the beautiful Duchess d'Etampes. Montmorency is accused by Brantôme with having had the boldness to love the neglected queen; but she rejected his suit, as also that of Frédéric, whom she was always telling to forget "les étourderies de jeunesse;" although she added, "Heaven knows how I am treated in this court of France, and how the king behaves towards me." Francis, in fact, detested the alliance. She bore him no children; and after his death she withdrew into Spain, where she died at Talavera in 1558.

Anne of Austria was destined, like her unfortunate predecessor Eleonora, to act as a bond of union between the two rival houses of Spain and France, and to have her name associated with the blessings of peace. The dagger of an assassin had interrupted the formidable preparations making by Henri IV. to humiliate the power of Austria, when the regency of Mary of Medicis came to inaugurate a new state of things. Anne was wedded to Louis XIII., and the Princess Elizabeth to the Duke of Guise. The Infanta of Spain is described as being one of the most beautiful and intelligent princesses of the age, and history casts upon the king the sole blame for all the unhappiness that attended upon so promising an alliance. Mary of Medicis had, however, much to do with this; she was always labouring to hurt the queen in her son's estimation, so that she might hold undivided power over him, and she succeeded only too well. How far Anne indemnified herself, after the fashion of the day, by the attentions of others, it is difficult to say; certain it is that the old Duke of Bellegarde and the gay Duke of Montmorency were among her admirers, but the greatest amount of scandal was created by the Duke of Buckingham, who carried his passion to such excessive manifestations as to bring down the animadversions of king, regent, and cardinal—nay, so far as nearly to cause war between the two nations. Richelieu was, next to Mary of Medicis, one of Anne's greatest enemies through life, and he compromised her in the conspiracy of the Count de Chalais, her object being, it was averred, to marry Gaston, Duke of Orleans. The charge of spite from unrequited love is, on the other hand, laid by most parties against the cardinal. The circumstances under which Anne, at the very period when the cardinal's party was in the ascendancy, and she was even anticipating a future union with "Monsieur" to revenge herself against her dire and relentless persecutors, became the mother of Louis XIV., constitute one of the most curious pages of history.

The cardinal had done everything in his power to win over to his party Mademoiselle de la Fayette, maid of honour to the queen, "whom the king, finding to be as discreet as she was virtuous, loved with a perfect attachment."

Richelieu made such great exertions to annul this intercourse, from which he derived no advantages, that he got Mademoiselle de la Fayette to withdraw into a convent, and the king had the cowardice to give his consent. "It is true," he said, "that she is very dear to me; but if God inspires her with a mission, I shall not stand in the way." Early in March, 1637, Louis XIII. went to see her at the convent of the Visitation, and made some slight efforts to turn her from the resolve she had come to, but he met with no success; she declared that her mind was made up to separate with the world and to consecrate herself to the service of a greater lord, conjuring the king at the same time to think no longer of her, and to give peace to his people. Louis wept, and they parted from one another bathed in tears. The king subsequently visited La Fayette several times. He always came back absorbed in deep melancholy. The queen herself entertained fears lest his health should suffer from it.

These details, which may appear as extraneous to the life of our princess, connect themselves in an intimate manner to an event of the highest importance to herself and to France. Early in December, 1637, the king had travelled from Grosbois to Paris to see Mademoiselle de la Fayette; he passed four hours in her company, and as it was too late to return to Grosbois, and a dark and snowy night, he was obliged to sleep in Paris. The queen offered him supper and half her bed. "Fortunate night for France," exclaims the Italian chronicler from whom we derive this narrative, "since it was at that moment that the dauphin was conceived." Louis XIV. was, indeed, born on the 5th of September, 1638.

Anne may well have founded the Val de Grace to commemorate the cessation of a sterility which had lasted twenty-two years. She became subsequently the mother of a second son, named Philip; but this fecundity appears in no way to have endeared her to the king: indeed, there seems to be some mystery connected with the events in question which the explanations of the Italian chronicler by no means tend to clear away in a satisfactory manner; on the contrary, they only give to them a more suspicious appearance.

Even the death of the cardinal did not obtain for her any additional favour with the king, and if we are to give credit to the memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, he said on his death-bed to his confessor: "In the condition in which I now am I ought to pardon her; but I am not obliged to believe her." He, however, named her regent, his supposed rival—the Duke of Orleans—being appointed to the lieutenancy-general, but both under a council composed of Condé, Mazarin, and others.

The most important portion of Anne's life, in an historical point of view, commenced with her regency. She had, abetted by Cardinal Mazarin and Turenne, to carry on the wars of the Fronde in order to secure the throne to her son, and it is not surprising that the upshot of so many trials was that "the queen-mother, not satisfied with loving Cardinal Mazarin, finished by marrying him; "he was not a priest, and he was not in orders that prevented his marrying." She, however, survived the great minister, perishing ultimately of cancer in the breast, in January, 1666. The king was present at the moment of her decease, and, turning to Mademoiselle de Beauvais, he whispered: "Look at the queen my mother—I never saw her appear so handsome."

Anne of Austria had, before she expired, cemented the policy to which she had devoted the labours of a life, by wedding her son Louis XIV. to her niece Marie Thérèse, daughter of Philip IV. This marriage resulted from that treaty of the Pyrenees which cost Mazarin his life—

the malaria of the island on the Bidassoa having proved fatal to him. Louis himself preferred Mary Mancini, one of the several seductive nieces of the cardinal, but Mazarin was far too closely connected with the royal family by his marriage with Anne not to be prepared to make a sacrifice to political necessities. Marie Thérèse is described as small but very fair, with light hair, blue eyes, and a most prepossessing smile. There is no doubt that the qualities of her mind equalled those of her person; she was, indeed, according to all accounts, virtuous, intelligent, truthful, and pious. Notwithstanding all these advantages, the marriage was a very unhappy one, and although she bore Louis six children, the eldest of whom, the dauphin, Louis XV., alone survived, still the king her husband, of whom it was said that he liked everybody's wife better than his own, never entertained any real affection for her. On her part, she loved her royal husband so much as to overlook all his infidelities, and even to tremble when she was in his presence. All that the libertine monarch could say at her decease was, "Voilà le premier chagrin qu'elle m'ait donné!"—a testimony at once to his own indifference to so much goodness, and to her tenderness and generosity. "She was," said Bossuet, in his funeral oration, "without reproach before God and before men: calumny could not affect any one action in her life, from her childhood to her death."

The last of the French queens of Spanish origin is an empress! There would be a total want of good taste and discretion in writing the biography of a reigning empress, and M. A. Noël, therefore, carefully limits himself to official documents. In only one case is he at variance with these: the notice is headed, "Eugénie-Marie de Guzman;" official documents say that the emperor wedded "Mademoiselle de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, daughter of the Count de Montijo, senator and grandee of Spain." The two, however, are not at all irreconcilable, only some details of the family of Guzman and Montijo would have been desirable. While she is as fair as a Blanche or an Anne, may she ever be as good as a Marie Thérèse; and may her lot, in the constant affection of her imperial husband, be without the bitterness that befel most of her Spanish predecessors on the throne of France! That she will, should necessity ever demand it, successfully combat for the rights of her son, and for the ascendancy of the imperial diadem, the Anglo-Spanish blood that is said to flow in her veins leaves not the slightest doubt.

THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF FRANCE.

The publication of the explanation given by the French government as to the future of Central Italy, while clearing up much of the obscurity that had hitherto existed as to the imperial policy of France, has, on the other hand, had the pernicious effect of justifying all the doubts expressed by the foes of that policy. The truth is being gradually forced upon us that the "idea," under the influence of which the Emperor of the French declared war against Austria, was not quite so disinterested as was at first assumed. The article of the *Moniteur*, to which we allude, is of so important a nature, as showing the apologies a great man can put forth for a wrong action he has made up his mind to commit, that we may be permitted to select it as the text for our monthly dissertation on foreign affairs.

At the time when Napoleon III. first formed the idea of gaining renown as a commander on the fertile plains of Lombardy, Austria was *de facto* mistress of Italy. Her influence throughout Central Italy was secured by treaties; in Rome she had an omnipotent ally in Antonelli; while she was secure of the obedience of Naples through a community of interests and feelings. All right-thinking men were unanimous in deploring such a state of things, for there is a certain sentimental feeling attaching to Italy in the heart of every educated man. The student of ancient history could not refrain from regret when he saw Italy, once mistress of the world, coerced and crouching beneath the overshadowing wings of the Austrian eagle. But, at the same time, he could not close his eyes to the absolute necessity of such an unnatural condition, for past history equally taught him that Italy could only be kept tranquil by extreme severity, for any concession or display of more liberal tendencies on the part of government was immediately attributed to fear, and paved the way for the most lamentable excesses. From these causes many who sympathised with the woes of Italy could not help feeling a species of gratitude to Austria for the unwelcome charge she had accepted, and admired the doggedness with which she carried out her purpose, regardless of obloquy and misconception. Italy was tranquil, and all Europe benefited by it.

At this time Napoleon III. put himself forth as the champion of nationalities, and espoused the side of Sardinia in the quarrel that troublesome state had forced upon Austria, by a long series of minor insults and aggravations, which were the more annoying, because Austria thought it beneath her to put forth her might and crush the aggressor. But so soon as Napoleon stepped into the arena as backer of Victor Emmanuel, the Austrians at once accepted the defiance, and the result was that lamentable campaign, which has added fresh lustre to the French arms at a very disproportionate outlay.

In the midst of these brilliant successes, and when on the point apparently of fulfilling his prediction that freedom should reign from the Alps to the Adriatic, the Emperor of the French suddenly checked the progress of his cohorts, and that mysterious interview at Villafranca took place, about which we were entirely left in the dark, until the Emperor

of the French deigned to enlighten us by the article in the *Moniteur*. We learn, then, that one of the conditions of the treaty was the absolute return of the grand-dukes, and in exchange for this concession Francis Joseph promised to establish the government of Venetia on a more liberal footing. Had this been carried out, we are told, Venetia would then have stood in the same position to Italy as Luxembourg to Holland. This was admirable in the abstract, and all parties would have cause to be satisfied, but the emperors erred in not taking the population of the duchies into consideration, who passively refused to have anything more to do with their fugitive regnants, and thus matters came to a dead-lock at Zurich.

For a time it was supposed that the return of the dukes would be accomplished by force of arms, and that an army of occupation would be marched into the duchies. Some writers even went so far as to assert that the forty thousand French troops left momentarily in Lombardy would form the army of execution. But this we did not believe, for Napoleon III. is peculiarly anxious to stand well in public opinion, and such an open démenti of the motives under which he engaged in the war would have lost him the few friends he has still left. The note in the *Moniteur* quite confirms the opinions we have before expressed, and we learn from it that the Emperor of the French will allow no armed interference—doubtlessly he has had enough of fighting for one while. But the ingratitude of the Tuscans has abrogated the treaty of Villafranca, and as they will not allow Napoleon to carry out his promises, of course it cannot be expected that Austria will fulfil hers. "Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace, a policy of hatred and defiance will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh misfortunes." Such is the penalty with which the Tuscans are menaced by their patron. The question is, whether the inhabitants of the duchies care one iota what becomes of Venetia: they have a fancy in their heads just at present that they should like to become Sardinian subjects, but they evince no feeling for that memorable confederation of states which Napoleon III. put forward as the panacea for all the woes under which Italy was suffering.

The matter assumed a fresh complication when Victor Emmanuel received the *mot d'ordre* from his master not to accept the throne offered him by the Italian deputation. In fact, such a settlement of the affair was impossible: Austria would never consent to such an extension of constitutional government in Italy, which would reasonably alarm her as to the tranquillity of Venetia, while Napoleon III. had his reasons for preventing such an aggrandisement on the part of Piedmont. It was quite certain that whoever gained by the war it should not be Victor Emmanuel. Throughout the campaign, his troops were exposed to the hottest fire, an enormous addition has been made to his debt, and his reward has been a defenceless territory, nearly ruined by the calamity of a war, and still suffering from the after-pangs of the revolution of 1848. But he has the ineffable honour of being reduced to a vassal of France, and humbly obeying the orders which a Louis Napoleon may deign to give him. Surely this is an awful degradation for the oldest reigning house in Europe.

Sardinia, then, having been weakened by the war, and embarrassed by

a large tract of country which it will require her entire army to keep in subjection, let us see what has happened to Austria through the war. She is equally weakened, in so far as her military prestige has suffered a severe blow, and she will be henceforward unable to mass such large bodies of troops in Italy by which to coerce the rest of the peninsula. Her influence is entirely subverted in Central Italy, and France prevents her putting forth her strength to reconquer it. In a word, Austria is no longer mistress of Italy; all the treasure she has expended on that country since 1815 has been thrown away; one short campaign has annihilated the labour of years. What will fortresses avail her? To what purpose can she employ the far-famed Quadrilatère, so long as Napoleon sternly says to her, "So far, and no farther," and she knows that she dare not summon him to the combat?

So far, then, we think we have fairly deduced the motives which urged Louis Napoleon to take up arms. By his clever combinations, Italy is laid open to the first comer, for Austria and Sardinia are held in check. Neither of them will gain the predominant voice in Italian affairs, and Louis Napoleon is master of the situation. With this commentary we can read between the lines of the article in the *Moniteur*. Of course, Louis Napoleon will not allow the armed restoration of the grand-dukes, for that would restore Austrian influence, but, at the same time, he will not allow Victor Emmanuel to escape from his state of pupilage, and accept the duchies, which would render him in a measure independent. The next move was simple enough. Prince Napoleon was put forward as the king elect of Etruria, and all parties would be satisfied with the choice. Austria, because it foiled the ambition of Victor Emmanuel; Sardinia, because the king might reasonably suppose that his son-in-law would aid and abet him. Hence, the powerful party which has been so long at work in Tuscany, and the repeated rumours of adhesion which Prince Napoleon has given to the scheme. The Emperor of the French, of course, does not assent to this through any love he bears his cousin, but he sees before him a famous opportunity for intervention. It is not for a moment presumable that a nation possessing a spark of self-respect would long endure the rule of such a monarch as Prince Plon-plon would be: there would be a revolution, landing of French troops, and annexation within six months. Is England prepared to accept such consequences blindly? If so, the time can almost be predicted when Egypt will also be lost.

There is a curious precedent in history which we fear will not be repeated in this instance. When the Belgians, amazed by the result of their revolution, set about choosing themselves a king, they selected a prince of the House of Orleans; but Louis Philippe declined the offer. He thought that, if he accepted it, people would say that the reduction of Antwerp was rewarded in this manner, and so the Belgians had to put up with a Saxe-Coburg. It is true that Louis Philippe gave the King of the Belgians one of his daughters in marriage, and thus, probably, acquired just as much influence as if the Duke de Nemours had ascended the throne; but then he did not offend the proprieties, which will certainly be the case if the present intrigues are successful, and Prince Plon-plon is elected. Even if Louis Napoleon were to decline, that hot-headed young prince has declared that he will accept the offer, and we hardly think that his

imperial cousin would shut him up in the fortress of Ham as a punishment for his contumacy.

There appears to be one simple mode of cutting the Gordian knot of these intrigues, and that would be in the Tuscans selecting some other prince as their ruler. The Emperor of the French would be unable to prevent this, and a European congress might so regulate matters that Italy might be kept tranquil for a season. But the very difficulty is in the character of the Italians themselves; they are not deserving of constitutional liberty, and whatever their advocates may say of the admirable behaviour of the Tuscans since the conclusion of peace, it is merely the satisfaction a child feels at a new plaything. During the whole of this dangerous season, when an armed intervention might have taken place at any moment, what has been the conduct of the Tuscans? Have they risen, as one man, to defend their menaced liberty? Have they imposed on their opponents by their resolute and manly conduct? The columns of the daily papers tell us a very different lesson; here and there a volunteer may be seen swaggering about the streets, and listening with delight to the clanking of his sabre; but, as a general rule, the Tuscans would prefer having some one to fight for them, and a nation which demands liberty with songs and frantic yells can only muster ten thousand men to defend that liberty when it is imperilled. Their advocates in this country whine over their decadence, and send round the hat for assistance, while, at home, they listen open-mouthed to all the *cancans* afloat, but are unanimous in branding as traitors the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day in their behalf. How can an Englishman feel aught but contemptuous pity for such a race of beings as this?

It is more than probable, then, that the intrigues of Prince Napoleon's friends will be successful among such a people as this; and, indeed, the higher classes have already, in great part, become his adherents. With their love of courtly pomps and sensual gratification, Prince Plon-plon, the darling of the Opera, is just the man to gratify their aspirations, and they see Florence turned once again into a City of Delights, an Armida's Garden, such as that in which the scene of the Decameron is laid. Unfortunately, such things cost money, and the French have a way of enforcing taxation most unpleasant to every nation, but most so to the indolent Italians, who can hardly be induced to work by the pressure of hunger. The result may be arrived at with the certainty of a problem in Euclid. The flight from Westphalia will be paralleled in the new kingdom of Etruria.

Such a prospect is far from reassuring for the tranquillity of Europe, but that such will come appears inevitable, unless measures be speedily taken to prevent it. It is very easy for imperial apologists to state that their master left off the war through a holy fear of altering the balance of Europe; of course the menaces of Germany had no effect, for was not the mighty Pelissier on the frontier? No, the Emperor of the French is the slave of his word, and it was with a bleeding heart that he withdrew from his promise to the Italians. He could not expel the Austrians, because the war threatened to assume proportions which placed the equilibrium of Europe in jeopardy. We will not stop to inquire whether so clever a man as Louis Napoleon allowed himself to be deceived as to the temper of Germany; all we can say is, that if he did, it renders the war

a greater absurdity than ever; but we confess that the sudden cessation of the war seems to us to indicate a prearranged course of conduct, which Louis Napoleon is following with the persistency of a sleuth-hound, the terminus being French domination in Italy. Plon-plon may be put forward as a screen, to break the opposition of Europe, but the real object of the war was, by crippling the two powers which held authority in the Italian peninsula, to leave a road open for French ideas and influence to march in.

And then, as if Fortune were inclined to lavish all her favours at once on her favourite, the catastrophe on the Peiho comes to force the only power which might manfully oppose such a spread of French influence, to accept the services of ten thousand French soldiers to wash out the stain. The consequences of the Anglo-French alliance are beginning to work out, and we have not yet seen the end. Last year a handful of Frenchmen tried to wrest the credit from our gallant marines of the capture of Canton; what will the crowing of the Gallic cock be now that French troops are again united with ours in superior force? Ask any man who served before Sebastopol what the feeling between the two armies was during the period that followed the capture of the Malakoff, and it will be possible to form an idea of what it will be in China. The French haters of England—and their number is not small—are already chuckling with delight at seeing us defeated by barbarians on the element the supreme dominion of which we arrogated. The Crimean campaign avenged Waterloo; and there is now a prospect that the remembrance of Trafalgar may be blotted out. We should not attach any grave importance to the fanfaronade of these gentry did not the French government appear to endorse their views by the increased activity displayed in the dockyards. When we read that the emperor has ordered twenty casemated vessels to be built instead of ten, as originally ordered, and that fifty large transports, each capable of conveying three thousand men, will be shortly finished, we feel there was just cause for the alarm recently excited in England, and which we regret to see dying out so soon.

For the present, however, it appears that a policy of peace is to be once more inaugurated between England and France, and an important article has recently been published on the subject in the columns of the *Constitutionnel.* There is certainly some truth in the allegation with which the writer commences that England, after disapproving of the war so long as it lasted, now complains that France has not done enough, and desires the annexation of the duchies to Sardinia, as the most satisfactory way of settling the Italian question. But it must be borne in mind that a change of ministry has produced this change of feeling, and the emancipation of Italy has always been the cheval de bataille of the Liberal party. But, when the writer proceeds to say that Piedmont, as the sword of Italy, must be strong enough to defend that country but not to absorb it, we confess that we cannot follow the argument. Of what consequence could the hostility of Naples prove to Sardinia, were she even a powerful Italian state? As it is, the hostility between the two countries is undying, and even the fear of breaking up the confederation on which Louis Napoleon has apparently set his heart, does not appear to us sufficient cause for Sardinia to remain in

her present prostrate position. We can perfectly understand that the Emperor of the French may dread the loss of his influence in Sardinia should that country be rendered powerful and independent by the annexation of the duchies. But why we should be called upon to aid in maintaining that influence because of certain events that have happened on the Peiho, is beyond us. It is perfectly true that Florence, Parma, and Modena would become, with reluctance, county towns of Sardinia, but the same might have been predicted of Milan and the other important cities of Lombardy. Such an apprehension, however, did not cause Napoleon to swerve from his purpose in that case; and, if this were his sole motive for preventing the annexation, Victor Emmanuel would have just cause of complaint.

The next point is what the "two Western powers, united on the banks of the Peiho to avenge a common insult, should unite their diplomatic efforts to effect in the Italian crisis." Up to the present moment matters remain at a dead-lock: we know not what Louis Napoleon intends to propose, although we are justified in drawing certain conclusions from the past. The only possible solution of the difficulty put forward is a union of the duchies under a monarch which will form part of a future confederation, and everything seems to show that the chosen of the people must be Prince Napoleon. Is the assistance offered us on the Peiho to be paid for by the tacit sanction of such a consummation on our part? But the confederation is *de facto* destroyed by the threats held out as to the future of Venetia. That hapless country is handed over to the vengeance of the Austrians because the duchies will not obey Napoleon, and the confederation, which presupposed large measures of reform granted by Francis Joseph, is at once nullified. We confess that, in every way we turn the matter, the confusion only appears to us worse confounded. If words were really granted mortals to conceal their thoughts, the Emperor of the French is past master in the science.

Even the Liberal party in England, who hoped so much from the interference of Louis Napoleon in Italy, must feel disappointed at the result for the down-trodden nation with which they sympathised so ardently. There was something so inspiriting in the promise that Italy should be at length free, and something so chivalrous in France undergoing such losses for the sake of an "idea," that few thought of suspecting the emperor of desiring any prospective advantage for himself. So disinterested were his professions, so glorious the result with which he dazzled them, that they could not entertain in their hearts the notion that he might protest too much. Victory followed on victory, and, as is the usual rule, public sympathy sided with success, and probably Louis Napoleon had never been more popular among Englishmen than just after the battle of Solferino. Suddenly came that ominous meeting at Villafranca, and his popularity sank at once to zero: the old rancours about avenging Waterloo were revived, and a coldness sprang up between the two nations which might have produced very unpleasant results. Naturally enough, French writers threw all the blame upon us: they saw in our hurried preparations for defence an insult to the gallant French nation, and half menaces were employed, which seemed the coups d'épingle which precede a conflict between two nations. For the present the storm has blown over: the China catastrophe compels us to accept

the aid of the French, and their vanity being thus satiated, the old *entente cordiale* will boil up again with the first success of the allied arms in China. The inanities of the Russian war will be revived between the two capitals, and though the troops will grow more and more hostile daily, the people will be knit in a closer bond of amity. Indeed, could we but get the French to fight all our battles for us, the nation, gratified at the idea of patronising England, would remain on the best possible terms with us.

But, in sober sadness, this Chinese business is a very unpleasant one. A most critical affair is awaiting settlement by a European congress, and our pride will not allow us to accept French assistance in requiting an insult directed against us without offering some equivalent. At the moment we most require troops to represent us worthily beneath the walls of Pekin, that *curiosa infelicitas* which has so long presided over our East Indian councils has denuded us of some ten thousand acclimatised soldiers, who would be invaluable in China. They are probably on the road home by this time, and a year will elapse ere they can be re-enlisted and carried to the scene of action. The reform in our army system goes on too slowly to allow us to hope any increased activity in recruiting, and the present state of the Continent will prevent us draining England of the few troops by which our country is occupied. We cannot but accept French assistance, and it is to be feared that it will lead to much unpleasantness. If the Emperor of the French would but speak out, and tell us the extent of his wishes with respect to Italy, much apprehension might be saved, but he is not of those who wear their heart upon their sleeve for daws to peck at. With him action follows promptly on speech, and when the time comes for an open avowal of his designs, he will have ample means in readiness to ensure their accomplishment. In the present state of the Continent, if he choose to convert Central Italy into a French appanage, there is not a European power that can say him nay, and it is not, unfortunately, a subject which would cause the Continent to combine against him. The extraordinary vigour displayed by French arms in the late short campaign, and the marvellous combinations which evinced a master mind presiding at the helm, have produced a very soothing effect on the martial aspirations of the Continent, and all the powers are standing in breathless suspense, awaiting whose turn will come next. Under these circumstances, it would afford them a grateful relief if they found that Napoleon took his reward in Italy.

Nor is England in a position to put her veto on such schemes of aggrandisement, or to declare war for the purpose of keeping France within her own frontier. In India we have a drain which will occupy us for years, the China war will be a heavy drag on our military resources, and a thunder-cloud is already collecting which threatens renewed complications with the Americans in British Columbia. With so much on our hands, we cannot afford to quarrel with France on the subject of Italy: the time has passed when our will gave law to nations, and the tergiversations we have been guilty of since the Vienna settlement of 1815 prevent us going into court with clean hands. A nation which allowed the formation of kingdoms like Greece and Belgium must permit the same course to be carried out in Italy: the conservative policy of England having been overthrown, and the beneficial results of the great

war squandered, we cannot now complain if other nations take pattern by us and do their part in overthrowing the fabric we raised by the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. For many years it remained the traditional policy of England that the peace of the Continent depended on France being kept within her natural limits by the formation of strong states on her frontier, and when the cry arose that the Pyrenees no longer existed, our ancestors fought and fought, till those frontier mountains frowned again in all their majesty to restrain the ambition of France. Our forefathers would now turn restlessly in their graves were they to learn that we of the nineteenth century tranquilly look on, while the barrier of the Alps is being virtually abolished, and the French desire for territorial aggrandisement seeks satisfaction on the plains of Italy.

On the principle that it is better to choose the least of the two evils, we would prefer to see the duchies annexed to Sardinia, for, in this way, a powerful state would be formed between France and the Adriatic. Unfortunately, these Italians are such fractious elements, that it would be impossible for an impoverished state like Piedmont to keep them in subordination, and she would be compelled to invoke the assistance of other troops, who could only be French. In other words, Victor Emmanuel would only govern in the name of his master, and the result would be equally dangerous, as far as the interests of England are concerned. Were the Tuscans capable of autonomy, the result would be most advantageous for Europe, but, unhappily, harsh experience tells us that they must be under the master's rod, or they give way to excesses which our civilised age, on behalf of humanity, cannot tolerate. If we could be sure that they would continue in their present admirable temper, and shun the artful snares laid to entrap them into turbulence, all might yet be well, but such conduct is so utterly opposed to the Italian character, that we must look forward to an armed intervention sooner or later.

The future of Italy, then, is fraught with danger for the tranquillity of Europe, and the Emperor Napoleon holds that future in his hands, to guide it for good or evil. Were he but sincere in his promises—if he really had at heart only the welfare of a nation whose cause he espoused, he would prove a benefactor to society; but his acts seem in such striking contradiction to his words, that we are reluctantly compelled to believe that the end is not yet. The candidature of Prince Napoleon for the throne of Etruria is certainly not the way to secure the liberty of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic.

But we have hopes yet that matters will come to a satisfactory settlement if Pio Nono but remain true to himself. That Napoleon III. is very doubtful as to the Pope's behaviour is seen from the tentatives he has made to coerce him into concessions. We hear again that French troops are to be withdrawn from Rome next Easter, and of suggestions that Pio Nono should peaceably give up the Legations, but we fancy that the Pope is not inclined to surrender so easily. Even if Napoleon should carry out his threat, and withdraw his troops, Spain is prepared to supply him with an ample force. But the Emperor of the French dares not proceed to extremities with the head of the Catholic Church, for he would thus arouse an opposition at home which even his might could not withstand.

It is evident that a result must be arrived at before long, and the only

possible solution seems to us to be an independent kingdom of Central Italy, established by a European congress, and guaranteed by the great powers. If Napoleon agree to this, the evil hour may be deferred for a time; but even here there is the risk that the duchies may be persuaded into electing Prince Napoleon as their monarch. Still the danger would not, in that case, be so great as if France alone regulated the affairs of Italy, for Austria, supported by England, would be enabled to regain some of her prestige, and offer a wholesome check to the propagation of French ideas through the peninsula. If, however, Austria be persuaded by France into rejecting the congress, as seems now very possible, there is nothing to prevent France becoming omnipotent in Central Italy, and soon finding an outlet to the Adriatic. This will bring her closer than ever to Turkey, and when the great struggle for dominion in the East takes place, she will have a tremendous step in advance of us.

Such are the consequences of our hesitation at the outbreak of the Italian war, which we might have prevented by an energetic course. But we allowed the opportunity to slip: we hugged ourselves in our neutrality, and rejoiced at the thought that our most dangerous neighbour would render himself powerless to hurt us, and that a long period of tranquillity awaited us. The result has been very different: instead of weakening his own power, the Emperor of the French has secured himself an opening in Italy such as his uncle never possessed, and it depends upon him to use his victory with moderation. The effect of the Italian war has been to arouse a very healthy panic in England, but, at the same time, it has virtually abrogated the treaty of Vienna. It is now conceded that might shall overcome right, and that any nation which conceives itself sufficiently strong may carve out new kingdoms, or aggrandise itself at the expense of others. England no longer possesses the proud privilege of exerting that moral influence which once rendered her so strong in the councils of Europe, but must calmly look on while wrong is being done. Such are some of the effects of a Liberal government, whose liberality is evinced towards other countries at the expense of our dignity; and if the French obtain a firm footing on the Adriatic, and eventually render themselves masters of our natural road to India, we shall only have ourselves to blame for entrusting the helm of the state ship to men who care for nothing but personal aggrandisement, and selfishly cling to power, regardless of the injury their tenure of office inflicts on the dignity and honour of the fatherland. The only consolation is, that the country must ere long awake to a consciousness of its position, and recal to power the men who upheld the honour of England so worthily during a tremendous crisis, and whose reward was political ostracism. But did not the Athenians grow weary of hearing Aristides called the Just?

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RECENT PROGRESS OF GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.

The Holy Land—Mountains of Kurdistan—The true Ararat—The Russians in Central Asia and on the Amur—Navigation of the Yang-tse-Kiang—Exploration of the Peiho—Projected Operations against Pekin—Discoveries in Central Australia—Progress of the French in Polynesia—The Gorilla, the Tailed-man of Central Africa?—Navigation of the Niger—Discovery of Lakes Tanganyika, Nyanga, and Shirwa—Mountains of the Moon—Great Interior Watery Plateau—Projected Interoceanic Canal at Suez—Pass in the Rocky Mountains—Arctic Research.

THE anniversary address of the distinguished president of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. I. Murchison—the "Rapport sur les Travaux de la Société de Géographie et sur les Progrès des Sciences Géographiques" by the general secretary, M. Alfred Maury, and the "Compte-rendu" of the secretary of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, M. Lamansky—afford abundant data by which to arrive at some sound generalisations respecting the recent advance made in geographical science and discovery. The progress effected in the latter department more especially, if not of so much positive importance as in the former, takes precedence in the interest it creates and in the prospects which all new discoveries hold out to the future. It is, indeed, to such discoverers that the geographical institutions of this and of other countries almost always award their honorary medals.

In limiting ourselves, then, on the present occasion, to that which simply concerns exploration, research, and discovery, it is impossible not to feel a certain amount of national pride in recording the fact that our adventurous countrymen (with very few exceptions indeed) take the lead in a race far more glorious than triumphs of the battle-field. The world is indebted this year to Captains Burton and Speke for the exploration of a vast region of Eastern and Central Africa, never before traversed by civilised man, and for the discovery of the great internal lakes of Tanganyika and Nyanza; to Captain Palliser and his adventurous companions, Dr. Hector, Lieutenant Blakiston, and others, for the successful exploration of large tracts in British North America, and the discovery of practicable passes across the Rocky Mountains; and to Mr. John M'Dougall Stuart for his remarkable journey in South Australia, which led to the signal discovery of eighteen thousand square miles of valuable and well-watered pastoral country far to the north of the western saline region. But we must not omit also to acknowledge that where the very best qualities for the successful exploration of new countries—varied intimacy with different branches of science, combined to the necessary enterprise, courage, and

perseverance—are in requisition, it is in the land of Humboldt that such are almost alone to be met with. The Barths, the Overwegs, the Vogels, the Roths,* and the Schlagintweits attest to this fact, so creditable to the fatherland. The murder of Adolphe Schlagintweit by a bigoted and ferocious Synd, named Wulli Khan, who had the guileless traveller beheaded in front of the walls of Kasghar, is one of those melancholy events which add to the gloomy prestige already attached to those countries by the fate of Conolly and Stoddart. Central Asia seems, indeed, to be one of the few remaining regions where fanaticism finds a pleasurable gratification in propagating error by shedding the blood of man.

The Geographical Society of Paris conferred their gold medal this year on the brothers Adolphe, Hermann, and Robert Schlagintweit, "voyageurs, géologues, naturalistes et physiciens Bavarois," for their explorations of Thibet and Eastern Turkestan, and for the discoveries made by them to the north and to the north-west of the Himalaya.

Geographical discovery would seem to be out of the question with regard to Europe, but this is not exactly the case. The Admiralty surveys —more especially those effected by the naval officers of Great Britain— are constantly eliminating new facts in connexion with the submarine features of the earth's surface. The rapid publication of new maps, charts, and works of different kinds—the studies of the historical or comparative geographer, and of the archæologist—even the labours of the "Alpine Club"—all assist materially in the progress of geography. In the last five years these latter Alpine volunteers, for example, have succeeded in ascending the highest point of Monte Rosa, the Dom, the Great Combin, the Alleleinhorn, the Wetterhorn Proper, and several other peaks never before scaled, besides exploring and making better known many other of the highest and most inaccessible portions of the Alps.

Asia, a country in which, according to M. Maury, "tandis que la Russie voit grandir chaque année sa puissance, et son peuple prendre possession du sol par des conquêtes faciles et durables, l'Angleterre sent s'ébranler sous elle les fondements du gigantesque empire qu'elle avait fondé aux Indes," has still much to reveal to the zealous explorer. The religious zeal of the English and Anglo-Americans gives rise every year to some new discovery in Palestine and Syria. Mr. Graham's excursion in Hauran—the ancient Bachan—has, for example, furnished many new facts. The traveller has discovered traces of cities that existed in the land of Og at the time of the conquest of the Israelites, and he has discovered inscriptions in an unknown language, whose characters, according to Dr. Barth, have great resemblance to those in use among the Berbers. The German pastor, Valentiner, has contributed to throw light upon the topography of the tribe of Benjamin ;† M. Rosen has perfected the descriptions of the valley of Hebron and of the surrounding country ;‡ M. Roth has done the same with regard to the Dead Sea and countries east of the Jordan.

The existence of the crocodile, although only once seen, if seen at all,

* It is to be regretted that this distinguished traveller, Dr. Roth, Professor at Munich, died of fever last summer at Hasbeiya, in Ante-Lebanon, after making several tours, the results of which have not yet been published.

† Journal de la Société Orientale de Leipsick. ‡ Ibid.

in the river Euphrates, has long been suspected by travellers and naturalists to exist in Western Asia. There was an historical reminiscence in the Crocodilon Flumen et Mons at the renowned Gates of Syria; there were legendary references to the same reptile in the so-called Dragon of Rhodes, and in the Hawan Kebir, or Great Beast, of the Turks. The Crusaders found crocodiles in the Lacus Crocodilorum, east of Marash, and which, albeit still known as the Moiat al Temsah, or Crocodile Waters, have not, to our knowledge, been explored by any modern naturalist. M. Victor Guérin had also announced his belief in the existence of the same creature in the rivers of Palestine, but M. Roth has at length set the question at rest by the discovery of the remains of no monitor or ameiva, but of true crocodiles, in the rivulets of Zerka and Difleh, that flow between Jaffa and Cæsarea. The same distinguished naturalist and zealous traveller has also determined the mollusc from which the Tyrian dye was derived to be the *Murex trunculus*.

Dr. de Kotschy has published the result of an interesting exploration of Taurus in Cilicia,* and M. Nicolaï de Seidlitz has given to the world an equally meritorious monograph of the environs of Lake Urimiyah. The most interesting and little-known central regions of Kurdistan are also getting gradually laid open. M. C. Sandreczki has travelled from Mosul to Urimiyah. M. Lersch has published a memoir on the language of the Kurds, among whom M. O. Blau distinguishes four principal races in the north: the Djélali, the Melanli, the Schakaki, and the Haideranli.†

Dr. Azariah Smith, missionary of the American board, has impugned the correctness of Mr. W. F. Ainsworth's positioning of Julamerk or Julamerik, which may be considered as the pivot of central North Kurdistan.‡ It is quite possible that the traveller in question may have been slightly in error in his latitudes, as, having several lofty mountain ranges to cross in reaching that point, he may, in the fear of exaggerating the horizontal distance, where so much was at high angles of inclination, have, in reality, under-estimated the distance travelled. The only observations obtained to correct the day's workings at Julamerik itself were two of Jupiter on the meridian, June 20 and 21 (78 deg. 45 min. 40 sec., and 78 deg. 45 min. 50 sec.), and one of the moon on the meridian, June 21 (time 5 h. 4 min. 30 sec., 100 deg. 20 min. 20 sec.). These observations were obtained under circumstances of peculiar difficulties, originating in the jealousy of the natives, and are, therefore, not entirely to be depended upon. But it may also be remarked, that if Dr. Azariah Smith's positioning of Julamerk, as he designates it, is correct, what becomes of the country traversed in several days' journey by Mr. Layard between Wan and that place, and which includes the districts of Mukus, of Shattak, and Lewen?§ The relative position of Zakho and Jezirah ebn Omar, as also of the river Khabur, with respect to Julamerik, has been decidedly cleared up by the American geographers, who have had further opportunities of exploring the intervening country; but what

* Annales des Voyages.

† Journal de la Société Orientale de Leipsick.

‡ Journal of the American Oriental Society, vol. ii. p. 63 *et seq.*

§ See map attached to Mr. Layard's Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.

does Dr. Smith mean by saying "there can be no hesitation in striking out the Little Zab (Berdizawi)?" Dr. Smith himself admits the existence of a stream at Leihun, the point in question, since he speaks of "the smallness of its mouth."* There are, however, three streams at that point: one was three or four yards, another twenty, and a third twenty-two yards wide in June.† The map-maker is responsible for the dotted prolongation of the central and easterly streams northwards. Dr. Wright, quoted by Dr. Smith, also says: "Just east of the church of Mar George is a small stream, a branch of the Zab." It is, however, to be hoped that the results of the survey made by the Limitrophal Commission, acting under the joint powers of Turkey, Persia, Russia, and England, will soon be published, when no doubt geography will be enriched with a vast mass of detail regarding the interior of Kurdistan.‡

In Persia, Mr. Thomson and Lord Schomburg Kerr, attached to the British mission, have made no less than three separate ascents of the peak of Demavend, north of Teheran, and have determined its summit by boiling water to be 21,500 feet above the sea. It appears from this that the barometrical observation of Mr. W. Taylor Thomson (Mr. Thomson's brother), made in September, 1837 (15.05), has been under-estimated.§ M. de Kotschy, who effected the ascent of the Demavend after Mr. W. Taylor Thomson, also estimates the height as double that of Mount Etna; and these estimates are further corroborated by M. Lennes's geodetic observations made in 1838, and which, according to M. Otto Struve's calculations, give 20,085 French feet for the elevation of the same peak.

"Hence," remarks Sir R. I. Murchison, "it is certain that Demavend is much loftier than the Ararat of geographers, which lies at the south end of the Caucasus, and has an altitude of 17,112 feet only. But if that name is to be applied to the highest summit in Western Asia, we are assured by Sir Henry Rawlinson that Mount Judi, overhanging the plain of Assyria, is much higher than Demavend, and is actually considered by the inhabitants to be the mountain on which the ark of Noah rested."

The tradition of the Jebel Judi being the true Thenanin, or Mountain of the Ark, is well known to Oriental travellers;‖ but the range of mountains so named is far from being the highest in Kurdistan, not ascending beyond the limit of perpetual snows. The loftiest peaks in Kurdistan will, there is every reason to believe, be found in the Tura Jelu, or Jellu, or Jawur Tagh, probably in the peak marked as Sheikiv.¶ But although the Jellu mountains are so high as to have been described as snow-clad "peaks rising on a sea of peaks, or mountains superposed on a group of mountains,"** it does not necessarily follow that they exceed

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* Journal of the American Oriental Society, vol. ii. p. 66.

† Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xi. p. 48. All these streams were crossed by the traveller, whose veracity is thus carelessly impugned, on bridges of twigs. See Travels, &c., vol. ii. p. 242.

‡ According to information communicated by Mr. Petermann to Sir R. I. Murchison, the results of the survey of the boundary line between Turkey and Persia, executed by the International Commission, are now being laid down in the Dépôt de la Guerre at St. Petersburg on the scale of 1 : 73.500.

§ Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. viii. p. 109 *et seq.*

‖ Travels, &c., vol. ii. p. 340 *et seq.*

¶ Map in Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. xi. p. 74.

** Travels, &c., vol. ii. p. 311.

the Demavend or even Mount Ararat in elevation, as the latter have the advantage of a more elevated basis. We, however, join in all cordiality in the feelings of hope expressed by the distinguished president of the Royal Geographical Society, that as Sir Henry Rawlinson has gone to Persia, there to represent our sovereign, he will not quit his post until he has taken steps to clear up these points.

The Russians never weary in their laborious explorations of Central Asia. If we are to place confidence in the foresight and correctness of the generalisations of the French reporter, "ces expéditions se rattachent au vaste projet d'extension de son influence en Asie nourri par le gouvernement russe. Déjà, depuis longues années, cet empire prépare les voies qui doivent lui ouvrir l'accès de l'Asie méridionale." One of the latest and most important expeditions was that sent into the heart of Central Asia, under Captain Julubeff, to beyond the river Ili and the lake Balkhash in the Kirghis steppes, to the confines of Chinese Turkestan. M. Alexis Boutakow has also explored the lower course of the Syr-Dariah from Fort Perowski to its embouchure. M. Khanikoff has led an expedition into Khorassan, a country which, M. Maury also tells us, "est appelé à jouer, dans les destinées politiques de l'Asie, un rôle important," and Sir R. I. Murchison says of the efficiency of this expedition that it gave to it the scientific importance of a general survey.*

Nor have the exploratory labours of Russia been less energetic more to the eastward. The river Ussuri, one of the affluents of the great Amur, and which constitutes the boundary between Russia and China, was last year examined by Captain Veniukoff, and for the first time its banks were examined in their whole length. M. Schmidt has also been sent in charge of an expedition to the basin of the Amur itself, and which is to extend its researches to the Khin Jhan, and other mountain chains, from whence its tributaries descend, as also to the island of Sakhalin.

The Amur, it may be remarked, has been visited since it has been opened to navigation by the Russians from the seaboard. M. Otto Esche, a merchant of San Francisco, equipped the *Oscar* with the view of establishing commercial relations with Mantchuria. Leaving his ship in the bay of Castries, celebrated by the clever escape from thence of the Russian squadron in 1855 (they having made their way good to the Amur by the north, whilst the British fleet was returning in pursuit to gain the Sea of Okhotsk by La Pérouse's Strait!), and the site now of the fortress of Alexandrovsk, M. Esche made his way in a small vessel to Nikolaïewsk, which he describes as being already a flourishing town, built upon a table-land as extensive as that of San Francisco. The town is surrounded by a forest, and its market-place is equal in extent to the Washington-square of the Californian port. Wide streets diverge from it as from a central point. There is a restaurant, a ball-room, a reading-room with all the German, French, and Belgian papers, and a library which already boasts of its four thousand volumes. There are several villages inhabited by Russian colonists around the town, where corn

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* Bulletin of the Society of St. Petersburg and the Viestnikk imperatorskago rousskago geographitcheskago obch tchestva.

and vegetables are successfully cultivated. Hemp and tobacco thrive especially, and constitute already important articles of commerce. Large quantities of most valuable timber are also floated down the river, which is already navigated by four steamers. The Amur widens like the Elbe beyond its mouth, and at Cape Prouge, below Nikolaïewsk, is no less than forty miles in width. Metals abound as well as wood, and the existence of large coal-fields gives promise of great results to the future maritime and commercial movements of the Russians upon this hitherto long-neglected river.

The ultimate subjugation of the Tchetchenses in the Caucasus by the capture of the veteran chieftain Schamyl, is of the utmost importance to the future of Russia in Asia. The Muscovites will now have no fretful mountaineers in their rear during their progress onwards, whether towards the uplands of Higher Asia, or along the more fertile and tempting valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Whichever it may be—if these countries are neglected by others—the results cannot but be beneficial to the progress of civilisation and to the general welfare of the human race.

The additions to our acquaintance with the coasts, ports, and interior of the vast empire of China, which have been made during the last year, are very considerable. By the judicious and decisive measures of her Majesty's ambassador, the Earl of Elgin, and the skill and energy of our naval armaments, commanded by that excellent officer, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, combined with those of our allies, the great river Yang-tse-kiang has been ascended, amid hostile populations, for between six and seven hundred miles—a distance equal to the length of the Danube in a straight line from its mouth to near Vienna. Such an achievement, it has been justly remarked, would have been impossible in any other age than the one we live in. We are indebted to Captain Sherard Osborn, commanding the *Furious* steam-frigate (in which Lord Elgin sailed), and to Mr. Oliphant, the secretary of Lord Elgin, for graphic accounts of this wonderful voyage, the difficulties of which were greatly increased by the extraordinary changes which are continually going on in the banks and bottom of the great river. Mr. Oliphant's descriptions would lead us to modify to some extent the alluring picture which previous writers have given us of the population, the wealth, and the prosperity of the interior. Instead, for example, of a population of 8,000,000, ascribed to the three cities of which Han-kow is the chief, he is disposed to reduce the figures to an eighth part of that number. It is to be remarked, however, that the terrific rebellion by which the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang has been more particularly devastated, has caused a wide-spread desolation, and opulent cities have been razed to the ground and converted into jungles, where wild animals have occupied the resorts of man.

Sad reminiscences will now for ever attach themselves to the name of the river Peiho. In the spring of last year Captain Sherard Osborn sailed from Shanghai—sixteen years ago a quiet Chinese city where no foreign keel had ever before floated, now the queen of Central China, with an import and export trade in European bottoms amounting to the value of 26,774,018*l.*!—for Tient-sin, the populous, but filthy, port of

the capital, Pekin, on the Peiho river.* Good anchorage was found at the entrance of the gulf of Pe-chili, between the islands of Mia-tao and Chang-shan, but in the gulf itself a muddy sea and murky atmosphere added to the difficulties of a little-known navigation. This state of things, and a southerly current, were attributed to the prodigious discharge of water occasioned by summer thaws from the high lands and snow-covered plains of Mongolia and Mantchuria. At noon on April 14 the *Furious* came to anchor eight miles and a half off the shore, with only twenty-two feet under the keel at low water. The sea was of a thick muddy colour, the sky murky and misty. The low land at the mouth of the Peiho was but indistinctly visible, but three eminences, more marked in outline than the rest, denoted the position of the forts and batteries of Taku, or Takoo.

It is not a little curious that the capital of so vast and populous a country as China, especially endowed with great navigable rivers, should stand upon an insignificant stream like the Peiho, which, being translated, means the North River.† This ominous stream has its sources in the high lands, at no great distance beyond Pekin, and runs, for the major portion of its tortuous course, through a level country, the velocity of its stream, rather than the volume of its water, having scoured out a narrow bed in the stiff clay which forms the substratum of the Pe-chili, or plain of Chili. This scouring force, however, becomes so weakened as it approaches the sea, owing to the low level of the shores allowing a constant overflow, that instead of cutting a twelve foot channel straight into the gulf of Pe-chili, the depth of the river suddenly decreases, and the river discharges itself over an area several miles in extent, forming what is known as the bar, and of which the only chart extant at the time of Lord Elgin's visit was an American one.

Guided by the bamboos with which the Chinese had marked the channel over the bar, the gun-boats and despatch vessels of the allied squadrons were enabled, by taking advantage of a high spring tide, to cross the bar. This was on the 19th of May, 1858. Directly the bar was crossed a deep channel was entered, which, although tortuous, had never less than twelve feet water in it, and in many places much more, all the way from the entrance to Tient-sin. Projecting spits of mud or sand were sometimes found off the salient points where the river took a sharp turn, but the general character was uniform—namely, a muddy stream running through a flat country, wonderfully free from all obstructions, and the channel generally steep to the river bank. In the short distance of thirty miles which intervened between the forts of Taku and the port of Tient-sin, the river turned and twisted over not less than fifty miles of ground.

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* Notes, Geographical and Commercial, made during the Passage of H.M.S. *Furious*, in 1858, from Shanghai to the Gulf of Pechili and back. By Captain Sherard Osborn. Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society of London, vol. iii. p. 55 *et seq.*

† Sir John Bowring says: "No Chinaman would know it by that name. Peiho means simply the river in the north—any river to the north of the locality where you may then be. The real name is Tien-sin-hoa, that is, the river of Tien-sin, or Tient-sin." The Russians, however, say Bai-he or Chan-he river.

The lower part of the river is a dreary mud flat, with saline plants. The banks are, however, turned to every possible advantage by a swarming population. Mud-built villages commence within a mile of the entrance; the largest of them—Taku—is near the forts. Wretched, dirty, and foul-smelling though these villages appear to the eye of a European, they are, in fact, exceeding rich with the hoarded fruits of commercial and agricultural industry. Owing, also, to the combined effects of the rebellion in the great valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, the occupation of Ching-kiang-fu, on the Great Canal, and the unruly Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, having left its bed and taken some other course, the old canal traffic had, at the time of Lord Elgin's visit to the Peiho, been converted into a coasting trade, and fleets of junks were anchored or hauled into mud docks cut in the banks in front of each of these villages.

As the Peiho will not improbably become, when relieved of its next winter's ice—if not before—the scene of retributive justice, we will give some further details concerning this interesting stream from Captain Sherard Osborn's graphic pen. It appears, then, from that gallant officer's descriptions, that beyond the first fifteen miles the Peiho improves rapidly: the amount of tilled land keeps increasing, and fields of Indian corn, millet, bearded wheat, lettuces, and radishes follow in rapid succession. The villages are embosomed in fruit orchards, or hide their ugliness in groves of handsome trees. Some of the reaches of the river become exceedingly picturesque, although there is a lack of the grotesque temple and quaint pagoda which give so marked a character to Chinese scenery in the south. The villages were full of inhabitants—stalwart naked labourers, and hosts of noisy, healthy children, and no lack of women. These poor peasants received the mission with superstitious marks of respect. The villages, population, and cultivation were, however, limited to a belt from two to four miles deep along the course of the river: beyond was a dreary steppe.

A reach three miles long brought the expedition in sight of the city of Tient-sin, and the salt heaps or magazines for which that city is famous commenced at the end of the reach, near the remains of an old ruined tower which once guarded the approach. Some of these heaps were one hundred feet high and two hundred feet long, and formed a magnificent defence. Beyond, were the southern suburbs of the city, a long row of dingy hovels, crowded with a staring population, occupying both banks of the river; and further on a bridge of boats, where the river took a sharp turn to the right, whilst the entrance to the Great Canal lay to the left.

Tient-sin itself was found, upon further examination, to be a walled city, built in the form of a square, each face as nearly as possible a mile long. It stands at the angle formed between the south bank of the Great Canal and the river Peiho, but its walls are from two to three hundred yards from the water's edge. There are only four gates, and suburbs of some extent lie to the north, and west, and east, but few houses were to be seen on the plain beyond the southern wall. These suburbs consist, for the major part, as does the city, of mud-built houses, giving the whole place an appearance of meanness and poverty little in keeping with its reputation for wealth and commercial importance. The

population was estimated at one hundred thousand souls, but it is to be remarked that all the prodigious floating population had fled in their boats. The streets within the city ran, for the most part, at right angles to each other; in the suburbs they were far more eccentric. All were excessively ill kept, and, adds Captain Sherard Osborn, "of all the strong-smelling places it has been my hard fate to visit in this land of strong and foul smells, Tient-sin city and suburbs—streets, houses, and inhabitants—are the most disagreeable. They seem to be aware of it, and feed largely upon garlic to master the difficulty, but to a visitor the odour is perfectly capable of giving the nose-ache." Two public buildings made themselves especially conspicuous: one was the temple at which Lord Macartney was met by the emperor's legate in 1793, and which became the abode of the allied ambassadors; the other was a handsome, isolated building on the plain, about twelve hundred yards' distance from the river. It was called the Temple of the Glory of the Ocean, and, strangely enough, was the place in which the treaty of Tient-sin was eventually signed.

The river Peiho becomes more shallow beyond Tient-sin, and gives off to the north-west a fine canal spanned by a handsome bridge, and which communicates with the great city of Pan-ching or Pan-ting. The river beyond this canal, and just at the confluence of the When-ho or Salt River, deepens suddenly, and assumes a different character, artificial embankments existing on both sides. The river is also more tortuous and narrow, and the difficulties of navigation are much increased. Captain Sherard Osborn believes that, in times of flood, small gun-boats, lightened to four feet, might ascend one-third of the way up to Tung-chow, the landing-place for the city of Pekin, or about twenty miles above Tient-sin, leaving only forty miles to be done with row-boats. It is evident from this, however, that the success of operations against Pekin must be determined by land. The country above Tient-sin varied in no degree from that immediately below it; it was everywhere thickly inhabited. A splendid paved road also exists between Tient-sin and Pekin, and in dry weather the whole plain is said to be passable for carriages, men, or horses. According to Captain Osborn, if, at any future time, military operations against Pekin should become necessary, the months of April, May, and June would be the best to employ. The course of the Peiho should be followed to Tung-chow for facilities of transport, supplies, manual labour, and fresh water; depôts should be there established, and the fall of Pekin would be assured with no great difficulty. It is to be observed here that there is a river, or another branch of the Peiho, which flows past the city of Lutai, north of the Peiho, and which has its embouchure about ten miles north-east of the latter river. This river communicates with Tient-sin, on the one hand, by a canal which flows into the Peiho at the great bend to the right, and, on the other, with Pekin by a canal from Lutai. In any operations against the Chinese capital, the blockade of this channel would be as essential as that of the Peiho and of the Great Canal.

The subjugation of Cochin-China and of the Annamites by the combined forces of France and Spain, although necessarily attended, when accomplished by force of arms, with much that is deplorable, cannot fail ultimately to benefit science, as well as civilisation and general humanity.

Japan has of late been a frequent theme with us. But hitherto it has been almost solely to the Dutch that we have been indebted for information regarding this most interesting empire. Our kinsmen of the United States have the merit of breaking down the barrier that has hitherto secluded it from the rest of the world, and Lord Elgin followed up the movement by a treaty, which, it is fervently to be hoped, will not be broken, still less so basely and treacherously acted upon as was the treaty of Tient-sin with the Mongol Emperor of China. It is to Captain Sherard Osborn that we are once more indebted for a most satisfactory and interesting account of the British ambassador's unexpected visit to Yedo,* the result of which has been to open a country with an industrious, ingenious, and docile population, which is probably not overestimated at forty millions, to the commercial energy and enterprise of Europe. We dread the consequences with a nation naturally docile and hospitable, but both brave and warlike, and exceedingly susceptible on the point of honour—people who have already adopted the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the diving-bell, and Nasmyth's hammer—but we hope for the best.

The little-known and much-neglected islands of the Indian Archipelago still continue to be explored by a few zealous men, but that at rare intervals. Yet, looking upon Australia as a continent, Borneo—for the good of which Sir James Brooke sacrificed himself—and New Guinea are the two largest islands in the world. Mr. Wallace has, however, particularly distinguished himself by his explorations in the latter island, as also in the curious group of the Arru Islands. The Dutch, who sent out expeditions for the exploration of New Guinea in the years 1826, 1828, and 1835, have commissioned the *Etna* for the same desirable objects, and this time the expedition is accompanied by a military force, who will occupy a fort at Dorei, in the Bay of Geelvink, in order to give the explorers every possible protection.

There is, perhaps, no region of the world where the indomitable pluck and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race, as manifested in geographical research and discovery, has been more remarkably evinced than in Central Australia. It is true that there only remains that continent and the interior of Africa which still present any wide field for exploration, and it seems more than probable, from the progress made and still making, that the mysterious veil which still shrouds certain central portions of both continents will be lifted in the lifetime of the present generation.

Mr. Augustus Gregory, to whom, with Mr. Thomas Baines, we are indebted for the exploration of the basin of the Victoria River, with its volcanic rocks, vast pasture lands, hideous natives, and ferocious alligators, has also since made a remarkable journey from Moreton Bay to Adelaide. Mr. Gregory followed a north-westerly direction for some time in the traces of the lost traveller Leichardt, and he succeeded in finding a tree in lat. 24 deg. 55 min., long. 146 deg. 6 min., on which the letter L was cut, but he and his party, overtaken by rain, got entangled among numerous and deep channels and boggy gullies, from which they

* A Cruise in the Japanese Waters. By Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B., R.N., Author of "Leaves from an Arctic Journal," "Quedah," &c. Blackwood and Sons.

only extricated themselves by extraordinary exertions. "Such," remarks Sir R. I. Murchison, "are the frightful vicissitudes abounding in this low region of alternate flood and drought which separates the fertile hilly country of the east coast from the interior saline desert." Despite of all impediments and much privation, the adventurers pushed on to lat. 23 deg. 47 min., when the total cessation of water and grass put an end to all their efforts to penetrate further to the north-west. Compelled most unwillingly to abandon the principal object of their travels by continuing the route most probably taken by Leichardt, Gregory and his companions then turned to the south-west, and ascertained the nature of the country between his remote position and Kennedy's farthest explorations, proceeding through more southern latitudes to Cooper's and Strzelecki Creeks, and thence to Adelaide.

Whilst this last journey of Augustus Gregory has served to confirm the view established by the researches of Sturt, that a vast interior and sterile low region lies to the north of South Australia, and extends to the higher lands which form the western limits of New South Wales on the east, and to the elevations south of Cambridge Gulf on the north, the surveys set on foot at Adelaide have demonstrated that a vast tract of well-watered and fertile land exists to the north-west of that colony. The attempts made some years ago by Eyre and Frome gave little hope that the shores of Lake Torrens could ever offer any advantage to the colonists. Nevertheless, the gradual discovery of streams of fresh water permitted the graziers to advance as far as Mount Serle, and even beyond that, notwithstanding the name of Mount Hopeless, given by Eyre to the extreme point attained by him. Messrs. Herschel, Babbage, and Bonner, proceeding to the same Mount Serle, in 1856, in search of gold and coal, extended their researches to MacDonnell Creek, St. Mary's Pool, and Blanche Water. These discoveries created a great sensation at Adelaide, and the ensuing year Mr. Goyder followed MacDonnell's Creek to Lake Torrens, where he discovered a perennial reservoir of fresh water, with islands on its bosom. Captain Freeling subsequently authenticated these discoveries, by which it is established that what has hitherto been considered as one lake (Torrens) really consists of several distinct sheets of water, the northernmost of which Mr. Babbage called Lake Gregory, after his companion, Mr. C. Gregory.

All explorers were not equally fortunate. Major Warburton's researches carried him into a saline waterless country, north of the Gawler Ranges, between Streaky Bay on the south-west, and the saline country occupied by Lake Gairdner and its adjacent lagoons, and the gallant major returned to Adelaide without having discovered any available country. Three other travellers, Messrs. Coulthard, Scott, and Brooks, lost their lives in those barren western regions. Mr. Babbage's party discovered the body of the first, on a second exploratory journey, lying near a bush. Some touching memoranda of his last moments had been scratched by the unfortunate traveller on a tin vessel that lay close by. M. Hack met with some pasture lands, said to be well watered, on his way from Streaky Bay to Lake Gairdner, beyond Mount Parla, and at a place called Toondulya. Mr. S. Parry and Corporal Burt explored the country east of Lakes Torrens and Gregory, and M. Swinden, who crossed the Mudlalpa, situated between the southern point of Lake

Torrens and Spencer Gulf, discovered rocks and water alike in the region beyond. To one great lake he gave the name of Bunyips.

In the mean time, whilst so many explorers were undergoing great privations and fatigue, and some were even sacrificing their lives in the attempt to explore these unknown regions, an unaided colonist, Mr. M'Dougall Stuart, a former companion of Sturt, accompanied by one white man, Foster, and only one black, with a compass and watch for only instruments, got through the southern saline desert, and discovered a large, well-watered, and more elevated region to the north-west. Mr. Stuart appears to have been determined in the line of route pursued by him by the discovery of water by Mr. Swinden at Andamoka, or Andemorcha, in south latitude 30½ deg., and having thus secured a retreat, he boldly dashed on to the north and north-west, till he fell in with gum-creeks, containing streams which flowed from hills ranging from south-east to north-west, and he further ascertained that large portions of this region were well grassed and admirably adapted for settlement.

Not only did Mr. Stuart define the northern portion of this new and fertile region, but before he returned, by a most daring and perilous route, to the coast, on a meridian far to the west of the line of advance, he also ascertained the southern limit of all the available land. The governor of South Australia, Sir R. G. MacDonnell, who estimates the extent of this newly discovered available land at from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred square miles, has named the principal water parting, after its discoverer, Stuart Range.

"Nothing," says Sir R. I. Murchison, "which I have read of in Australian travel more strikingly displays the bold and undaunted spirit of adventure than when Mr. Stuart had reached the southern limit of the fresh-watered country, and ascended a hill near Mount Espy, to look southward over the country between him and the sea, he descried nothing but a vast saline desert through which (his provisions being almost exhausted) he must pass. Nothing daunted by that dismal prospect, or the great privations he would have to suffer, he regained the sea-shore, and travelling along it, once more found himself on the threshold of colonisation. From the 7th of August, when he entered on this desert country, he and his companion, Foster, had to suffer from hunger and thirst during a fortnight before they reached the settlement of Mr. Gibson, in Streaky Bay. There both the explorers nearly died, in consequence of the sudden change from a state of want to good diet. Recovering, however, they reached the regularly settled districts of the colony, and were hailed with acclamation in Adelaide. Now, had the brave M'Dougall Stuart perished, like Leichardt, in this last dreadful march to the seaboard, all notion of a well-watered, rich interior country on the north-west might have been for ages unknown, and, his success being ignored, his fate would have checked all further enterprise in that direction."

Whilst it is pleasing to reflect on this happy result, it is also highly satisfactory to know that the newly discovered fertile lands may be approached from the settled and central portions of the colony without touching upon any part of the sterile saline coast tract. It has been ascertained by the researches of the government surveyor, Mr. S. Parry,

and of Corporal Burt, as well as by a return journey of Major Warburton, that practicable routes exist from Angepena, on the north-west of the settled country of Adelaide, to the region of lake Torrens; and as this once supposed single lake has been found to be divided into at least two bodies of water, the mass of land dividing them, and which has since been traversed, may serve as the line of route to Stuart Range.*

Before quitting Australia it is impossible not to allude to the important fact that the Murray and Murrumbidgee are now ascertained to be navigable from May to the end of December in every year, and for the whole twelve months in those years when more than the average amount of snow and rain falls in the alpine country in which they take their rise. The Darling, not having its sources in mountains of such altitude, cannot be similarly reckoned upon, but it is thought that it might also be rendered navigable in ordinary seasons if the drift timber, which at present encumbers it, were removed. Already twenty towns, some of them of considerable size, such as Albury, Deniliguin, Gundagai, Tumut, and Wagga-wagga, have been called into existence on the Murray and its affluents, and seven more are about to be proclaimed.

Descending from the lofty Australian alps of Strzelecki (Mount Kosciusko), the Murray traverses tracts, some of which, as well as portions of the basin of the Murrumbidgee, have been ascertained to be highly auriferous, and in other respects also metalliferous. One of these gold tracts, Adelong, has already been reached within sixteen miles by one of the steamers. When we consider that this internal water carriage is already very serviceable for a vast distance to the colony of South Australia in which the Murray debouches, that higher up the same stream is contiguous to the rich gold-bearing and rapidly rising tracts of the northern parts of Victoria, and that, out of the one thousand eight hundred miles now proved to be navigable, one thousand three hundred lie within the territory of New South Wales, we must rejoice in the reflection that British industry and science have brought into activity a line of intercourse and traffic which must for ever unite in mutual interest the three largest of our Australian colonies.

An almost equally important, yet by no means so agreeable a con-

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* M. P. Chaix has published a very useful little map, illustrative of the progress of discovery in Australia generally, in tome xvii. of the "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," to accompany his excellent memoir, "Exposé succinct des Découvertes et des Voyages faits en Australie de 1842 à 1858."

We further learn from the *South Australian Register* that Mr. Stuart has since been engaged in the survey of the new territory granted to him by government as the reward of his discoveries, and that whilst so engaged he extended his researches over a considerable tract of country, consisting chiefly of immense plains, interspersed with hillocks, varying from one to two hundred feet in height, from the summits of which springs of fresh water are described as gushing forth to unite and form rivulets and rivers, which run in an easterly direction. One of the rivers thus formed is reported to have been three miles broad in one part of its course. It seems as if everything should go by contraries in Australia, where the springs are found to flow not from the sides or foot of mountains, as in the Old World, but from the summits of hills. Everywhere, as far as Mr. Stuart carried his explorations, he met with country of the same beautiful description, full of promises to the future. It seems that in one respect it is with Australia as it is with Africa. Every new step made in the progress of discovery diminishes the amount of assumed desert and unavailable country.

sideration, presents itself to the future of Australia in the still unoccupied and unprotected state of a large portion of its coasts, more particularly the northern and eastern coasts of this vast continent. Not only has the solitary station of Port Essington, on the north coast of Australia, been long ago abandoned, without any other at Cape York or on the Victoria being adopted, and that against the oft-repeated advice of Sir Gordon Bremer, as representing the navy, and of Sir R. I. Murchison, as representing geographers, but little or no attention has been directed to the efforts made by the French to establish stations in these seas, and to fill them with a naval force. Thus, whilst the picture of New Caledonia, as discovered by Captain Cook, still hangs in the rooms of the first lord of our Admiralty, that great island has been taken possession of by the French, and is now their "Nouvelle Calédonie." "Now, if our allies," Sir R. I. Murchison remarks (and may they long continue such), "were merely occupying these islands for purposes of trade and commerce, little notice might be taken of the event; but when it is known that they possess in those seas and bays a much larger force of ships of war than Britain, the prospect is, I am bound to say, most unsatisfactory as regards the long-undefended coast-line of Eastern and Southern Australia."

Upon this subject the Père Poupinel, religieux mariste, who has written on the subject of New Caledonia in the "Annales de la Propagation de la Foi" (Juillet, 1858), does not speak so sanguinely as might be expected. "The French colonists have not succeeded as yet," says the reverend missionary, "and many have been victims to the ferocity of the inhabitants. But it appears as if a change was about to be effected, thanks to the energetic attitude of our seamen."

The French, however, we believe, look philosophically at Australia as the future rival of North America, "cette partie du monde où grandit une future rivale de l'Amérique du Nord." It is doubtful if they entertain the remotest idea of colonising any portion of that vast continent, some portions of the shore of which were first visited by their own navigators. Their active ambition seems rather for the present to be concentrated on Cochin-China and on "Oceania," or Polynesia. They not only covet New Caledonia, the Marquisas, and the Sandwich Islands, but also the Society Islands. Noticing some new information regarding the first of these, obtained by Lieutenant Jouan, of the imperial navy, M. Alfred Maury says:

"Espérons qu'éclairé par ces informations, notre commerce se tournera vers un monde qui peut devenir le théâtre d'un riche mouvement économique, et assurer à nos produits d'innombrables débouchés. Déjà quelques-uns de ces archipels ont cessé de relever de ce qu'on pourrait appeler l'humanité primitive ou barbare. Les îles Sandwich sont aujourd'hui régies par des lois empruntées a l'Europe, et, grâce au protectorat français, les Kanaks de Tahiti, il faut l'espérer, suivront l'exemple qui leur est donné par leurs frères des Sandwich."

This would leave little more to be acquired. If the chief of these archipelagoes adopted the French protectorate, the poor natives of the other coral reefs would soon succumb to the same rule, and, this accomplished, it would be very difficult to say what might next be coveted. In the mean time, it is utterly impossible not to look upon the occupation of New Caledonia by the French as a most extraordinary demonstration against the whole seaboard of Eastern Australia, and a perpetual sore

opened in the sides of the colony of New South Wales. Thus it is with nations; they go out of their way to irritate one another. No one grudges the French and Spaniards the acquisition of Cochin-China—it opens a new field to commerce—but for what possible reason, and with what consideration for the feelings of the colonists of New South Wales, could the French go to the antipodes to plant themselves in the very neighbourhood of Sydney, and occupy the first great tract of land that confronts Sandy Cape? Is it possible to view such an occupation in any other light than as a petty and impotent menace to a great and thriving colony?

But we must hasten to Africa, still the great field for enterprise for the boldest and most adventurous travellers. It is to a German that the French are indebted for the most that has been done for Algeria and the countries beyond to which it gives access—it is to Dr. Buvry, who has consigned his researches in the Geographical Journal of Berlin, that we are first indebted for notices of the eastern portions of the Algerian Sahara. Messrs. O. M'Carthy and the Baron de Kraft are, however, about to penetrate into the interior of Africa from the same regions. Messrs. Hahn and Rath have also volunteered to follow up Mr. Galton's discoveries in Ovampo-land. M. Krapf, the discoverer of the disputed Snow Mountains, Kenia and Kilimandjara, and the explorer of Ukambani and Usambara, has published a first volume of his record of travel.* It will require, however, that some new traveller shall visit the same countries before the absurd story of two bright white dolomitic cones, at the distance of two degrees of latitude from one another, having been mistaken for snow-clad mountains, will be satisfactorily disposed of. An American naturalist, M. du Chaillu, has distinguished himself by his adventurous exploration of the Congo and Gabon, and, when last heard of, he was going in pursuit of the gorilla—possibly the tailed-man of Central Africa! The "Annales des Voyages" have given some account of the Hungarian Ladislas's travels in western tropical Africa, which excite our curiosity for fuller details. Anderson is also exploring the same region, and what between him, Ladislas—the unfortunate Wahlberg (whose letters are being published in the "Mittheilungen")—and Messrs. Hahn and Rath, it will be hard if we do not get some positive information soon regarding the river Cuneno, or Nourse, from which so much is expected as affording a means of exploring a large tract of unknown country. The Niger expedition, under Dr. Baikie, met with a sad check in the loss of the steamer *Pleiad*, but government replaced the loss by the *Sunbeam*, which was itself supplanted by the *Rainbow*, built and sent on purpose for the river navigation, and yet which has turned out to draw four feet of water, far too much for the upper course of the river. Mr. May, R.N., has also made several excursions of great interest in the interior. One of the most satisfactory results of this persevering exploration of the Niger is the warm and steady friendship of the natives and their rulers—that, too, in countries devastated by marauders and slave-catching tribes. This happy confidence in the integrity and disinterestedness of one of the European family, entertained by untaught Africans, is not, we fear, to be allowed to last long. "Nous aurons nous-mêmes," says M. Maury, "à profiter des

* Reisen in Ost Africa Ausge führt in den Jahren 1837-55, tome i. Stuttgard. 1858.

relations que la reconnaissance complète du Niger va rendre faciles pour l'Europe. Nos intérêts ne sont ni moins sérieux, ni moins importants que ceux de la Grande Bretagne, et notre double occupation de l'Algérie et du Sénégal semble nous appeler à jouir des avantages qui appartiennent d'ailleurs à tous ceux qui savent par leur persévérance ouvrir des marchés nouveaux." The latter part of this paragraph, it will be observed, does not agree well with the first. The whole, however, will put naturalists in mind of the well-known bird, powerful on the wing—the very type of an ambitious and rapacious power—that lives by letting other birds fish for it.

The great geographical novelties of the day, however, in as far as Africa is concerned—albeit Captain Spratt and Commander Pim's recognisances of the sea-shores and bottoms, and of the other physical data involved in the proposed project of an interoceanic canal, surpass them in positive importance—are decidedly afforded by the travels and discoveries of Captains Burton and Speke. These gallant officers and adventurous travellers started for the interior from Zanzibar. Their party consisted of twelve Baluchis, furnished by the kindness of the Sultan, some negroes who had been slaves, and asses for the transport of goods and for riding.

Following the course of the Kingani river, they entered the mountainous coast range at about one hundred and twenty miles from the coast. Captain Speke compares this range with the western ghauts of India, and says it might be designated as the eastern ghauts of Africa. This mountain range, in which they were detained for some time by severe illness, did not, at the point where they crossed it, attain an elevation exceeding six thousand feet, with a width of about ninety miles, and appeared to be chiefly composed of crystalline rocks, with superincumbent sandstones.

Once over the coast range, they descended upon the great interior plateau or table-land, at that point an almost dead flat, ranging in level from three to four thousand feet above the sea. Beyond this they reached a fertile country, but in which knolls or bosses of granite and basalt rose up like rocks in an ocean. This country was peopled exclusively by negroes, who were none of them Muhammadans, like the Somanlis and trading Arabs of the coast, but, like the negroes described by Livingstone, they have the most primitive form of religion, trusting solely to good and evil spirits. Such of them as have sultans are, on the whole, peaceable, fire-arms being rare among them. Their country produces cotton, tobacco, maize, sweet potatoes, a great variety of pulses, manioc, yams, plantains, and melons. They manufacture iron and cotton fabrics, have abundance of cows and goats, and live in comparative comfort.

From Kazé, in Unyanyembé, a spot where the Arab traders have established a sort of mart, and where articles from the coast are bartered for ivory and slaves, the travellers moved westward until they reached the long inland and southerly mass of water trending from south to north, and which corresponds to the Nyassa of geographers. Captain Speke, however, says that its correct name is Tanganyika, and that it is also called by the Arabs Ujiji, a local name taken from the country on the eastern margin of the lake, whither they go to traffic for ivory and slaves.

This great lake, which has a length of about three hundred, and a breadth of from thirty to forty miles, was found to lie in a singular synclinal depression; an insulated depression, in fact, only eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and into which streams flow on all sides. It was crossed by Captain Speke in the centre, and navigated conjointly with Captain Burton to near its northern end. Its waters are perfectly fresh and peculiarly agreeable to drink, and it abounds in delicious fish, whilst its banks are grazed by red oxen of large size, some of them having stupendously large horns. Oxen are, indeed, common over nearly all the region examined, for the tsetse fly, the scourge of the more southerly and easterly African countries in which Livingstone travelled, is unknown.*

Our travellers suffered during this journey from a singular affection of the eyes. Whilst exposed to the arid, hilly coast range, and also in the plateau land, to a fierce and glaring sun, their sight was unaffected; but on descending into the verdant, well-watered, and rich lacustrine expanse of Tanganyika, their sight was dimmed, and gradually they became almost blind, their recovery being slow and imperfect.

Lake Tanganyika was found to be encircled, at its northern extremity, by a crescent, or half-moon-shaped range of mountains, which attained an elevation of about six thousand feet. This crescent-shaped mountain range lies nigh the centre of the continent of Africa, immediately west of the snowy peaks Kilimandjaro and Kenia, and beyond the country of the Wanyamuezi (plural of Moenemoezi, or Uniamesi?), and which our travellers persist, like Krapf, in asserting to signify the one "the people," and the other "the country" of the Moon, and that in the face of Mr. Cooley's positive statement to the contrary, that gentleman characterising the word as "a flagrant specimen of mission-house jargon," and the search for the Mountains of the Moon as a journey to the moon

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* Since Burton and Speke's discovery of Lake Nyassa, or Tanganyika, and of Lake Nyanja, Dr. Livingstone has also, it appears from the *Cape Town Mail*, discovered a third lake, called Shirwa, and which he says is separated by a strip of land of only five or six miles in width from Nyanja, or Lake N'yinyesi, or of "The Stars." There appears to be a perpetuation here of that confusion of names which has been so long a bar to a correct knowledge of the accurate geography of interior Africa. The southerly lake, discovered by Captains Burton and Speke, was the Nyassa, or Tanganyika; and as Dr. Livingstone reached his Lake Shirwa from the south by ascending the river Shire in a steam launch about one hundred miles, and then marching some fifty more on foot, he would have come to Lake Tanganyika before coming to Lake Nyanja. As the doctor describes Lake Shirwa as, like Tanganyika, to have (at least at the season explored) no outlet, it might be that his Lake Shirwa corresponded to Burton and Speke's Tanganyika; but this identification is at once contradicted by several facts, the chief of which is that Lake Shirwa is described as being only a few miles south of Nyanja (Tanganyika?), whereas Lake Nyanja was found by Captain Speke to be situated several hundred miles north of Nyassa, or Tanganyika.

Lake Shirwa is described by Dr. Livingstone as being twenty to thirty miles wide and fifty or sixty long, Lake Ngami being a pond in comparison to it. It is said to be two thousand feet above the sea, and to abound in fishes, alligators, and hippopotami. The scenery is charming, being surrounded on all sides by lofty green mountains, with many streams rising out of the marshes below. The country was well peopled, and Dr. Livingstone adds, what is of the utmost importance, that he never saw so much cotton grown as among the Manganga of the Shire river and the Shirwa lake: all, he says, are engaged in spinning and weaving it.

itself.* The Wanyamuezi tribe has, from time immemorial, been addicted to journeying, and at all periods has constantly visited the eastern coast of Africa. Captain Speke thinks, then, that it would not be beyond legitimate and logical supposition to imagine that these hills, lying beyond their Moon country, should have given rise to the terms "Mountains of the Moon," and, from misunderstanding their relative position with the snowy Kenia and Kilimandjaro, should have been the means of misguiding all ancient inquirers (and Captain Speke might have added modern inquirers) about that mysterious mountain.

Captains Burton and Speke returned from Lake Tanganyika to Unyanyembé—the Uyansi of the sketch-map drawn by Rebmann to illustrate Krapf's travels—and the former being too unwell to join for the moment in further explorations, Captain Speke, guided by information derived from the Arabs, made a rapid march due north, till he came to the southern extremity of the great Lake Nyanza, longer and larger than the Tanganyika, from which it is separated by about two hundred miles, and the southern extremity of which was found to lie in east longitude 33 deg., and south latitude 2 deg. 30 min., at an elevation equal, if not superior, to the average height of the interior upland or plateau, or about four thousand feet.

This lake, which corresponds to Lake Rō of Rebmann's map—albeit erroneously placed—Captain Speke tells us was also called Ukerewe by the Arabs, from the name of an island on it to which the traders go in quest of ivory. Cooley, the object of whose work was to prove that there is only one lake in eastern Central Africa, declared Nhanja (Nyanza) to be the Portuguese mode of writing Nyanja, or Nanja, which again he averred to be the eastern form of Nyassa. (?) Hence, with him Nyassa and Nyanja, Nhanja ya Matope, the Lake of Fens, and Nhanja Grande, the "great sea," were the same lakes.† On the western side, he asserted, the natives talk of the Nhanja, that is, in the singular number, the sea. On the eastern side, they speak of Nyassa, or, on the coast, of Ziwa, *i. e.* the lake. "Surely," continues the same critic, "if the roads to Jáo and Moenemoezi led to two different lakes, an unequivocal proof of the fact would be found in the use of the plural Wazuvá. Yet Dr. Krapf is represented as saying that the natives distinguish between Nyassa to the south and the lake of Moenemoezi. If he met with particulars tending to precision, why has he suppressed them?"‡

We know now, however—notwithstanding this terrible onslaught on the correctness of the traveller Krapf—positively of a Lake Nyassa, or Tanganyika, and of a Lake Nyanza, or Uniamesi, and the traveller turns out, as usual, to be more correct than the cabinet critic, as time will no doubt prove to be the case with regard to the snowy character of the culminating points of the eastern alps of Africa, Kenia and Kilimandjaro—a fact, indeed, already corroborated by Rebmann—as also with regard to Uniamesi being the country or "possession of the moon," just as Captain Speke tells us wanyamuezi signifies "people of the moon," notwithstanding it has been asserted by the above critical geographer that the people know no such names, that the real name is Munha-munge, or

* Inner Africa Laid Open, pp. 64 and 120.
† Ibid. p. 71. ‡ Ibid. p. 73.

Moenemoezi, "lord of the world," and that any other explanation or version is not only "mission-house jargon," but also "moonstruck etymology."*

Ascending a hill and looking northwards, Captain Speke could discern nothing beyond the islands termed Ukerewe but a vast interior sheet of water, which, according to those Arabs whose information had hitherto proved correct, extended northwards for upwards of three hundred miles. Seeing that this vast sheet of water extends due northwards, ascertaining by his thermometer that it was nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and knowing that its meridian was nearly that of the main course of the White Nile, Captain Speke naturally concludes that his Nyanza is the chief source, or rather reservoir of that mighty stream the Nile, on the mysterious origin of which speculation has been so long rife. "This view," says Sir R. I. Murchison, "seems to coincide with the theoretical speculation laid before the Royal Geographical Society by myself in preceding years, and is in accordance with the data worked out by Livingstone, of a great interior watery plateau subtended on its flanks by higher lands, and from which interior plateau the waters escape to the sea by favouring depressions."

This great question, as well as that of the real positioning of the Jebel-el-Kumri, or Mountains of the Moon, ought, however, we hold, to be held in abeyance till the vast tract of tropical Africa that lies between 15 deg. and 30 deg. of east longitude has been fully explored. Mr. Macqueen objects to Captain Speke's views that the height of the Nile at Khartum and the distance thence to the Equator are inconsistent with the estimated elevation of the sources at four thousand feet. But this difficulty is at once got over, and the objection overruled, by the fact, as stated by Captain Speke in his oral communication made to the Royal Geographical Society, that immense volumes of water pour down from the mountains between Lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika (Captain Speke's Mountains of the Moon) in a north-easterly direction, and traverse a flat marshy land, intersected by some very large, and many (the Arabs said one hundred and eighty) smaller, streams. Again, on the western side, we hear from Dr. Krapf that the snow-clad summits of the East African Alps pour their waters from the west into the same lake. Sir R. I. Murchison and Colonel Sykes lent the aid of their authority to this view of the subject; but, although the White Nile has now been ascended to within a short distance from the Equator without any remarkable tributary, excepting the Njin-Njin and the Bahr-el-Gazal, close upon the ninth degree of north latitude,† joining its stream from the west, still we do not see that it is definitively established that no waters come from the west, or that the great interior watery plateau of Livingstone and Murchison extends beyond the Equator. On the contrary, excepting the depression of the Upper Valley of the Nile—tenanted, it appears, from information obtained by Mr. Macqueen, by the Amara, a white Christian nation, who have written books in a language different from either the Ethiopic or Arabic, and who build houses and villages, and cultivate the

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* Inner Africa Laid Open, pp. 64 and 65.

† Map attached to the Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile. By Ferdinand Werne.

ground—there would seem every reason to believe that the watershed between the Benue and Shary or Niger rivers on the one side, the Zaire or Congo on the other, and the White Nile on the third, is occupied by very high lands, if not, as stated by Mr. Macqueen, by exceedingly high mountains. If the most distant tributary is ever ultimately adopted as the true sources of the Nile, it also remains to be decided if that tributary flows from Captain Speke's Mountains of the Moon, from the alps of Eastern Africa, or from some more westerly and central range, from whence it may flow into the lake or into the river beyond the lake. The chances seem, in the present aspect of the question, to be in favour of the first view of the subject; but the same distance that exists between the point at which the Nile intersects the Equator and Captain Speke's Mountains of the Moon, marked off on the map to the westward, will be found to be a mere trifle to the mass of unexplored country that lies in that direction.*

Sir R. I. Murchison and Dr. Livingstone have explained the physical peculiarities presented by the flooding of the African rivers to have their origin in the lakes and internal rivers, which, in their watery network, constitute the great interior watery plateau of Africa, becoming supersaturated in the season of rains till they burst or overflow their boundaries. That the periodical overflow of the waters from the internal fresh-water lakes is explicable by the fact that, at certain periods of the year, differing of course in different latitudes, the rain-fall of several months would at last so supersaturate the interior plateau lands and lakes as to produce periodical annual discharges. The rainy season commences, according to Captain Speke, in the mountain regions, neighbouring Lake Nyanza, on the 15th of November, and ends on the 15th of May, and during that interval the down-pour is said to be pretty continuous.

The phenomena of the overflow of the great African rivers, Nile, Zaire, and Zambesi, is said to be much more satisfactorily explained by the discharge of vast interior watery plateaux than by the melting of any great accumulation of ice and snow in any central tropical range of mountains, whose summits must exceed eighteen thousand feet in elevation, for the power of the sun is so nearly equable throughout the year under the Equator, that it must operate in filling the streams which descend from the mountains with pretty much the same amount of water at all seasons. As to the snow mountains of Kenia and Kilimandjaro, it has been also justly remarked that the elevation and mass of these mountains are not such as would sustain a vast range of snow and ice, the melting of which would account for the annual rise of the Nile. If the rise, then, had such an origin—as in the case of the river Euphrates—the greatest supply must be from the unexplored regions to the west, which, if presenting any great extent of ice and snow alps, might also be the source of the floods in the Zambesi and the Zaire. Whichever Lake Nyanza has its supply

* The truly eminent critical geographer, M. Vivien de Saint Martin, in a paper on "La Recherche des Sources du Nil," in the seventeenth volume of the "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie," p. 246 *et seq.*, estimates the mean elevation of the Nile, taking Rüssegger's data (1431 feet for Khartum, and 1667 for Elias), at certainly not more than three thousand feet above the sea at the highest point attained—a little more than three degrees from the Equator, or a mean of less than four feet for every league. Hence the same distinguished writer deduces that the principal source of the Bahr-el-Abyad is in Mount Kenia, whence it flows into Lake Nyanza.

from (and it is always safer and wiser to hold in such matters by the opinion of those conversant with the country, and Captain Speke agrees with Dr. Livingstone, the one in attributing the overflow of the Nile to the discharge of an interior plateau, and the other advocating the same thing with regard to the Zambesi), it is certain that the ascertained elevation of Lake Nyanza is sufficient, even with the existence of falls at Garbo, to account for the course of the stream down to Khartum, where the Nile is believed to flow at a height of less than fifteen hundred feet above the sea; and if the supersaturation and discharge of the said interior watery plateau takes place, as it may justly be supposed to do, towards the close of the rainy season, the interval of time between the close of that season at Nyanza in May, and the periodical rise of the Nile at Cairo on June 18, will be accounted for. Supposing the overflow to commence, for example, on the 1st of May, it would require a speed equal to two miles and a half per hour to reach Cairo by the 18th of June, estimating the distance from the outlet of Lake Nyanza to that city at some two thousand six hundred miles, which, with the river windings, is rather under the mark than above it. But, granting the distance to be greater, and the overflow to take place later, it would require a current of from three to four miles an hour to take the first wave of the flood to Cairo by the 18th of June; and this will, probably, be found to be somewhere about the real state of the case.

We have always, in discussing the many questions connected with the opening of the interoceanic canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, taken as favourable a view of the subject as it has been in our power to do without sacrificing the greatest of all moral principles—truth. We have done so for several reasons. Firstly, because any great undertaking of the kind must, if feasible, be of ultimate advantage to the world at large; secondly, because, although we should prefer seeing the line of the Euphrates opened for reasons of general civilisation as well as of national policy, still that was no reason why we should be hostile to the opening of another line; and, lastly, we were most anxious that it should not be said that British publicists were opposed to a French project simply because it was French, or that it should for a moment be supposed that we could be swayed in such matters by petty international jealousies.

The reports of Commander Pim and of Captain Spratt, the distinguished surveyor of the Mediterranean, have, however, come to increase, to a very serious degree, the previous doubts and difficulties which environed this great undertaking. If they have not altogether disposed of its feasibility, they have, at all events, made it clear that no amount of remunerative capital would be likely to carry the scheme to fruition. The results of Captain Spratt's laborious and scientific investigations of the effect of the prevailing wave influence on the deposits discharged at the mouth of the greatest of the African rivers, have been to show that the wave stroke from the west, influenced by the prevailing north-westerly winds, has for ages been impeding the transport of any Nile deposits either to the west or into the depths of the Mediterranean on the north, but has constantly driven them to the east.

Through this unvarying natural process, Alexandria, which is on the west of the Nile mouth, has been kept free from silt, whilst the alluvia of the river have successively choked up and ruined the harbours of

Rosetta and Damietta within the historic era, and have formed a broader zone in the bay of Pelusium than on any other part of the coast. Captain Spratt also shows that the prevailing north-westerly wind has produced precisely the same effect upon those downs and moving sands on the coast lands, which, destroying habitations and fertile fields, fill up depressions; all these downs being derived from those sands which have originally been carried out by the Nile from the interior of Africa, then thrown up on the shore, and afterwards transported eastwards by the prevailing winds.

Captain Spratt contends from this in the spirit of a fair inductive reasoner, that the proposal of M. Lesseps to form a large ship canal in the low countries between Suez and the bay of Pelusium is wholly unwarranted: 1st. Because that bay of the Mediterranean into which the canal is to open, is so continuously and regularly silting up, that no amount of dredging could contend against a great local law of nature, and hence, that no permanent port could be formed there. 2ndly. That the blown sands drifted from the west would be constantly filling up the canal. 3rdly. That the very incoherent condition of the ground in which the canal has to be cut (being nothing more than the Nilotic sands accumulated in former days) would not sustain a steady body of water, and that all attempts to clear out its unceasing infillings of matter would be impracticable.

We have before alluded to the important information derived from the Palliser expedition in North America, the discovery of the "Vermilion Pass" through the Rocky Mountains, and the determination of the best line of intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific. How pregnant with results to the future history of the New World is such a discovery! It is most probable that detailed accounts of Captain Palliser's expedition will be shortly published, as may also be expected to be the case with regard to Captains Burton and Speke's discoveries, as well as of others noticed in this brief summary, and in such a case we shall hope to have the opportunity of returning to the details of such eventful episodes of travel.

Ever since Dr. Rae learnt from the Esquimaux (20th of April, 1854) that about forty white men had been seen travelling in company southward over the ice of King William's Land, dragging a boat and sledges with them; that these men were, with the exception of one officer, thin and weary; that at a later date, the same season, the corpses of some thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent, and five dead bodies on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the north-west of the mouth of Back's Great Fish River; and lastly, when Dr. Rae brought home with him relics purchased from the natives, among which were Sir John Franklin's and Captain Crozier's plate, geographers could place their fingers on the map at or near the spot where the catastrophe which had made two gallant crews wanderers over the icy deserts of the north had occurred, and they could follow the tracks of their countrymen as they fell, almost one by one, on their way to the Great Fish River. One party having reached the continent of America, there were some faint hopes that some might yet live to tell the sad story. Upon this point Captain M'Clintock's researches throw no light, but still these hopes, slight at first, have now lost all consistency.

Captain Collinson since found a piece of wood-work, which must have belonged to the *Erebus* or the *Terror*, at another point about the same distance from the north shore of King William's Land as the Great Fish River, and Mr. Anderson visited, in July, 1858, the very spot on Montreal Island where the boat of the survivors had been abandoned. The traces of the fugitives, strange to say, extended up the stream to the first rapids; so it seems as if some at least of the survivors ascended some distance up the river before they perished. It was upon all these grounds put together, that feeling, as Captain Sherard Osborn plainly put it in his narrative of the "Discovery of the North-West Passage" (p. 329) that "the *Erebus* and *Terror* are somewhere within the limits of the unsearched area about King William's Land;" that memorials were sent in to her Majesty's government by Lady Franklin, and signed by the most eminent geographers and men of science of the day, urging the sending out of an expedition to satisfy the honour of our country, and to clear up a mystery which has excited the sympathy of the civilised world. The public mind was, however, at that time too deeply engaged in the sufferings of the British army upon the heights of Sebastopol, and it was left to the heroic and devoted relict of Sir John Franklin to equip the *Fox*, and send out the gallant M'Clintock to determine the truth. Government would not even send out a small vessel to co-operate by way of Behring's Straits.

Stern were the trials, and stubborn the difficulties which the commander of the *Fox* had to overcome ere he could reach the ominous region of King William's Land. The little vessel was drifted helpless, during the winter of 1858, 1194 geographical miles. Reaching Peel Strait the next summer, after visiting Pond's Inlet and Beechey Island, the channel was found to be covered with unbroken ice, and the *Fox* was forced to retrace her steps and gain Bellot's Strait by Prince Regent's Inlet. Reaching the western outlet of this strait, a band of impenetrable fixed ice was found to intervene between the ship and the open water, and further research was left for sledge parties during the next spring. It was on these excursions that natives were met with near Cape Victoria, who stated that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore of King William's Island, that all her people landed safely, and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died. It was afterwards ascertained that a second ship had been seen off King William's Island, and that she drifted ashore in the fall of the same year. Captain M'Clintock thinks that if this wreck still remains visible, it is probable she lies upon some of the off-lying islets to the southward between Capes Felix and Crozier. It is to be regretted that it was not in his power to determine this point satisfactorily.

Further explorations and communication with the natives brought a number of curious and interesting facts to light. It was stated that many of the white men dropped by the way as they retreated to the Great Fish River; ten miles east of Cape Herschel a bleached skeleton was found, supposed to be the remains of a steward or officer's servant. The most important discovery was, however, effected at Point Victory, where a large cairn was discovered by Lieutenant Hobson, on the 6th of May.

Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of

this cairn was found a small tin case, containing a record, the substance of which was as follows : This cairn was built by the Franklin Expedition upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which had not been found. The *Erebus* and *Terror* spent their first winter at Beechey Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On September 12th, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70.05 deg. N. and long. 98.23 W. Sir J. Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22nd April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N.N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, a hundred and five in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier. This paper was dated 25th of April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date was nine officers and fifteen men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with : pickaxes, shovels, boats, cooking utensils, ironwork, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant engraved "Frederic Hornby, R.N.," a small medicine-chest, oars, &c.

A few miles southward, across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieutenant Gore M. Des Vœux, in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information.

Still more touching, if not equal in importance to the above, was the next discovery made, of a boat, within which were found two human skeletons and a large quantity of clothing. One of these skeletons lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. How eloquently does such a fact speak of the dreary unbroken solitude of some portions of these icy regions? It was believed that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned upon an attempt made to return to the ships, probably for further supplies. A great many other relics were found. It appeared, indeed, that the shore of King William's Island had not been visited by the Esquimaux, between its north and west extremes, Capes Felix and Crozier, since the abandonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, as the cairns and articles lying strewed about, which would have been of priceless value to them, were left untouched. "His feet are beautiful on the mountains who bringeth good tidings," declares the inspired writer, and if the intelligence brought home by Captain M'Clintock can only be received with melancholy satisfaction, still there is this sad consolation, that it is conclusive as to the fate of Sir John Franklin, and almost as much so as to that of the two ships, and of their gallant but unfortunate crews. It goes far towards dispelling what has been hitherto a dark and painful mystery, and leads us to hope that there will be no further sacrifice of valuable lives in those remote and remorseless regions. On this account, also, we hail the return of the *Fox* in safety with even more unalloyed gladness than we can be expected to receive the sad but not unforeseen tidings which she brings with her.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

It was a brilliant day in August, far too brilliant, taken in conjunction with the heat, and the twelve o'clock train was preparing to leave Katterley. The platform was all in a bustle—a bustle that was not frequently experienced at that quiet little station—but since the previous evening, when a fearful accident had occurred not far off, Katterley had been on its legs. The train, the one about to proceed, had come in, and only three minutes being allowed for its stay, people who were going by it looked alive: a few had got out, a great many were getting in, for idlers had been flocking to the scene of the accident all the night and morning, and would be flocking, until their curiosity was sated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage, as a party hastened on to the platform; two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid-servant. The porter evidently knew them well, and touched his cap. "Johnson," said one of the gentlemen to him, "let us have it to ourselves if you can: don't crowd us up."

"Very well, sir," replied the man; "I dare say I shan't want to put anybody else in."

"But now whereabouts *is* this carriage?" called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrieking voice, as she looked to the right and left, "because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live."

"Step in, step in, Mary Anne," cried the same gentleman who had previously spoken, "you are all right."

"Make haste, miss," added the porter. "The time's up."

"Of course it's up," repeated the young lady, "and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow, and we should be late. If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment! No time to choose your carriage; no time to see or do anything; they may put you in the guard's van if they please, and you never know it till you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now: do you know, Oliver?"

In reply, Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of cardboard for his sister's satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats. "Why, Elizabeth, I declare I never saw you!" exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp to the maid-servant.

"Didn't you, miss. I walked right behind you from our house."

"I thought it better to bring Elizabeth," interposed her mistress, Mrs. Lake, who was looking that morning unusually young and lovely. "Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help, with so many of us to wait upon."

"Mrs. Chester is the best manager in a house that I ever met with," exclaimed Margaret Jupp. "Fancy, only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go on smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it."

"Trust my sister for 'contriving' things," struck in Frederick Lake, with a half-smile at his wife opposite to him.

"I hear you had a pleasant day there yesterday," Mrs. Lake said to Oliver Jupp.

"We wanted you and Lake to complete it. It was too bad, Mrs. Lake, to shuffle out, after having promised to go. There was an uncommon nice girl spending the day there. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy."

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had rather a propensity for liking "nice girls," although he was a married man.

"Don't know who she was, or anything about her," replied Oliver. "Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same."

"It was a Miss Clapperton," interrupted Margaret Jupp. "Louisa was telling me about her this morning; she took an immense fancy to her."

"Oh, I know," cried Frederick Lake; "they live in Guild, the Clappertons, and Penelope has got intimate with them. You shan't pick out nice girls for me, Oliver, if you call her one. I saw her once: a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes."

"That's Nancy Clapperton, the near-sighted one," corrected Mary Anne Jupp, who was one of those ladies who always know everything. "It was her sister who was there yesterday, a delightful girl, Louy and Rose both say."

"I hope she'll be there to-day, then," laughed Mr. Lake.

"She is to be there, but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her: he monopolised her yesterday, I hear."

"We'll go snacks," said Frederick Lake, "or else draw lots. When does the old Indian begum make her entry?"

"For shame, Mr. Lake! you do turn everything and everybody into ridicule," exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure I think she'll be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister."

"Well, when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand begums. I knew one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth."

Margaret Jupp turned to Clara. "Why don't you keep your husband in better order? He is incorrigible."

"I fear he is," she smiled.

"Very strange!" uttered Frederick Lake. "I can't get an answer to my question: I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough."

Margaret laughed. "I am not in the begum's confidence; or in Mrs. Chester's either. How should I know?"

"Mrs. Chester was talking of her yesterday," interrupted Oliver Jupp. "She is not sure which day she comes: the middle of the week, she thinks."

They were approaching the scene of the accident, and soon the train arrived at Coombe Dalton, and came to a stand-still. "I thought we did not stop here," exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp.

"Every train has stopped here, I expect, since last night," observed her brother, "bringing doctors, and friends of the wounded."

A porter came up the platform, calling out, in his stentorian but unintelligible lingo, "Coombe Dal—ton; Coombe Dal—ton," and a sudden thought took Mary Anne.

"I do wish we could take a peep at the scene," she exclaimed, "the place where the accident occurred. I wonder if we should have time. Does anybody know how long the train stops here? Elizabeth, lean out at the window, and ask the man."

Elizabeth, who sat by herself at that window, they all being close to the other, leaned out, and caught the man just as he had passed. "Here, master," cried she, "how long do we stop here, please?"

"Ten minutes," replied the man.

At least, Elizabeth thought that was the answer, and she drew in her head and shoulders and sat down. "Ten minutes, miss," he says.

"Oh, then there's lots of time," returned Mary Anne, eagerly rising; and her sister and Mrs. Lake as eagerly followed her example, for the scene of a frightful accident does bear its charms for the public eye. The two gentlemen had seen it the previous night, had spent some hours on it, but they prepared to accompany them. They descended from the carriage, all but Elizabeth: of course, as she was not bade do so, she remained where she was.

The accident had taken place just outside the station. Retracing their way, a couple of minutes' walk brought them to it, and Oliver, who had been in the unfortunate train, was proceeding to explain details, when a loud shriek was heard, and off puffed the train, theirs.

A blank look of consternation seized upon their faces. That it had *gone*, not to puff back again, was evident by the rate of speed. The ladies were alarmed, the gentlemen inclined to laugh. "Well, you have gone and done it, by bringing us out here!" exclaimed Mr. Lake. And Mary Anne Jupp, impulsive and hasty, flew back, calling out and shouting—as though she thought she could arrest the carriages.

"What made you tell us the train stopped here ten minutes?" she began, seizing hold of the porter to whom Elizabeth had spoken, while the rest of her party followed her up.

"Ten minutes! I never said it stopped here ten minutes," answered the man, taken aback.

"You did. A young woman leaned out of a first-class carriage and asked you."

"Oh, she," returned he. "I told her two minutes. What has it got to do at this station, that it should stop ten?"

Elizabeth's ears must have mistaken the word two for ten; there was no doubt of it. But what was to be done? "When will another train come by, that will take us on to Guild?" inquired Oliver Jupp.

"Ten minutes before three, sir."

And it was now a quarter past twelve. "Well, that's pleasant," added Oliver.

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Lake, which seemed to proclaim that to him it *was* pleasant, and they turned to him half in anger. "I am thinking of Elizabeth's consternation," cried he: "we have got her ticket. Suppose she has no money in her pocket: they will be for taking her up, at Guild."

Of course there was plenty of time to examine now into the scene of accident, and they were not the only spectators. On the actual spot itself, there was nothing to be seen, for the line had been cleared to allow of the progress of trains—their own, with themselves, had just passed over it; but, drawn beyond the line on either side, were marks enough; the

battered engine, the débris of the carriages: there had not been leisure yet to clear it away.

"There was a truck upon the line," said Oliver Jupp. "In shunting some trucks on to the down line, one of them broke down, and could not be got off it before our train came up. The engine ran into it, and—we were done for."

"But how dreadfully careless of the people at the station to allow your engine to run into it," replied Margaret. "They ought to have signalled your train to stop."

"They did signal it," interrupted a strange voice at her elbow, and Margaret turned to see the station-master, who was known to her brother and Mr. Lake. "The red lights were exhibited at the station, and a switchman waved the red signal light up and down, all to no purpose. You observe that post," he added, pointing to an iron post, or pillar close to them, for he perceived she looked as if she scarcely understood him; "that is the night signal-post. When the line is clear, a green light is exhibited there, as a notice that the trains may pass; but, when it is not clear, a red light is substituted, and no train must proceed when a red light is there. Not only was the red light there last night, but the switchman, alarmed at the train's coming on so quickly, seized it, and waved it to enforce attention; but the driver took no notice, and went dashing on to destruction."

"Was he killed?" inquired a bystander.

"No. And his escape is next door to a miracle," was the reply. "He was flung from the engine, and lay motionless, and was carried off for dead, but it appears he was only stunned, and is nearly well this morning. He'll have to stand his trial, of course, and a good thing for him if they don't bring it in Wilful Murder—for that's what some of these careless engine-drivers will come to, one day."

"He had taken something that obscured his vision probably," remarked Mr. Lake.

"I think not," returned the station-master; "he's a sober man. No; it is carelessness: they go driving on, never looking at the signals. It is not once in many weeks, perhaps, that the danger signal is exhibited; they get accustomed to see the other, and it becomes to them so much a matter of course that it must be there, that they forget to look at it. That is my opinion; and I see no other way of accounting for it."

He turned back to the station as he spoke, and a gentleman, who had drawn near while he was speaking, held out his hand to greet the Lakes and the Jupps. It was Colonel West, an acquaintance who resided at Coombe Dalton.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed one of the young ladies, "what a shocking accident this has been."

"Ay, it has. Seven picked up dead, and four more gone this morning, besides legs and arms and backs broken. It is awful to think of."

"And all from one man's recklessness!" added Mr. Lake, with more severity, more feeling than he generally suffered himself to display. "As the station-master says, they won't give over, till some of them are convicted of wilful murder. I hope the man who drove the train last night will get his deserts."

They were strolling away from the spot, the colonel, Mr. and Mrs.

Lake, and the Miss Jupps; Oliver had gone back with the station-master. The colonel, who was a keen, sensible man of fifty, turned and faced Mr. Lake, and stood still; the others stood still likewise.

"Let me disabuse you, at any rate. I hear they are putting the blame upon the driver, but he does not deserve it, and they must be doing it to screen themselves. I know nothing of the man, and never saw him in my life till this morning, but I shall stand between him and injustice."

"In what way? what do you mean?" Mr. Lake inquired.

"They say that they exhibited the danger signal, red, and that he dashed on, regardless of it," continued Colonel West. "I went to the inn this morning where some of the wounded are lying, and there I found the driver—as they told me he was—on a mattress on the floor. 'How did this happen?' I said to him. 'I don't know how it happened, sir,' he replied, 'but I'll declare that there was no red signal up to stop me, as they say: the green light was up, as usual.' That was the first I had heard about the red light," continued the colonel, "but I find the man's words are true, and that the whole blame is laid to him. Now, it happens that I was in my garden last night when the smash came, just over on the other side of the line, and I can bear the man out—that it was the green light up, not the red."

"Shameful!" uttered Frederick Lake, rising against the injustice. "I hope, colonel, you will stand by the man."

"You may be sure of that. I'd transport a reckless driver for life, if I could, but I would never see an innocent man falsely accused."

Having nothing to do with themselves, they strolled into the village, such as it was, the colonel with them. At the door of the small inn, whose floors had been put into requisition the previous night, on the green bench running under the windows, sat the driver of the engine, his head tied up with a white cloth, and his arm in a sling.

"Why, Cooper!" uttered Mr. Lake, in much surprise, "was it you who drove the engine?"

He knew the man well; a young man he was, and a native of Katterley, of very humble station, but most respectable in conduct, and of good natural intelligence. Not above a month had he been promoted to be an engine-driver; before that, he was a stoker.

"Yes, sir, it was me," he replied, standing up to answer, but sinking down again from giddiness. "And I can only say I wish it had been somebody else, if they are going to persist in accusing me of causing the accident wilfully."

"I need not have speculated on whether the driver was overcome by strong liquor, had I known who it was," said Mr. Lake.

"He tells me he never drinks," interposed Colonel West.

"Never, sir," said Cooper. "Water, and tea, and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and these ladies knew him."

Mr. Lake nodded acquiescence. "So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it?"

"I hear they are saying so at the station, sir; but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that's generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely."

"Did you look at the signal light?" inquired Mary Anne Jupp. "Perhaps you—you *might*, you know, Cooper, have passed it without looking."

"I did look up, miss, and I couldn't be off seeing it last night, if I had wanted, for it was being swung about like anything. 'What's up now,' I said to myself, 'that they are swaying the lamp about like that?' and I thought whoever it was, doing it, must have had a drop too much."

"But don't you think you might have suspected danger?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"No, sir, not from the green lamp. If they had wanted to warn me of that, they should have swung the red. Any way, I'd rather have given my own life, than it should have happened when I was driver."

Killing the time in the best way they could, they got back to the station a few minutes before the train was expected. The accident was the topic of conversation there. "I have seen the driver," remarked Mr. Lake; "I know him well, a sober, steady man. He says the red signal was not exhibited; that it was the green."

"Oh, he does, does he," returned the station-master. "He had better prove it. Of course, when they are at their wits' end for an excuse, they invent anything, probable or improbable."

"Cooper is not a man to invent. I am sure he is truthful."

"Let him wait till the inquest," was the significant reply.

The train came in, Oliver made his appearance from somewhere, and they were taken on to Guild. There they found Elizabeth: she *had* no money in her pocket, and was sitting waiting for them, like Patience on a monument, unable to leave the station. There was a good deal of laughter, and they proceeded to Mrs. Chester's, ten minutes' walk. That lady came to the door to receive them, very cross.

"You disagreeable, tiresome things, what in the world brings you here at this time? You knew we were to have dined at three o'clock, and taken dessert and tea upon the lawn. I have been obliged to order the dinner put back."

"It was the train's fault," answered Mr. Lake; "it deposited us half way, and left us."

"Of course you must put in your nonsense, Fred, or it wouldn't be you," retorted Mrs. Chester. "Come along with me, girls, and take your things off. Dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes."

"Here, Penelope, wait a moment," cried her brother, drawing her back as she was approaching the staircase, "is Lydia Clapperton here to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Where is she?"

"In the garden, I think; or else with the children. What do you want with her?"

"Only to get the start of Oliver: he has stopped in the village to lay in cigars, or something of the sort," laughed Mr. Lake, as he turned back to the garden. "He says she's a nice girl."

Guild Farm—as the place was called, having been a farm in days gone by—was a pleasant spot, the house good, and standing in the midst of an excellent garden. It was let cheaply, for the farmer who rented

the land had another house, and did not want it. Frederick Lake went peering about in search of Lydia Clapperton, down shrubberies, behind trees. At last he came to a summer-house, and through the entrance he discerned a young lady sitting. "There she is!" he exclaimed.

She looked four or five-and-twenty, but her dress would make her look young. A rich black silk dress with a low body and short sleeves, edged by a ruche of white crape, a jet chain on her neck, and jet bracelets. She had very decided features, inclining to the aquiline, and thin, compressed lips: her eyes, by many, would have been called beautiful; they were intensely black, and had a somewhat bold expression. Her hair *was* beautiful—a smooth, purple black, very luxuriant, and worn in a profusion of braids, or plats. "A fine girl," thought Mr. Lake.

"There she is!" he exclaimed aloud, in his free and somewhat saucy manner—a manner that women like—as he entered and unceremoniously held out his hand.

She rose, dropped some fancy work, netting, that she was busy upon, and put out hers, as if surprised into the movement. Mr. Lake took it, and she looked up at him; a gay, fascinating man, gentlemanly in the midst of his freedom. "I told Mrs. Chester I should come and find you. I have had the pleasure of seeing your sister, so we need not wait for an introduction. We have kept her waiting pretty well to-day, have we not?"

"She has been wondering over the non-arrival of her friends," replied the young lady, as she resumed her netting.

"And fuming over it too," laughed Mr. Lake. "We had an adventure, and the train left us midway. Delaying your dinner-hour is the worst."

"Oh, that is nothing. I am glad you have come at last. I think nothing is more pleasant than a country-house filled with visitors."

"When they can do as they like," added Mr. Lake. "We are to remain till Wednesday, I believe, and must make the most of it. I hope you will stay also. After that, there'll be no fun in coming: there'll be a restraint."

The young lady paused in her netting and lifted her eyes. "What restraint?" she said, after a pause.

"Mrs. Chester has sold her liberty to an old Indian begum. Haven't you heard of it? She is coming here to take possession, and we must all be upon our good behaviour before her. No fun to go on then."

"An Indian begum!" uttered the young lady, staring at him.

"Nothing less formidable, I assure you. She is expected to make the journey from town on an elephant. I shall draw a sketch of her, after dinner, for private circulation: shawls, fans, woolly hair, and propriety. She's an old widow, relict of Sir George Ellis: we must not so much as speak before her."

The young lady laughed.

"Mrs. Chester has laid down rules for our conduct," he went on, rattling. "The last time I was here, she saw me snatch a kiss from a pretty girl, and last week she came over to my house to lecture me, and inquired what I supposed my Lady Ellis would think of such conduct. You have no conception what a nightmare this old begum is to me."

"Really I don't wonder. Shawls, fans, woolly hair, and an elephant! Old and ugly—did you say ugly?"

"As if a begum could be anything else! Not that her ugliness or beauty could affect me; but her interfering with the liberty of a fellow —that does it."

"But—according to your version—it is Mrs. Chester who seems to be interfering; not the begum."

"Oh, it's all the same: excepting that, for Mrs. Chester we should not care, and for the begum, I suppose, we must. I did think of getting a few days' fishing here, this hot weather, but it's over now. I shall never stand that begum—twirling one's thumbs before her, and speaking in measured monosyllables."

The young lady bent over her netting; she had made a long stitch. "Mrs. Chester seems to wish to keep you in order," she remarked, without looking up.

"She just does: we listen to her pretty dutifully, and when her back's turned, have a good laugh over it. Allow me to try and get that knot undone for you: it is giving you trouble."

She answered gaily, "Why, what do you know about netting?"

"A great deal. I netted a boy's fishing-net once. Those long stitches are the very plague."

"A fishing-net!" she laughed. "Well, perhaps you did: but what do you think you could do to this fine silk; you, with your man's fingers?"

"I can try, so as to save the trouble to you." He bent down as he spoke, and attempted gently to draw the work from her; she kept it tight. It really looked as though they had no objection, either of them, to lapse into a flirtation, when at that moment, voices were heard, and Mr. Lake looked up. Passing from the shrubbery, on to the lawn, was Oliver Jupp, with a young lady by his side. She turned her head and stood, calling out to Mrs. Chester's children behind, so that Mr. Lake had a view of her face.

"Who the deuce has he picked up now? what a pretty girl!" thought he. "Do you know who that is?" he cried out to his companion, "the young lady with Oliver Jupp?"

She took her netting off her foot, and advanced to look out at the door. "It is a Miss—Miss—what was the name? Mrs. Chester introduced her—Lydia something—Lydia Clapperton, I think."

He stared in surprise. "*That* Lydia Clapperton! why, then, who are you?"

"I? Oh, I am the Indian begum. But I didn't come on an elephant."

His pulses stood still for a moment. But he thought she was playing a joke upon him.

"You are not—you cannot be—Lady Ellis!"

"I am, indeed. The old relict of Colonel Sir George Ellis, K.C.B."

Never in all his life had Frederick Lake been so taken to, never had he felt more thoroughly confused and ashamed. The hot crimson mounted to his temples. "I humbly beg your pardon, Lady Ellis," he said, standing before her, as shamefaced as any convicted schoolboy. "I cannot expect you to accord it to me, but I most sincerely beg it."

"I think I must give it you," she answered, in a pretty, tantalising

manner. "Your offence was not against *me*, but against some fabled monster of your imagination. You shall sketch her still, after dinner."

He held out his hand with hesitation. "Will you seal your pardon? and will you promise to forget as well as to forgive? I shall never forget, or forgive myself."

She frankly put her hand into his. "I have forgiven; I will promise to forget: but then, you know, you must not convert me into a nightmare."

"You a nightmare!" he impulsively returned. "If you are, it will be one of a different sort," he gallantly added, as he placed her hand within his arm to conduct her to the house. "What did you think of me? Did you take me for a wild animal just arrived from the savage islands?"

"No," said Lady Ellis, "that is what you took the begum for. I found you were under a mistake as soon as you spoke of my sister: I have no sister. I only got here an hour ago, in time to dress for dinner. I have been staying at Cheltenham for two days. But what about your intention of fishing here? I am sorry that I should frustrate it."

He bit his lip; he could not conceal his annoyance. "I thought you promised to forget," he softly whispered.

He left her down stairs and ran up to his wife, who was alone in the chamber assigned to them. "Frederick, how hot you look!" she exclaimed, as he entered: "your cheeks are crimson."

"My brain is crimson also, I think," he replied, bending his blue eyes upon her. "What do you think?—Lady Ellis is here."

"Mrs. Chester told us so. She had a note from her this morning, and she herself arrived at two o'clock."

"Clary, I called her the begum to her face!"

"Frederick!"

"I don't know what else I didn't call her: old and ugly, and a nightmare; and said she was coming on an elephant. I took her for that Lydia Clapperton."

Mrs. Lake's face turned as red as her husband's had done in the summer-house: she was of a refined, deeply-sensitive temperament, ever considerate of the feelings of others.

"What apology can you possibly offer? How can you make your peace?"

"I have made it already. She seems good-natured, and saw the thing as it was—a misapprehension altogether. I'd rather have given a hundred pounds, though, than it should have happened. Why couldn't Penelope open her mouth and tell me she was come, and in the garden?"

He was splashing away at the water, having turned up his cuffs and his wristbands to wash his hands, evidently not on very good terms with self. His wife stood in silence, and when he had finished, watched him brush his hair. Then they were ready to go down.

"Clara."

"What?" she asked, turning round to him.

"Don't speak of this to any one, my darling. It really has annoyed me. I do not suppose she will."

"Of course I will not." And he bent his hot face over his wife's and kissed it.

In the corridor they encountered Mary Anne and Margaret Jupp, and all descended together. Mrs. Chester had momentarily disappeared, looking after her household matters, and the Miss Jupps and Lady Ellis grew talkative instantly, recalling old scenes of their childhood, when they had used to meet. It therefore happened that Mrs. Lake never was introduced, and Lady Ellis wondered who she was: they all seemed to call her "Clara," during dinner.

A table with fruit and wine was set out on the lawn, but they did not seem inclined to sit round it, rather dispersing into couples or groups, flitting about amidst the walks and flowers. Oliver Jupp appropriated Lydia Clapperton, and Mr. Lake appeared perfectly resigned that it should be so. For himself, he was everywhere; now with Mary Anne Jupp, now with Margaret, now with his wife, now with Lady Ellis; mostly with the latter, who did not by any means object to the companionship. In short, it was a delightful, unceremonious, laisser-aller sort of assembly, with Mrs. Chester seated, in her weeds, to play propriety, whilst her children made themselves as troublesome as they liked.

"Who is that young lady?" abruptly exclaimed Lady Ellis to Frederick Lake, pointing towards the dessert-table. "They call her 'Clara.'"

He looked surprised, and then smiled. "Don't you know?"

"I don't know who she is. I know that she is one of the very boldest girls I ever saw."

"*She* bold!" uttered he, in marked astonishment, while a flush darkened his cheek. "You are mistaken, Lady Ellis."

"Bold; and unseemly bold," repeated she. "I speak of that young lady who is now sitting by Mrs. Chester. You called her 'Clara' at dinner."

"I understand of whom you speak. But why do you call her bold?"

She was silent for a moment, and then lifted her head. "When we have lived in India, have travelled—in short, have rubbed off the reserve and rusticity which experience of the world only can effect, we like to speak out our opinion, and call things by their right names. A few minutes ago you were with her in that walk, talking to her; she held your arm, and she suddenly clasped her other hand over it, and kept it there, turning her face up to yours with what looked very like ardent admiration. It struck me as being—not—not seemly."

He coughed down a laugh. "She has a legal right to look in my face, and with ardent admiration too, if she likes; and you may believe me, when I assert that from her you will never witness aught unseemly. She is my wife."

"Your wife!" almost screamed Lady Ellis, taken utterly by surprise.

"My own wife." His saucy blue eyes gazed into those amazed black ones, enjoying their confusion with an exceedingly saucy expression. Lady Ellis burst into a laugh.

"Well, I suppose I must beg your pardon now. We all seem to be letting ourselves in for mistakes and blunders. I thought she was a young girl, and I did not know you were married."

"She does look young," he answered, his eyes following his wife's figure, as she moved away with Mrs. Chester.

Clara had gone to look at what Mrs. Chester called the domestic arrangements, which in reality meant the kitchens and lower part of the house. Mary Anne Jupp went with them, and Mrs. Chester took them

in at the back door: a yard or two up the passage, they turned into the kitchen. It was a large room, convenient, they could see, at the first glance.

"Why, it is like print!" uttered Mary Anne, in her hasty manner: "not a speck of dirt about it, everything in place! How ever have they got it in this order, so soon after dinner?"

"This is the best kitchen," explained Mrs. Chester; "they cook in the other. Don't you see that there's no fire? We shall use this in winter, but while the weather is so hot, I like the cooking done as far from the sitting-rooms as possible. Come and look at the other: it is in the yard."

They went out of the room, but Clara did not. She stood, more like one in a trance, a maze, than a living, breathing woman. She glanced here, she glanced there; at the doors, the large window, the fireplace; at the furniture and position of everything. When Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne came back, she had not stirred: her cheek was pale, her hands were clasped, she looked very like a statue. Mrs. Chester began explaining where the several doors led to: one down to the cellar, one to the coal-house, one to the dairy, and one to a china closet; four in all, besides the entrance door. Then they turned to leave. "Are you coming, Clara?"

"Directly," she replied. "Mary Anne, I wish you would send Frederick here when you go back; I want to speak to him."

Mary Anne delivered her message. Mr. Lake was then seated at the table, peeling a pear for Lady Ellis. He went towards the house when he had given it her, just as Mrs. Chester ran, in dire wrath, after her mischievous young son, who was climbing up a tree, to the detriment of his trousers.

"I had no idea, till just now, that Mr. Lake was a married man," observed Lady Ellis to Mary Anne, as she leisurely eat her pear.

"No! Then who did you suppose Mrs. Lake was?"

"I did not suppose anything about it; I did not know she was Mrs. Lake. Have they been married long?"

"About three years."

"Any children?"

"There was one. A beautiful little child; but it died. Do you not think her very lovely? It is a sweet face!"

Lady Ellis shrugged her shoulders. "She has no style. And she seems as much wrapt up in her husband as though they had been married yesterday."

"Why should she not be?" bluntly asked Mary Anne. "I only hope when I am married—if ever that's to be—that I and my husband shall be as happy and united as they are."

"As *she* is," spoke Lady Ellis. "I would not answer for him."

Mary Anne Jupp felt cross. She believed that somebody had been whispering tales about Mr. Lake's nonsensical flirtation with her sister Rose; and pure nonsense, on both sides, she knew that to be. "Frederick Lake is one of those men who cannot live without flirtation," she observed, "who admire every woman they meet, and take care to let them know it: his wife can afford to laugh at it, knowing that his *love* is exclusively hers."

Lady Ellis drew down the corners of her mouth, and coughed a little

cough of disbelief, for which Mary Anne Jupp, upright and high-principled, could have scolded her for an hour. "A woman hazards more than she bargains for, when she ties herself, for better or for worse, to one of these attractive men: but of course she must put up with the consequences."

"What consequences?" exclaimed Mary Anne, feeling herself puzzled by the speech altogether.

"The seeing herself a neglected wife: the seeing others preferred before her, as she must inevitably do, when her own short reign is over."

"Had you to experience that?" sharply asked Mary Anne, intending the question to sting her.

"I!" equably returned Lady Ellis. "My husband had nothing attractive about him, and was as old as Adam. I spoke of the wives of attractive men: others may humdrum on to their graves, and be at peace."

What Mary Anne Jupp may have thought fit to answer in reproval cannot be recorded, for her sister Margaret and Mrs. Chester came up and interrupted them. Margaret proclaimed that Mrs. Chester was about to take her on the expedition from which Mary Anne had returned —that of seeing the kitchens and other offices.

"I suppose I may not ask to be of the party," cried Lady Ellis, starting up, and looking at Mrs. Chester.

"Certainly you may. Why not?"

They proceeded leisurely across the lawn and round the side of the house towards the back entrance. Meanwhile, Mr. Lake had gone in search of his wife, in obedience to her summons, and found her in the large kitchen. "Did you want me, Clara?"

"Do come here," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone; and he advanced and stood beside her. She pointed out the several features of the room. "Do you see them? Do you remember?"

"I have not been in the kitchen before," was his answer, looking curiously at the room and then at her.

"It is the kitchen of my dream!"

"The what?" uttered Mr. Lake, inclined to fall into an irreverent laugh.

"It is, Frederick," she whispered, her voice sounding strangely hollow. "I described its features to you that night, and now you may see them. We—we are standing in the same position!" she burst forth more eagerly, as if the fact had but that moment occurred to her. "See! I was here, you on that side me, as you are now; here was the small round dark table close to us; there is the large window, with the ironing-board underneath it; there, to the left, are the dresser and the shelves, and even the very plates and dishes upon them——"

"Of the precise willow pattern," put in Mr. Lake.

"There, behind us, is the fireplace; and around are the several doors, in the very self-same places that I saw them," she continued, too eager to notice or heed the mocking interruption. "I told you it looked like a farm-house kitchen, large and bleak: you may see that it does, now."

"I shall begin to think that you are dreaming still," he returned.

"I wish I was! I wish I had never seen in reality the kitchen of that dream. I did not at the first moment recognise it. When I came in with Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne, it struck upon me as being familiar,

and I was just going to say to them, 'I must have been here before,' when my dream flashed upon me, like a chill; I felt awe-struck; sick; I feel so yet."

"This beats spirit-rapping," said Mr. Lake. "Let us lay hold of the table, and see whether it won't turn."

"*Why* will you turn it into mockery?" she resumed, her tone one of sharp pain. "Frederick, you know that dream seemed to foretel my death."

"I declare to goodness, Clara, you will make me angry!" was his retort, in a changed voice. "What has come over you these last few days?"

"That dream has come over me," she replied, with a shiver. "I thought it was done with; done with by the accident of last night; and now the sight of this kitchen has renewed it in all its horror. If you could, only for one minute, feel as I am feeling, you would not wonder at me."

Her state of mind appeared to him most unaccountable; not foolish, worse than foolish; and never in his life had he spoken so sharply to her as he spoke now. "I should be sorry to feel it, even for a minute; I should be ashamed to do so: and I feel ashamed of you. What did you want with me?"

"To show you the kitchen. To tell you this."

He gave vent to an impatient word, and turned angrily to the door. She, her heart bursting, went forward to the window: just so had it been in the dream, just so had they seemed to part, he going to the door and she to the window, just so had been the sharp conviction of coming evil. Mr. Lake looked back at her; she had laid her head against the wall near the window: her hands drooped down; in her whole air there was an utter agony of abandonment. His tenderness returned to him, and he walked across the kitchen. As he drew her face from the wall he saw that it was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Clara," he exclaimed, as he sheltered it upon his own breast, "must I treat you and soothe you as I would a child?"

"No, treat me as your wife," she passionately answered, breaking into a storm of sobs.

He suffered her to sob for a few moments, till the paroxysm had spent itself, and then spoke; in a tone of remonstrance, it is true, but with deep tenderness. "Is it possible that you can allow a foolish superstition, a dream, to cause this wild grief?"

"It is not the dream that is causing the *grief*. You are causing that: you never so spoke to me: when I said it might foretel my death, you turned my words into ridicule. It is as if you do not care whether I live or die."

"Clara, you know better. What can I do for you? How can I soothe you?"

"Do not speak to me in that tone again."

"My dearest, I will do anything you wish, in reason; you know I will; but you must not ask me to put faith in that dream. And if my voice sounded harsh—why, it would vex any man to find his wife so foolish."

"Well, well, it shall pass; I will not vex you with it again. If any ill does come, it must; and if not——"

"If not, you will acknowledge what a silly child you have been," he interrupted, holding her to him and kissing the tears from her face.

"Silly, and superstitious, if you will," she whispered, "but not a child. I think I am less a child at heart than many who are older. Frederick, if you could ever grow unkind to me, I should die."

"I never will, my darling."

Standing looking in at the chink of the door, having come softly along the passage matting, was Lady Ellis. What did she see? She saw his face bent down upon his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his sweet words; heard quite enough to imagine them. An ugly look of envy, nearly of hate, rose to her pale features: he was what she had called him, an attractive man, he had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothings to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would fain keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only so much the greater inducement. Was Lady Ellis one?

The voices of Mrs. Chester and Margaret Jupp were approaching, and Lady Ellis pushed open the door. Clara dried her eyes hastily. "Come and walk in the open air," he whispered to her; "it will do you good." And Lady Ellis watched them afterwards slowly pass the window, she leaning on his arm.

II.

Assembled in the largest room that the small inn at Coombe Dalton would afford, were the coroner and his jury, inquiring into the cause of the railway accident which had been productive of so many deaths. The station-master, the "switchman," and one porter, all who had been at the station on the Sunday night, testified that the red lights were exhibited to give warning of danger, and that the driver, in reckless defiance of them, had gone dashing on, and so caused the catastrophe.

The driver, Cooper, who was permitted to give his testimony at his own desire, was cautioned that what he said might be used against him. It was to the effect that the usual light, the green, was exhibited, and not the red. The coroner knew him for a steady man, one who, to use the words of a witness, "wouldn't tell a lie to screen himself from nothing."

"Did you look at the lights?" inquired the coroner of Cooper.

"I looked at both, sir. The lamp that was at the end of the station, and the lamp on the signal-post beyond it."

"And you say they were the green lights?"

"That they were, sir. The same green lights that are always up. He had taken the light off the post, and was swaying it about, and I couldn't conceive what he was doing it for."

"But here are three witnesses, the station-master and the two men, who have sworn that the red signals were up, and not the green," persisted the coroner. "It is very strange that you should maintain the contrary."

"The three may be in a league together to say so, and hide their own negligence," interposed an audible voice from the most crowded part of the room. Upon which the coroner threatened to commit anybody so interrupting, for contempt of court.

"All I can say is, sir, that there was no difference, that night, in the

lights, from those exhibited on other nights," concluded Cooper. "They were the green lights, and not the red, and if I had to die next minute, I'd say it."

A gentleman presented himself for examination, and was sworn. Colonel West. "In justice to the driver, I think it right to offer my testimony," he said, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state that the light exhibited on the signal-post, and which the man took down and swayed about, was green; when the driver asserts that it was not red, he speaks the truth."

"Were you at the station?" inquired the coroner of the witness.

"No; I was in my garden, which is precisely opposite the signal-post on the other side of the line. I was walking about in it, smoking a cigar. I heard the train approaching, and I saw the man take the lamp off the post, lean forward, and swing it about, evidently to attract attention. A minute after, the accident happened."

"And you say this was not the red light?"

"It was not. It was the light that is generally up, the green."

The coroner gave an expressive look at the station-master, which spoke volumes, and the latter looked red and indignant. There was some talking, some confusion, and when it subsided, Oliver Jupp was standing by the table. One of the jury inquired why he was put forward.

"I don't know," returned Oliver. "I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swayed about: I suppose it is for that."

"Which light was it?" inquired the coroner, when he was sworn.

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon. "From whence did you see it?" asked the coroner.

"I was in the train. As we got to Coombe Dalton station I looked out at the window, and saw a red light being waved about. I remarked it to my sisters, who were in the carriage with me, and one of them observed that if it was the red light there must be danger. The accident occurred almost as she spoke."

"Are you sure it was the red light, sir?" inquired one of the jury, all of whom had been impressed with Colonel West's evidence.

"Certain."

"And of course he could have no motive in saying anything but the truth," remarked the juryman to another, in a louder tone than he thought for.

"I a motive!" haughtily returned Oliver, taking up the words. "I am put here to state simply what I saw, I expect; neither more nor less. I am sorry to give evidence that may tell against Cooper, who is respected in Katterley, but I am bound to say that it was the red light."

Colonel West was recalled, and further questioned. But he wavered not a jot: the light he saw swayed about was the green.

"Well," exclaimed the coroner, "there's hard swearing somewhere. It is impossible, at the present stage, to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and I think, gentlemen of the jury, we had better adjourn the inquiry, when perhaps further witnesses may be forthcoming."

And adjourned it was, accordingly.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By Sir Nathaniel.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!
Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,
Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XXIII.—Dion.

Not a few of Plutarch's parallels appear to ordinary observers rather arbitrary than appropriate. His method of coupling partners is often far from intelligible. Why he should pitch on this particular Greek to pair off with that particular Roman, "puzzles the will" to find out. In the case of Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," it is upon Dion that Plutarch hits, as the fit and proper man for immortal alliance. And of course he has reasons to give for the juxtaposition. As one was the scholar of Plato, and the other educated in his principles, they came like wrestlers from the same palestræ, to engage in the greatest conflicts. Both, too, by their conduct, "in which there was a great similarity," are said to have confirmed that observation of their master, that "power and fortune must concur with prudence and justice, to effect anything great in a political capacity." Dion, from Plato's own lips; Brutus, from Academic lore, and the sacred traditions of its fathers; both, according to Plutarch, gathered pregnant truths, and were imbued alike with doctrines that must and did tell on practical life.

Oh, sweet it is in academic groves . . .
To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
On rational liberty, and hope in man,
Justice and peace. But far more sweet such toil—
Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse—
If nature then be standing on the brink
Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the world. . . .
Such conversation, under Attic shades,
Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus

For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such
He, on that ministry already bound
Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
When those two vessels with their daring freight,
For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war
Led by Philosophers.*

Pursuing his parallel between Dion and Brutus, "accident, however, rather than design," says Plutarch, "gave a similarity to the lives of these two great men; and both were cut off by an untimely death, before they could carry into effect the purposes advanced by them with so much labour." And then, catching at straws in the way of analogy, he adds, that the most singular circumstance attending their death was, their both being divinely warned of it, by the apparition of an appalling spectre. There are those, indeed, the good orthodox old pagan is fain to own, who say that no man in his senses ever did see a spectre; that ghosts are the private property of silly women and children, to whom the monopoly of spectre-seeing is, *de facto*, and *de jure* ought to be, exclusively confined,—unless in the case of some poor man whose liver is out of order, or whose brain-pan and its contents are no better than they should be. But, argues our biographic Bœotian, if Dion and Brutus, men of firm and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity,—if such men could pay so much credit to the appearance of spectres, as to give an account of them to their friends,† "I see no reason why we should depart from the

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* Wordsworth: The Prelude, book ix.

† Compare Philip van Artevelde's language, in perhaps the finest, at any rate the most refined, of modern closet plays:

"ARTEVELDE.
"I'll tell it, but I bid you not believe it;
For I am scarce so credulous myself
As to believe that was, which my eyes saw—
A visual not an actual existence.

"ELENA.
"What was it like? Wore it a human likeness?

"ARTEVELDE.
"That such existences there are, I know;
For whether by the corporal organ framed,
Or painted by a brainish fantasy
Upon the inner sense, not once nor twice,
But sundry times have I beheld such things
Since my tenth year, and most in this last past.
. . . . . Touching this eye-creation;
What is it to surprise us? Here we are
Engender'd out of nothing cognisable.
If this be not a wonder, nothing is;
If this be wonderful, then all is so.
Man's grosser attributes can generate
What is not, and has never been at all;
What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being pass'd away?"

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE, Second Part, Act V. Sc. 3.

opinion of the ancients, that men had their evil genii,* who disturbed them with fears, and distressed their virtue, lest by a steady and uniform pursuit of it, they should hereafter obtain a happier allotment than themselves." With these resemblances between Dion and Brutus to begin with, Plutarch congratulated himself, probably, as having made out a strong case at starting.

But having disposed separately of the two heroes, with a full and particular account of each, Plutarch institutes, as his manner is, a systematic comparison of the distinguished pair. What he finds principally to be admired in the lives of Dion and Brutus, is their rising to such importance from inconsiderable beginnings: and here he gives Dion the advantage, as having no coadjutor in the progress of glory, whereas Brutus was backed, step by step, by Cassius; nor did the Greek, like the Roman, gain power and riches from the war, but employed that wealth on which he was to subsist as an exile in a foreign country, in restoring the liberties of his own. "Besides, to deliver the Romans from Cæsar, and the Syracusans from Dionysius, were enterprises of a very different kind. Dionysius was an avowed and established tyrant; and Sicily, with reason, groaned under his yoke"†—whereas, by Plutarch's own showing, Cæsar was in effect a tender and skilful physician, appointed by Providence to heal the distempers of the state.

Woe to the hand that shed *that* costly blood!

so fatally causing

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
To cumber all the parts of Italy.

The wealth to which Plutarch refers, in Dion's case, was something substantial. Only a very rich man, as well as a very liberal and public-spirited one, could have ventured on the offer he deliberately made, of maintaining fifty triremes at his own expense. His property is estimated at one hundred talents—about twenty-three thousand pounds of our money. Apart, however, from wealth and high position, as Mr. Grote says, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. That masterly historian describes him as of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature, we are told, was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion, his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egoistic, like that of his brother-in-law (and son-in-law too), the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the

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* As Shakspeare, following Plutarch, represents Cæsar's apparition, in the tent of Brutus. "How ill this taper burns!" mutters the conspirator—"ha! who comes here?" [for, meanwhile, *Enter the* GHOST *of* CÆSAR]:

"I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood run cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

"GHOST.

"*Thy evil spirit*, Brutus."

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† Cf. Plutarch's Lives of Dion, and of Brutus, *passim*.

same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity, and submission of individual will to fixed laws, which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

"Born about the year 408 B.C.,* Dion was about twenty-one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired; as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. . . . He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of that Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions—and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfal, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves. With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life."† It is an attractive picture the great Lake Poet paints of him, at the memorable epoch in question:

> Serene, and fitted to embrace,
> Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
> Of haughtiness without pretence,
> And to unfold a still magnificence,
> Was princely Dion, in the power
> And beauty of his happier hour.
> And what pure homage *then* did wait
> On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
> Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
> Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
> Softening their inbred dignity austere—
> That he, not too elate
> With self-sufficing solitude,
> But with majestic lowliness endued,
> Might in the universal bosom reign,
> And from affectionate observance gain
> Help, under every change of adverse fate.‡

Plato's teaching made a new man of princely Dion,—directed his thoughts to new channels, and made him regard the world he lived in, his own dear country at least, under a new light. Why was Syracuse so

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* Dion was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death, in the fourth year after his departure from Peloponnesus (Corn. Nepos., Dion, c. 10).

His death took place seemingly about 354 B.C. He would thus be born about 408 B.C.

† Grote, History of Greece, vol. xi. pt. ii. ch. lxxxiv.

‡ Wordsworth, Poems of the Imagination: "Dion."

fallen—why was her last state so much worse than her first, so different from what it was twenty years since? The political degradation that surrounded him, the servile atmosphere he and his fellow-citizens breathed, at the best none too freely, caused him deep searchings of heart, and the inquiry taught him to abhor the despotism by which the liberty of Syracuse had been overthrown, and that of many other Greek communities in the island, and in the peninsula, subsequently annulled. He saw that Dionysius had "half-barbarised" Sicily through the foreign mercenaries he imported to wreak his will on her. Inspired by the Platonic teaching, stirred to the depths of his soul by the eloquent reasonings of the democratic philosopher, Dion conceived "the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his wish first to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom; yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens." Accordingly, the function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not, Mr. Grote says, that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lycurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system; which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence. After having thus both liberated and reformed Syracuse, Dion promised to himself that he would employ Syracusan force, not in annihilating, but in re-creating, other free Hellenic communities throughout the island; expelling from thence all the barbarians—both the imported mercenaries and the Carthaginians.*

Plato records in his Epistles that he had never before met with a pupil of such quick apprehension, and deep reflection, as this young Sicilian. And Dion gave signal tokens, outwardly too, that he was a pronounced convert, by relinquishing the splendour of a Syracusan grandee for the plain garb and homely fare of his master's sect. What had come to Dion? his gay associates and fast friends—*fast*, in the new, slang sense, not in the old-fashioned and honourable one—wanted to know. Was he, too, turning serious? going to be one of the Academy's saints, one of Plato's puritans, one of the new philosophy's straitlaced methodists? But young Dion was not to be sneered out of his convictions. He had put his hand to the plough, and would not look back. Let them laugh out their laugh, and exhaust their wallet of wit: he was quite in earnest, and not all the gigglings of Young Sicily, combined in one chorus of mocking clamour, swollen into a tumultuous diapason of gibes and jeers, should make the neophyte swerve from his consecrated pathway.

In the fervour of his zeal, Dion even cherished a hope of seeing Dionysius himself a convert to this irresistible Plato. The despot was induced to send for the philosopher. A miserable failure was the result of this eagerly arranged but really unpromising *rapprochement*. "Instead of acquiring a new convert, the philosopher was fortunate in rescuing his

* Grote, XI. 81 *sq.*

own person, and in making good his returning footsteps out of that lion's den, into which the improvident enthusiasm of his young friend had inveigled him." Dion had the prudence and tact to keep on a good footing with Dionysius, notwithstanding the Platonic attachment, and this without sacrificing his own avowed principles and overt practice. Long years elapsed ere the despot died, during which, by means of repeated visits to Greece, Dion would have the means of fostering his intimacy with Plato, and improving his knowledge of Grecian philosophy and philosophers in general.

In the year 367 B.C. occurred the death of the elder Dionysius, and that transcendent scapegrace, Dionysius the Second, reigned in his stead. Dion did his best to make a good ruler out of the young man, and managed to secure no small influence over him. Again was Plato in request at the court of Syracuse. Plato *must* come. Dionysius was as anxious as Dion to converse with him, and learn of him, and apply his doctrines to the government of that realm. Plato, now threescore years old, and more, hesitated and demurred. His experiences of Syracuse, and of *one* Dionysius, were the reverse of encouraging. As far as any hope of making a proselyte of the new monarch went, Plato saw little or nothing, it would seem, to tempt him into compliance. The argument that mainly induced him to go, appears to have been couched in the reflection: What could Plato say for himself afterwards, if, by declining to come, he not only let slip the greatest prospective victory which had ever been opened to philosophy, but also permitted the corruption of Dionysius and the ruin of Dion? So to Syracuse went the old man eloquent—"less with the hope of succeeding in the intended conversion of Dionysius, than from the fear of hearing both himself and his philosophy taunted with confessed impotence—as fit only for the discussions of the school, shrinking from all applications to practice, betraying the interest of his Pythagorean friends, and basely deserting that devoted champion who had half opened the door to him for triumphant admission." His reception was flattering in the extreme—in fact, a deal too good to last. The deference of his majesty to the sage was at first unbounded. Taking advantage of his position, the sage ventured on submitting a few home truths for his majesty's consideration, and Dion was prompt to second the motion. They told him plainly that he must amend his own ways, ere he could become a benefactor to his kingdom; that he must reform himself, as an indispensable preliminary to his proposed work of political reform. Intriguing courtiers, jealous of the Dion and Plato alliance, took care to fan the flame of royal discontent at the turn things were taking. They were only too happy to mark his growing disgust at Dion, and to show cause for it, and help him, if need were, to fresh reasons. Dion was a doomed man. Dionysius hated the sight of him. And that being the case, Dion must get out of his majesty's sight, the sooner the better, and keep (or be kept) out of it. Dion was an exile.

Expelled from Syracuse, the baffled statesman took up his abode in Greece. His property was confiscated, and vain were all endeavours to bring about his recal. At length he resolved on forcing his way back, and avenging himself on the tyrant. More than one gross affront offered by Dionysius to the exile's family, quickened his resolves, and determined him on striking a bold stroke for his country's sake and his own. Plato,

now a septuagenarian, mournfully approved. The adventurous patriot could muster but a sorry show of fighting men, when compared with the standing army of Dionysius, and to impartial lookers-on the enterprise seemed foolhardy and hopeless quite. But Dion 'bated not a jot of heart or hope, and steered his way right onward. Thrice is he armed, believed Dion, who hath his quarrel just; and in that faith, and on that plea, could he and did he go on his way rejoicing.

In the year 357 B.C., after ten years of exile, he once again trod Sicilian shore. Dionysius, strange to tell, had just quitted Syracuse for Italy with a formidable fleet. Dion pressed on, exultingly, to the exposed capital, joined on the road by reinforcements of volunteers, that made up his army to some five thousand men.

> Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
> Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,
> Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
> To Syracuse advance in bright array.
> Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
> Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
> He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
> And in a white, far-beaming corslet clad!
> Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
> The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
> Salute those strangers as a holy train
> Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
> That brought their precious liberty again.
> Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
> D own the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
> In seemly order stand,
> On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
> And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
> He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
> And flowers are on his person thrown
> In boundless prodigality;
> Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
> Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
> As if a very Deity he were!*

Dionysius came speeding back from Italy, in hot haste. Effort after effort the ousted tyrant made, to regain his authority, and crush his undaunted foes. But effort after effort availed him nothing, and he was finally expelled the island that could put up with him no more. Meantime, Dion's task was far from easy: faction and envy, hatred and malice, were up and doing against him, to thwart his counsels and mar his best endeavours. Suspicions were afloat that he was aiming at the despotism for himself; and his haughty demeanour and unconciliatory manners went some way towards confirming the distrust. He plumed himself on defying the ignoble vulgar. He stickled for the full range of dictatorship. It was not indeed his plan "to constitute a permanent despotism. He intended to establish himself king, but to grant to the Syracusans what in modern times would be called a constitution." Having imbibed, as Mr. Grote expresses it, from Plato and the Academy, as well as from his own convictions and tastes, aversion to a pure demo-

* Wordsworth, "Dion."

cracy, he had resolved to introduce a Lacedæmonian scheme of mixed government, combining king, aristocracy and people, under certain provisions and limitations. But Dion had given the Syracusans a "solemn promise of liberty," and they now resented his not laying down his trust as a "flagrant usurpation." He had spurred them on to freedom, and they had a mind to turn it to account, and to put their own, not his, interpretation upon it. Heraclides led off a protest against him, and Dion caused Heraclides to be privately slain. "This dark deed abolished all remaining hope of obtaining Syracusan freedom from the hands of Dion, and stamped him as the mere successor of the Dionysian despotism." He had now conferred upon his rival the "melancholy honour of dying as a martyr to Syracusan freedom; and in that light he [Heraclides] was bitterly mourned by the people. No man after this murder could think himself secure. Having once employed the soldiers as executioners of his own political antipathies, Dion proceeded to lend himself more and more to their exigencies. He provided for them pay and largesses, great in amount, first at the cost of his opponents in the city, next at that of his friends, until at length discontent became universal. Among the general body of the citizens, Dion became detested as a tyrant, and the more detested because he had presented himself as a liberator; while the soldiers also were in great part disaffected towards him.

"The spies and police of the Dionysian dynasty not having been yet re-established, there was ample liberty at least of speech and censure; so that Dion was soon furnished with full indications of the sentiment entertained towards him. He became disquieted and irritable at this change of public feeling, angry with the people, yet at the same time ashamed of himself. The murder of Herakleides sat heavy on his soul. The same man whom he had spared before when in the wrong, he had now slain when in the right. The maxims of the Academy which had imparted to him so much self-satisfaction in the former act, could hardly fail to occasion a proportionate sickness of self-reproach in the latter."* He was too good to go Dionysian lengths in despotism, and meant well even when he did ill; but he was not good enough to forswear ill means when by them alone he saw, or thought he saw, his way clear to desirable ends. Like the Comnenus of the dramatic poet,

> Yet is he in sad truth a faulty man,
> In slavish, tyrannous, and turbulent times
> He drew his lot of life, and of the times
> Some deep and bloody stains have fallen upon him.
> But be it said he had this honesty,
> That undesirous of a false renown,
> He ever wished to pass for what he was;
> One that swerved much and oft; but being still
> Deliberately bent upon the right,
> Had kept it in the main; one that much loved
> Whate'er in man is worthy high respect,
> And in his soul devoutly did aspire
> To be it all; yet felt, from time to time,

* Grote, History of Greece, vol. xi. pp. 170 *sq.*

> The littleness that clings to what is human,
> And suffer'd from the shame of having felt it.*

Dion was not a mere power-seeker, says Mr. Grote, nor prepared for all that endless apparatus of mistrustful precaution, indispensable to a Grecian despot. Montaigne does honour to him in this respect, when remarking on the "marvellous torment" that continual suspicion must, of necessity, be to the prince it preys on. "And therefore it was that Dion, being advertised that Callippus watched an opportunity to take away his life, had never the heart to inquire more particularly into it, saying that he had rather die than live in that misery that he must continually stand upon his guard, not only against his enemies but his friends also."† Rightly then does the historian affirm that one thus too good for a despot, and yet unfit for a popular leader, could not long remain in the precarious position occupied by Dion. Happy for him had he died sooner—had he lived only to see Dionysius expelled. For him, in this world, now, there was neither love, obedience, troops of friends; nor that peace within, which the world cannot give, and which passeth all understanding, and survives all outward shocks.

> Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
> Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
> Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
> Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
> For him who to divinity aspired,
> Not on the breath of popular applause,
> But through dependence on the sacred laws
> Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
> Intent to trace the ideal path of right
> (More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)
> Which Dion learned to measure with supreme delight;—
> But he hath overleaped the eternal bars;
> And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
> With aught that breathes the etherial element,
> Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
> Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
>
> Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
> Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
> And oft his cogitations sink as low
> As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
> The heaviest plummet of despair can go.‡

Dion's old friend, and fellow-scholar, and constant fellow-soldier, Callippus, was the concoctor of the conspiracy which should take him off. Brave and forward in battle, we are told, this man enjoyed much credit with the army. Some rumour of the plot reached the ears of two of Dion's friends, who, having first "addressed unavailing hints to Dion, at last took upon them to question Kallippus himself. The latter not only denied the charge, but even confirmed his denial, at their instance, by one of the most solemn and terrific oaths recognised in Grecian re-

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* Henry Taylor, "Isaac Comnenus," Act. III. Sc. 5.
† Montaigne's Essays (Cotton's), b. i. § 23. ‡ Wordsworth.

ligion; going into the sacred grove of Demeter and Persephonê, touching the purple robe of the goddess, and taking in his hand a lighted torch."* It was while this conspiracy was on foot, that, as Plutarch tells the story, Dion "had a monstrous and dreadful apparition." As he sate alone, at eventide, in the portico before his house, in meditative mood, he "heard a sudden noise, and, turning about, perceived (for it was not yet dark) a woman of gigantic size at the end of the portico, in the form of one of the furies, as they are represented on the theatre, sweeping the floor with a broom. In his terror of amazement, he sent for some of his friends, and, informing them of this prodigy, desired they would stay with him during the night. His mind was in the utmost disorder, and he was apprehensive, that, if they left him, the spectre would appear again; but he saw it no more."† Unclassical witlings, of the gent species, whose acquaintance with Hellenic mythology and its associations is derived from, and restricted to, an Easter extravaganza at the Haymarket, or a screaming Adelphi burlesque, may see more fun than terror in this apparition of a broom-bearing, dust-compelling Fury. But Dion did not see it from an Adelphi point of view. What *he* saw, was not Paul Bedford with a besom. And Wordsworth has proved how capable is that ghost scene, in the sombre gloamin', as the doomed man droops in desponding thought, of being elevated, for English readers too, to classic dignity and awe.

. . . . But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"
Exclaimed the chieftain—"let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

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* Grote, XI. 175. † Plutarch, Dion.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
Ye Gods, thought he, that servile Implement
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear.
* * * * * *

The day fixed upon by Callippus for the execution of his dark scheme, was the festival of the very goddesses in whose grove he had perjured himself. While Dion remained within doors, perhaps in no spirits for the animation of the public ceremonials, Callippus surrounded his house with confidential soldiers, and then sent into it a "select company of Zakynthians, unarmed, as if for the purpose of addressing Dion himself. These men, young, and of distinguished muscular strength, being admitted into the house, put aside or intimidated the slaves, none of whom manifested any zeal or attachment." They then, we are told, made their way up to Dion's apartment, and attempted to throw him down and strangle him; but so strenuously did he resist, that they found it impossible to kill him without arms, which they were at a loss to procure, as they feared to open the doors, lest aid should come to their only half-secured prey. At length one of their number descended to a back-door, and procured from a Syracusan without, named Lycon, a short sword. With this weapon the Zacynthian "fell upon Dion, already stunned and senseless, and cut his throat like a victim at the altar."*

O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shuddered the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.†

Thus perished Dion, having lived "only about a year after his expulsion of the Dionysian dynasty from Syracuse—but a year too long for his own fame." But in spite of the events of these last months, there is no doubt, the discriminating historian allows, that he was a man essentially differing from the class of Grecian despots: a man, not of aspirations purely personal, nor thirsting merely for multitudes of submissive subjects and a victorious army—but with large public-minded purposes attached as co-ordinate to his own ambitious views. He wished, according to Mr. Grote, to perpetuate his name as the founder of a polity, cast in something

* Plutarch. † Wordsworth.

of the general features of Sparta; which, if it did not shock Hellenic instincts, should reach farther than political institutions generally aim to do, so as to remodel the sentiments and habits of the citizens, on principles suited to philosophers like Plato. But he "had no experience of a free and jealous popular mind: in persuasion, he was utterly unpractised: his manners were haughty and unpleasing. Moreover, his kindred with the Dionysian family exposed him to antipathy from two different quarters. Like the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) at the end of 1792, in the first French Revolution—he was hated both by the royalists, because, though related to the reigning dynasty, he had taken an active part against it—and by sincere democrats, because they suspected him of a design to put himself in its place." Mr. Grote's quarrel with Dion is, for fancying himself competent to treat the Syracusans, whom *his* appeals, *his* incentives, *his* promises, had excited to revolution and independence,—as a tame and passive herd; to carve out for them just as much liberty as he thought right, and to require them to be satisfied with it, nay, even worse, to defer giving them any liberty at all, on the plea, or pretence, of full consultation with advisers of his own choice. Hence this historian's exaltation of Dion's successor, Timoleon, at Dion's expense. Neither on selfish nor on public grounds would Timoleon be persuaded to carry on the despot system. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of freedom, and the object of his hero-worship was Epaminondas. Dion, on the other hand, belonged to a despotic family, nor had ever learnt to take account of the temper or exigencies of a community of freemen. True, he had "imbibed generous and public-spirited aspirations," but "the source from whence he drank was, the Academy and its illustrious teacher Plato; not from practical life, nor from the best practical politicians like Epaminondas." Accordingly, adds Mr. Grote, he had imbibed at the same time the idea, that though despotism was a bad thing, government thoroughly popular was a bad thing also; and his plan was, instead of a despot, to become a despotic lawgiver.* And the historian, in whose hands he fares rather badly on the whole, is of opinion that, as Dion had already made a martyr of Heraclides, so would he have been compelled to make other martyrs besides, had his life continued. Instead of speculating on this painful possibility—necessity M. Grote would call it—as regards his future, let us accept in parting the poet's lesson on his past:

> Released from life and cares of princely state,
> He left this moral grafted on his Fate:
> "HIM ONLY PLEASURE LEADS AND PEACE ATTENDS,
> HIM, ONLY HIM, THE SHIELD OF JOVE DEFENDS,
> WHOSE MEANS ARE FAIR AND SPOTLESS AS HIS ENDS."†

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* Cf. Grote's History of Greece, vol. xi. pp. 165 *sq.*, 176-80, 232, 276-8.
† Wordsworth.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

A WEST INDIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Bushby.

VI.

Days, weeks, and months had rolled on since the meeting in the "old time house," recorded in the opening of our tale. Yet all remained in undisturbed tranquillity, and nothing had occurred to rouse the attention of the whites. But the missionary, as he called himself, and his coadjutors, Dr. Obadiah and old Nestor, had by no means relinquished their scheme of insurrection. They had deemed it prudent, however, to let some time pass, both to lull suspicion in the minds of those negroes who were not inclined to join them, and to gain, secretly, fresh adherents. That the scene in the ruined house had never been revealed, was probably owing to the influence of the awful Obeah-man, who had threatened "to put Obeah" on any one who who should breathe to a white person a word of what had passed there.

Thus stood matters when a ball was given by the governor in honour of the king's birthday. There was a review in the morning, at which all the regulars and militia in the island were assembled. A grand dinner was afterwards given to about a hundred of the most respectable gentlemen of the colony, and a ball closed the festivities of the day. To this ball had been invited not merely the *exclusives* of the island, those who formed the first circle, and who generally composed the parties at the Government House, but every individual who was not necessarily excluded by his or her local rank and situation, or by some glaring defect of character.

On this occasion the halls of Government House seemed converted into fairy bowers. The bright green branches of the feathery cocoa-nut-tree were twisted and plaited to make a tapestry of shining verdure for the walls, and this, studded with innumerable coloured lamps, had an effect not to be surpassed in brilliancy. From arches formed of the boughs of aromatic shrubs hung clusters of golden fruit; the pillars were wreathed with lovely flowers, while the stately aloe, and "the flower which blooms at night," formed beautiful centre ornaments for the tables of refreshments. Dancing was kept up till a late, or rather an early, hour, and the blazing sun was careering high in the heavens before many of the revellers reached their distant homes.

The town near which Orange Valley estate was situated was some eighteen or twenty miles from the seat of government, and consequently all those of its inhabitants who had been engaged in the duties, or in the festivities, of the preceding day, had, at an early hour the next night, retired to rest; for fatigue is more easily felt in tropical than in colder climates.

Not a sound was to be heard but the waves of the sleeping Atlantic rolling with gentle murmurs on the shelly beach, the distant baying of some solitary watch-dog, or the drowsy voice of the lonely sentinel as he

gave the word to change his weary guard. The Southern Cross had begun to bend, and midnight had already passed, when the deep tone of a single conch-shell came floating on the breeze of night. Another and another blast succeeded, till the wild music of "the ocean born," reverberating from hill to hill, seemed to rend the air with its note of awful warning. The sleepers started from their couches of rest, and "Fire! fire!" was the appalling cry.*

In a few moments all were in motion, men, women, and children were hurrying to and fro, and the voices of age and of infancy were eagerly asking questions which none could answer. The streets were quickly filling with people of colour, speeding, whether from curiosity or other motives, in the direction of the fires, and the echo of many a horse's hoof rang far and near as they bore their impatient riders to the scene of destruction.

A single horseman now appeared advancing from that quarter, and urging his panting steed with the fury of madness. His spurs were buried deep, deep in the flanks of the foaming animal, and he dashed on with the velocity of lightning through the increasing crowds, who in vain assailed him with questions and exclamations. It was observed that he made for the garrison, and in a very few minutes the guns of the fort pealed forth the awful and alarming signal of insurrection!

The soldiers of the garrison were immediately under arms; and the gentlemen, no longer repairing singly to the scene of action, speedily formed themselves into their different militia corps. Lights were hoisted at the mastheads of all the vessels in the harbour, and the sailors, always foremost to brave danger, and to protect the distressed, were hurrying on shore, some plying their oars with all the strength of their sinewy arms, while others were already springing on the beach. A few stationed themselves at the quays to conduct on board the ships the ladies with their children, and such other females as might wish to accompany them.

All was now confusion and dismay; the yells of anticipated triumph, the howls of disappointment, the shrieks of the timorous, and the wailings of infancy added to the uproar of the savage scene.

Evelyn and Isabella had been aroused from peaceful slumbers by the first blasts of the conch. To Evelyn the sound occasioned only surprise, but Isabella trembled as the thought flashed on her prophetic mind that it might be, not the usual call for help in case of fire on an estate, but the signal of commencing rebellion.

"Fire, fire, my massa! greate big fire, my missis!" shouted the domestic negroes, flying in uproar and confusion through the house.

"Where?" asked Evelyn and Isabella at the same moment.

"Orange Valley da burn—works, cane pieces—eberyting da burn!"

"Farewell, dear Isabella. I must not lose another moment," exclaimed Evelyn, when he had hastily given orders to have his horse saddled instantly.

"Do not go, dearest Evelyn—oh, do not go! my mind forebodes evil.

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* None but those who have heard it can conceive the effect of a conch-shell sounding in the dead of night. No alarum peal can equal it; and, associated as it is in memory with the horrors of fire and destruction, it is a sound which, once heard, can never be forgotten.

If it be more than fire—if it be *insurrection*—your single arm can be of no avail, and you will be sacrificed—massacred. Oh, do not go!"

"Insurrection, Isabella! You are haunted by that groundless fear. You hear it is a dreadful fire, the works and cane-pieces are burning; how can I expect the negroes to do their duty in extinguishing the conflagration, if I, their master, play the coward, and desert them? Keep up your spirits, dear Isabella; the fire will soon be got under, and I shall be back, I hope, in less than an hour."

He rushed past her, and in another minute was on horseback, galloping off, while Isabella's earnest entreaties were uttered in vain. Wrapped only in her dressing-gown and a shawl, she had followed him to the gate; but he was now out of sight, and Isabella slowly and sadly returned to the house. Her first thought was to send some one to Orange Valley, with strict injunctions to come speedily back, and let her know how things were going on there. But she could find no one to send; the servants, young and old, male and female, had all disappeared.

At that moment the guns from the fort were fired. Isabella heard them with a start of horror, for now, indeed, she was convinced that her worst conjectures were fatally true. Regardless of danger to herself, her whole soul was agonised by the thought of what might then be happening to her husband and her father. She would have hastened on foot to Orange Valley, but she reflected that her presence could only embarrass Evelyn, and that in protecting her his life might be doubly risked. She ran to the front windows to ask of the passers-by what were the news from the fires; but her house stood alone on the outskirts of the town, and the remote street, at the extremity of which it was situated, seemed totally deserted.

Isabella then flew to an arched gallery on one side of the house that looked in the direction of Orange Valley; mounting on a chair, she stood intently gazing on the scene of devastation, which, though at some distance, was, from the lurid glare of the fires, distinctly visible. Dark figures were to be seen passing to and fro in wild confusion; men on horseback were pressing furiously forward, while a dense mass of people seemed to be giving way before them. Columns of flame and smoke were rising from the blazing buildings, and the very skies were reddened by the reflexion of the raging fires.

With straining eye-balls Isabella gazed in the hope of catching one glimpse of those who were so dear to her. She heard nothing but the distant crackling of the flames, and the faint sounds of remote uproar. As thus she stood, breathless and absorbed, without one fear for herself, the shadows of human figures were cast on the wall behind her, and, stealing silently along, two black men were stealthily approaching her. They came close to her, yet she saw them not; when suddenly she felt herself rudely seized, and dragged to the ground.

Amazed to find herself in the insolent grasp of two negro men, Isabella asked them haughtily what they wanted, and ordered them to relinquish their audacious hold of her. But they only seemed more determined to secure her, while one of them, whom she instantly recognised as the apparent chief of the party that she had discovered engaged in some unhallowed rite in the old burying-ground on the sea-shore, answered her that she was their prisoner, and must consent to go with them.

"Never!" said Isabella, endeavouring to free herself from their grasp—"never will I consent to go with you. I do not know who you are, but if you will go away quietly now, I promise that whatever you may have done wrong shall be forgiven, whereas, if you annoy me further, Mr. Evelyn will have you punished with the utmost severity."

The black men laughed insultingly. The taller one, who seemed superior to his companion, pointed to the spreading fires, and exclaimed:

"Let buckra lady look dere! What she see? Red fleame rising up to de bery heben of de buckra's God. Can buckra out it? No. Fu why? 'Cause buckra's red blood is soaking in de ground."

He was interrupted by the other negro, who sang scoffingly the song composed on the occasion of a projected insurrection in one of the Windward Islands long ago:

"Fire in de mountain,
Nobody dere fu out it;
Take my daddy's junky stick,
And make de monkey out it!"

"Daring villains!" thought Isabella to herself, "they must indeed be fearless of consequences when they can stand jesting thus. How shall I escape from them?"

"Come, missis," said the taller man, "better go quietly one time. Me will carry you to a bery seafe pleace. Negers massa now, and all de buckra man going to be killed off—and all de ould and de ugly buckra women. But you," he added, passing his arm with audacious familiarity round her waist, "you too n'young and too haunsome fu kill. Me sall keep you fu my wife."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Isabella, recoiling from him with looks of deep disgust, and struggling violently to free herself from his grasp. But she struggled in vain. They tied her hands behind her back, and binding a handkerchief tightly over her mouth to stifle her screams, they lifted her in their arms, carried her through the deserted house and empty street, and, striking into a narrow by-road, they quickly gained the sea-shore. Here they ran rather than walked over the heavy sand, until they came to the secluded spot where Isabella had first seen the man whose captive she now was.

Arrived at the old burying-ground, they gave a low whistle; they were presently joined by a third negro, who spoke earnestly aside to them for a few minutes. The tallest man seemed to give some instructions to him who had been awaiting them, after which the two who had seized Isabella lifted her into a boat that lay near, and forcing her to crouch down in the bottom of it, they removed the bandage from her mouth to her eyes, thereby preventing her from longer seeing whither they were taking her.

She heard the dashing of the oars, and felt, by the motion of the boat, that they were gliding fast over the sea. For a time the water seemed smooth; at length it became very rough, and the idea crossed Isabella's mind that, ignorant of its real distance, they might be making for Hayti, in which case they would probably all be lost. The prospect before her held forth but a choice of horrors; yet Isabella did not yield to despair, but trusting in Him who is mighty to save, she felt He might yet rescue

her from every peril, and restore her safely to her beloved friends. But these friends, where were they? And what might not they at that moment be suffering? This thought concerned Isabella much more than her own danger, and the bandage over her eyes became moistened by her tears as she wept in silent sorrow.

After rowing, as it seemed to the anxious Isabella, for a considerable time, and through a heavy sea, she felt a sudden shock, apparently the boat striking against something. At that moment the deep voice of the taller boatman was heard for the first time, exclaiming,

"Teady, dere——s—o!"

And immediately after Isabella remarked the grating of a rope against the boat. They were then going to remove her somewhere. Could it be on board a pirate ship that they were carrying her? She shuddered at the thought of being placed among a set of such lawless ruffians as the pirates of these seas, many of whom rivalled in cruelty and crime the daring buccaneers of earlier times.

"Now, missis," said one of the negroes, "tan up a bit," at the same time pulling her roughly from her recumbent position. "Dere—well, Captain Agostino, how you going lif her out?"

"Me will lif her mysef," replied the deep voice that Isabella heard with peculiar horror; and she felt herself seized in his brawny arms, while his hot breath seemed to taint her pure cheek.

"Set me down this moment, and unbind my eyes," cried Isabella, endeavouring to free herself from his grasp.

"Boom-by, missis; but you must tan quiet now, or you will be drown in de deep sea."

"Tan quiet, or you will upset de boat!" shouted the other fellow, rudely striking her.

"No touch her, keep you dirty hand off!" growled Agostino, in a tone of wrath; while, still more tightly clasping Isabella, he sprang forwards.

At that moment the bandage over Isabella's eyes became partially removed, and she could see that the black man had alighted on a ledge of rock which was washed by the foaming sea. Here Agostino rested for a minute, and then, still bearing his unwilling burden in his arms, he began with wonderful strength and agility to ascend the rocks above. At length he reached a broad platform of smooth rock, on which an old grey-headed negro man was waiting to receive him.

"Eh—eh!" exclaimed the old man, in extreme surprise. "Captain Agostino! white leady! da *dat* you bring here? What you bring he for?"

"For my own prupose, Daddy Contoe," replied he whom they called Captain Agostino. "What den, Captain Basil Sharp, he put him yeye 'pon dis buckra woman for him wife after de *resurrection*, as de buckra call it, well ober. He tink he sall hab her. No! he may go whistle for her, or ask de winds and de waves where she be. Terracooma* Point seafe enough."

"So my greate captain ran away from de fight to keep company wid a woman!" said the old negro, in a tone of derision. "Cha!" And

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* Terracooma, the negro name for the pelican.

he gave vent to a sort of cackling laugh, which, however, was quickly silenced by an angry "Shut you mout!" from the fiery-looking Agostino.

Isabella was now placed on her feet, the bandage was removed from her eyes, and the fastening taken from her arms. But of what use was this measure of liberty to her? She looked around her, and beheld with the chilling sensation of despair that escape was next to impossible. Beneath her rolled the deep ocean, with its white-crested billows dashing against the rocks. Not the slightest line of land was visible. Above arose a dark, precipitous hill, from whose lofty and rugged side jutted masses of stone, and the stems of some stunted trees; the natural platform on which she stood seemed shelving to the sea at one extremity, while the other was bounded by a steep and frowning rock.

"Here, then," exclaimed Isabella to herself, "I am at the mercy of these rebel blacks; and what may not be the horrors of the fate that is awaiting me!"

Agostino, with a rough attempt at courtesy, now took her hand, and led her towards an arched space in the rock before her. Resistance or entreaty would have been alike useless, and Isabella entered, in silence, a spacious and gloomy cavern, whose remote recesses were lost in darkness, though more immediately in front it was illuminated by a fire that was burning briskly on one side. In this retreat of runaway negroes there was very little furniture to be seen. A few wooden stools were scattered here and there, a rough deal table stood in one corner, and some cooking utensils were ranged near the fire. Not a female was visible; in fact there seemed to be no living being in this den of darkness but old Contoe and the men who had captured Isabella. These presently began to occupy themselves in one of the distant recesses, and Isabella perceived that they came forth laden with fire-arms, cutlasses, and other offensive weapons, which they carried out of the cave. After having been engaged in this manner for a short time, Agostino's companion seized a large stone flask, and poured into a calabash some rum, which he drank raw. Agostino himself took only a draught of water, then, nodding to old Contoe, who informed him that all was ready, he approached the terrified Isabella. She started as he came near, and with looks of fear and disgust, drew back a few paces.

"You 'fraid me?" exclaimed Agostino, with a sneering laugh. "What more harm me can do you dan white man? You no 'fraid Mass' Ebelyn—cha! But me got no time to tan here now; me mus' go to dem dat expect me, and do de work dat wait for me. But," he added, with a look that made Isabella shudder, "dat will soon be done, and me will soon be back; den——" He approached closer to her, and whispered in her ear some words which made her pale cheek turn still paler, while they drew flashes of indignation from her eyes.

The two men, followed by Contoe, now left the cavern, and Isabella breathed more freely when she heard the splash of their oars, and knew that they were indeed going.

"Heaven above be praised!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees; "and oh! may a protecting Providence guide me in safety from this dismal den of iniquity!"

When old Contoe returned, he wished to prepare some breakfast for Isabella, but she refused all his offers of food, and was only anxious to

ascertain from him whether there was any other approach to the cave than by the sea.

"I have heard of Terracooma Point," said she, "and I think I have understood that there was formerly some mode of descent from the hill above. Is not the 'East Bluff' the name of the nearest estate to this?"

"Es, missis, de East Bluff; and dere *is* a way up de rock, but me too ould and too weakly to go it now. Eh, eh! it railly take a strang man fu climb dat way."

"Whereabouts is the path?—I mean, which way do you get to it from this?"

"Aha, my missis! you want fu pick my mout—no? You tink Daddy Contoe one ould fool. Agostino no bring you here fu de fun of climb up de rock like one wild goat; you must tan here like one sheep, and me be de dog fu watch you."

In vain Isabella appealed to his good-nature and to his cupidity, in vain promised a rich reward if he would but assist her in escaping from her dreary prison; Contoe remained firm to his trust, and turned a deaf ear to all her solicitations. At length he seemed to be quite provoked, and in a surly tone of voice desired her not to talk to him.

The day had dawned, and the morning was slowly wearing on. Contoe, seldom moving except to place himself at the entrance to the cave whenever Isabella, in pacing backwards and forwards, approached it, spent the time in lounging, with his eyes half-closed, near the fire, and occasionally mending a fishing-net, or sharpening a knife.

Isabella seated herself on one of the rough stools, and seemed to resign herself to mental and bodily indolence; but her mind was far from being in a state of inaction, and she was busily arranging some plan of escape.

The hot sun was now beaming intensely on the deep blue sea, and Isabella was certain that the morning was far advanced. Something must be done, for the rebels would probably return before night. She called to Contoe, and requested some food of him; the old man cleared his brow, and appeared willing, in this matter, to oblige her.

"Es, missis, directly. Nobody can lib brout nyam nyam. Me sa get you bery good dinner."

He set about accordingly, with much alacrity, blowing up the expiring embers, and having made a bright fire, he proceeded to roast some plantains and boil some "junks of corned fish." When the viands were ready he placed them on pewter platters before Isabella, who had drawn her stool to the wooden table, and who forced herself to taste of the unceremonious repast.

"You are an excellent cook, Daddy Contoe," she said, feigning cheerfulness, "and you must eat part of my dinner."

The old man willingly accepted the invitation, and squatting himself on the ground near her, he fell upon the food as if he had been famished, stuffing the fish into his mouth with his hands, and swallowing pieces of plantain that would have choked most persons.

"Missis take one leely drap grag?" he inquired. Isabella assented, and Contoe had recourse to the stone flask before-mentioned. Isabella pretended to drink the rum-and-water, and encouraged Contoe to help himself liberally. His calabash had been several times replenished, and she perceived with joy that the potent spirit began to take effect upon

him. She then pretended to be sleepy, and Contoe, who could scarcely keep his little twinkling eyes open, gladly dragged forth from one of the recesses an old soiled mattress stuffed with banana leaves. This he covered with a large blanket, and rolling up a bamboo jacket for a pillow, he informed Isabella that her bed was ready.

Notwithstanding the uninviting appearance of the couch, Isabella threw herself upon it, and speedily feigned to be sunk in repose. Contoe, grumbling his satisfaction that she had gone to sleep, and could not run away now, became less vigilant in his weary watch, and placing his back against a chest not far from Isabella's mattress, he soon gave audible token of the reality of his slumbers. Isabella lay hushed and still; but her impatience could not long be controlled, and rising as quietly as possible, she stole softly across the cavern to the remote nook from whence Agostino and his companion had taken the arms with which they had laden their boat. To her great delight she found that more were there; she selected a pistol, which she quickly loaded, and a large knife, which she stuck into the waistband of her wrapping gown, and thus accoutred, she made good her exit from the cave.

But how to overcome the natural barriers to her escape that now presented themselves? It was evident that all retreat by way of the sea or shore was cut off, and there appeared to be no outlet from the platform on which she stood even to the rugged rocks above. Long did she search in vain, and she was about to return to the cavern to try if there might be any opening from one of its dark recesses, when, in leaning against a large upright stone she felt that it moved a little.

To roll the stone away was the work of a minute, and she beheld a low, narrow passage in the mass of rock which formed one extremity of the platform. Stooping on hands and knees, she crept into this close passage, and, guided by a glimmering light before her, she proceeded to the opposite outlet, which she discovered led to a flight of steps roughly hewn out of the rock. These she hastened to ascend; but what was her dismay to find that they ended abruptly at the foot of a perpendicular rock twice as high as herself!

Iron stanchions had been driven into the rock, apparently for the purpose of securing some ladder or rope to aid in mounting it. But the rope or ladder was nowhere to be seen. After some consideration Isabella took off her shawl, and, twisting it tightly, she contrived, after many fruitless attempts, to pass it through one of the rings above her. By this she dragged herself up, until her foot reached a small hole in the rock, and from thence she stepped on the stanchion itself; thus assisted, she was able to gain the top of the first rock, and her progress upwards became for a time more easy.

But fresh difficulties soon presented themselves; with extreme toil, pain, and fatigue, she had not succeeded in climbing much more than half-way up the rugged hill, when, sitting down for one moment to rest, her eye fell on a boat that was rounding the corner of Terracooma Point. Her heart beat high with hope; could it be—it *must* be—Evelyn himself coming to rescue her from her perilous situation! Shading her eyes with her hand, Isabella looked again. Alas! no friendly aid was near—the boat was filled with black men, and her danger could now only be augmented. It was evident, too, that they had observed her, for one who sat at the helm, pointing upwards with his finger, uttered a savage

yell, which reverberated among the silent rocks, and the rowers seemed to ply their oars with redoubled energy.

Forgetting her previous exhaustion, Isabella once more tried the dangerous ascent, but her agitation and her very anxiety to reach the summit impeded her progress. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and for one foot that she achieved upwards, she would sometimes slip down two or three. She was sensible that her pursuers were gaining upon her, but now she was near the top, and, once on level ground, she hoped that there might yet be a chance of escape.

One more projecting stone was between her and the green sward above; clinging to the knotted boughs of an aged tree which bent over the abyss beneath, she had swung herself up, and had just placed one foot on the ledge of rock, when the other was seized by a damp, hot hand, and, glancing round in an agony of terror, Isabella beheld the frightful countenance of Agostino, every vein swelled, and every feature deformed with the fiercest passion.

It was a terrible moment, and Isabella, overwhelmed with despair, had almost thrown herself headlong into the foaming sea. But Agostino, removing his grasp from her foot to the skirt of her dress, was in the act of springing to her side, when, turning full round upon him, she levelled her pistol, and shot him through the heart! The rebel fell instantly backwards, and his body bounded from rock to rock, till, bruised and bleeding, it was caught on the thorny branches of a tree that jutted out horizontally several feet below. Isabella stood in a momentary trance of horror; she uttered a rapid prayer for forgiveness, and that the blood of the murdered man might not rise up in judgment against her.

The report of the pistol, and the death of their leader, seemed to have had the effect of scaring his followers from a further pursuit, for they all fled downwards in extreme perturbation. But Isabella remembered that their terror might be only momentary, and, reflecting how much she was still in danger, she turned to leave the fatal spot.

Having speedily gained the top of the hill, she found it a piece of table-land, a pasture, on which sheep were quietly browsing. How different was the calm repose of this rural scene to the turbulence and desolation below! Bending her steps in the direction of the inhabited part of East Bluff estate, Isabella ran across the pasture, and, following a sloping path, she reached a cane-piece, into one of the ranges of which she gladly entered, aware that the tall canes would conceal her from her pursuers, if any were now tracking her. From the opposite extremity of the cane-piece she passed into a road that she concluded led to the manager's house; and having traversed this road for some time without encountering a human being, or hearing a human voice, she found her strength rapidly failing her as her sense of present danger became less painfully acute. At length, perfectly unable to proceed farther, she sank, utterly exhausted, by the wayside.

VII.

Isabella was aroused from her fainting state by the sound of a horse's hoof, but her apprehensions were soon relieved, for the person who now approached was of her own colour, and joyfully did she hail the sight of

a white face. It was Mr. Jopp, the manager of East Bluff, and though Isabella did not know him, he recognised her immediately.

"Good Heavens! Mrs. Evelyn," he exclaimed, in extreme astonishment, "what has happened that I find *you* here, and in this condition?"

Isabella explained shortly that she had been carried away by some rebel blacks, and had with difficulty made her escape from them. She then eagerly inquired whether the insurrection had been suppressed, and still more anxiously if any evil had happened to her father or to her husband.

Mr. Jopp was too discreet to alarm her by any unpleasant intelligence in her exhausted state, and he assured her that both Mr. Walton and Mr. Evelyn were well, that the rebellious negroes had been overpowered, and that though the fires had occasioned much loss of property, there had not been much loss of life. He then offered to convey her safely home, and having placed her on his horse, he led it to his house at East Bluff, from whence he took her in his chaise to town.

Arrived at her own door, Isabella was joyfully greeted by her servants, who came rushing forward to receive her; and she was delighted to find that none of them were missing. "Thank Heaven," she exclaimed, "none of these poor people seem to have been seduced into the path of bloodshed and rebellion."

Mr. Walton now appeared to welcome her home; and deep was his emotion as he beheld his lost daughter again, and fervent his thanks to Providence for her restoration. But where was Evelyn? Indifferent to her fate he could not be.

"Evelyn should be here," she said, glancing anxiously round.

It was impossible to conceal the truth from her. Evelyn had been severely wounded in the fray of the preceding night, and his illness was much increased by the distraction of his mind at her unaccountable disappearance.

In an agony of distress, Isabella flew to the darkened chamber of the invalid, whose extravagant joy at seeing her had nearly proved fatal to him. A thousand questions were asked and answered, and Isabella had over and over to assure him that she had suffered from nothing but alarm. To calm his mind, she was repeating minutely her adventures, when a quick step entered the apartment, and old Sophy, flinging herself at Isabella's feet, and clasping her knees, cried, in a broken and agitated voice:

"Oh, my child—my child! Thank God they have spared *you* to me! Thank God I have you still, Miss Isabella, and I shall not be left *quite* alone in this bad world; for I have now no son!"

The old woman hid her face in the folds of Isabella's dress, and sobbed convulsively. A thrill of horror ran through Isabella's veins, as she exclaimed,

"Julian! Oh, Sophy, did *he* join the rebels?"

"No, Miss Isabella," said the old woman, rising proudly, "my Julian had a noble heart, and a kind heart. It was he who preserved Mr. Evelyn's life. Yes, Miss Isabella, he died to save one who was so dear to *you*."

"Died!" groaned Isabella.

"Died," repeated Sophy, with desperate calmness.

"And was your son," asked Evelyn, "the brave fellow who came to my assistance when I was beset by some daring ruffians, who seemed bent on murdering me?"

"He was. It was he who interposed between you and that outlawed villain Agostino, when he was on the point of stabbing you to the heart. Mr. Evelyn, promise me that you will revenge my Julian's death—promise me that you will send his murderer to justice, in this world and the next!"

"He has already gone to meet his doom," said Isabella, solemnly. "God forgive me for the dreadful act, for sending a fellow-creature uncalled into eternity; but I did it in self-defence, in a moment of maddening despair; and by my hand he fell!"

"Thank God!" shrieked Sophy, with frantic energy. "Then my Julian—my only son—is well revenged!"

The old woman fell back in a strong hysterical fit, and it was some time before the violence of her feelings subsided into the subdued calmness of that grief which is tempered by Christian resignation.

Evelyn's recovery was for a time doubtful, but Isabella had at length the happiness of seeing him restored to his former health. The prayers breathed by some enemies of the West India proprietors had not been heard at the Throne of Grace. It had not been granted to them that murder and robbery, and rapine and lust, should be let loose upon the members of a Christian community. Two or three white men, who had hurried singly and in the greatest haste to the fires, were unhappily massacred by the rebel blacks; but their plan of revolt had been betrayed, and with the cowardice so remarkable in negroes, they fled in all directions at the approach of the small bands of soldiery and militia who now began to pour in upon them. Their leaders had fixed on this night, because they were aware that some of the gentlemen who lived on the neighbouring estates, and many of the officers of the garrison, would remain a day or two after the ball with their friends at the seat of government.

It was their plan to set fire to different plantations at the same time; and the conch-shell, which should sound the alarm of fire, was to be the signal for the commencement of their bloody work. The white men of all ranks, they knew, would hasten to assist in extinguishing the fires, and in protecting property. These, as they arrived, were to be murdered by the conspirators. The conflagration, they were certain, would spread, and they hoped that the negroes on the different burning plantations would join in the revolt; thus strong in numbers, they had projected attacking the principal town, and compelling the government itself to submit to their terms.

But these plans—not the offspring of negro arrangement alone—had at length been divulged. A mulatto female, the *chère amie* of the overseer of Orange Valley estate, had, in a fit of jealous fury, applied to Nestor, the Obeah-man, "to put Obeah upon him;" and the wily Nestor, working upon her worst passions, had enlisted her among the conspirators, and had obtained her promise to administer to the luckless overseer such a sleeping draught, on the night of the projected revolt, as might render *him* an unresisting victim.

It happened, however, on that very morning, that the unsuspecting overseer had made his peace with her by the gift of a pair of coral earrings. Her resolution to aid in murdering him, which had been gradu-

ally giving way, was now quite overcome ; yet her awe of the Obeah-man was so great that she dared not deserve his vengeance by revealing his guilty secret. She passed the day in restless misery; night approached, and the Obeah charm, the poisonous drug which was to have plunged her paramour into that deep sleep from whence he could only have awoke in eternity, was buried in the earth. The conch-shell sounded, and the repentant woman, listening *then* only to the better feelings of her heart, sprang from his side, and falling on her knees, confessed, in an agony of terror, the whole dreadful truth.

"Fly, fly!" she said, "and save yourself if you can!" Within a few minutes he was on horseback, and, with a naked sword in his hand, forcing his way through the phalanx of negroes, who would have dragged him to the earth, he happily gained the town and the garrison in time to save the white inhabitants of that part of the island from destruction.

It was found out afterwards that Celia, the negro woman who had expressed such an anxious wish, in her dying moments, to see Mrs. Evelyn, had become acquainted with the intended revolt a day or two before her death. Her brother, who was a bad subject, and one of the conspirators who used to meet in the "old time house," had betrayed the secret to her when in a state of partial intoxication. She had heard from him that Mr. Evelyn—the philanthropist—was especially selected to be murdered; and that two black men, Basil Sharp and Agostino, were quarrelling about which should have the beautiful Isabella for his wife. Celia had intended to take the earliest opportunity of warning Mrs. Evelyn of her own and her husband's danger, but she had been seized with a sudden accession of illness, and was unable to go to town; therefore it was that when her last hour approached she begged so hard that her mistress might be sent for. To quiet her, the sick-nurse, and another woman who was attending her, promised to send off a messenger to Mrs. Evelyn at daybreak. But day was never more to dawn for her in this world, and before her spirit was relieved of its burden it had passed into the distant realms of eternity.

The insurrection was suppressed, and order and tranquillity, after a time, restored. The mass of the misguided negroes were pardoned, but the ringleaders met with the punishment they deserved, and Nestor, their black chief, was hanged. Yet the much more guilty instigators of their criminal plans—the pretended missionary and his coadjutor Dr. Obadiah—escaped, to scatter in other islands the seeds of rebellion, and, under the slandered name of religion, to arouse every evil passion in the minds of the labouring classes.

The two worthies were well received in some of the islands, and never lost any opportunity of filling their purses ; but in some places they found that *real* missionaries were in their way. However, humbug is generally successful, and these adherents of that art, or science—whichever it may be called—got on extremely well, upon the whole. At length, they had a violent quarrel about some money which Dr. Obadiah had secreted for his own private use, and to half of which the Rev. Jabez thought he had a right. From words they came to blows; the weak Creole was no match for the athletic Englishman, and poor Dr. Obadiah was beaten to within an inch of his life. When Jabez stopped to take breath, and perceived that he had almost killed his colleague, he became frightened, and took to flight like another Cain. Obadiah was found lying insen-

sible on the ground, and covered with bruises. He was removed forthwith to the hospital, but did not long survive the injuries he had received.

The Rev. Jabez Judd, meanwhile, sought shelter on board a pirate ship. He was looked upon with much suspicion at first, but having evinced his penchant for deeds of violence, and made himself useful, he was admitted into the free fellowship of the sea-rovers. About that time, however, the pirates had become so very daring in the seas amidst the West India Islands, and half way to America and to Europe, that measures were taken by the British and American governments to put a stop to their lawless career. The schooner in which Jabez was, was taken after an obstinate resistance by an English man-of-war, and those of the crew who had not been killed during the engagement, or had not jumped overboard, were landed for trial at one of the Windward Islands. The Rev. Jabez put on a sanctified face, and declared himself an English missionary who had been kidnapped by the pirates, and detained on board against his will. For proof of his assertions he brought forth a Bible from his pocket—strange to say, he had always carried that sacred volume about with him—and now it did him a good turn. The Bible saved him; his story was believed, and he was set at liberty, while his late associates suffered the penalty that was due to their crimes.

Jabez was afraid of remaining any longer in the West Indies, and a handsome subscription having been raised among the ladies and gentlemen of the colony for "the suffering missionary," he took his departure with a well-filled purse for England. But bad habits are difficult to overcome, and evil courses are difficult to leave. Jabez Judd, alias Benjamin Budd, when his cash became low, joined a gang of housebreakers. Success had made them daring, and one unlucky night they were caught, and marched off to "durance vile." There was such a host of evidence against them that escape was out of the question. Even the Bible failed this time to protect Jabez, and he, with the other culprits, were doomed to transportation for a long period.

But to return to our heroine, and the re-establishment of order in her native island.

"Well, Evelyn," said Isabella to her husband, soon after general quiet had been restored, "what say you now to the revolutionary cry of *Freedom and equality?*"

"I still say, dear Isabella, that freedom is the birthright of man, whatever may be his colour; but I admit that uncontrolled freedom is incompatible with the well-being of society."

"It is more than incompatible—it is impossible anywhere. And let me add," said Isabella, "that universal equality has never been sanctioned by the laws or institutions of the wise of this world, nor has it entered into the system of the creation itself. There ought to be ranks and classes in society, and where these are to be overthrown, anarchy will ride triumphant, and order, peace, and prosperity will cease to exist."

——Where'er we gaze,
Gradation is the spell of Nature's sway:
Hence Order, Happiness, and Life, and hence,
Of parts discordant, one harmonious whole.*

* D'Israeli's Revolutionary Epic.

THE FRANKLIN MONUMENT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

"We reached Beechy Island on the 11th, and landed a marble tablet sent by Lady Franklin, bearing an appropriate inscription to the memory of our lost countrymen in the *Erebus* and *Terror*."—*Captain M'Clintock's Narrative.*

They placed the tablet on that shore
Where e'en the savage rarely strays,
And Desolation evermore
On throne of snow her sceptre sways;
Where the dread iceberg thundering crashes,
And growls the sullen Polar bear,
And the Aurora's red wild flashes
Play like loosed demons in the air.

Along the waste, still, stark in death,
Bleaching beneath that freezing sky,
Where none e'er soothed their parting breath,
The "heroes of discovery" lie.
We crown war's valiant sons with bays,
And give the fallen chief to fame;
Shall we for these no trophy raise,
Or weave no wreath for Franklin's name?

That tablet has been reared by love,
Though trustful still flowed woman's tears,
And burning prayers were sent above,
One heart long filled with hopes and fears.
She yet believed he lived, and light
Would flash upon her anxious brow;
Alas! that fate her hopes should blight,
The rainbow dream all vanished now.

The Carian wept on Asia's shore,
And raised her tower of pompous rest;*
Lady! the love the Carian bore
Burns in thy fond, devoted breast.
Thy monument is humbler far,
Is less adorned, and grand, and fair;
'Tis as a glowworm to a star,
But all thy heart is gushing there.

Spirit of Franklin! suffering past,
Borne to a happier sphere than ours,
Oh! let one look be earthward cast,
One sigh steal down from Heaven's bright bowers,
And bless the hand that rears to thee,
And thy poor brave ones perished here,
The sacred tablet few shall see,
Or wet perchance with pity's tear!

Sleep! Martyrs of discovery, sleep!
Your winding-sheets the Polar snows;
What though the cold winds o'er ye sweep,
And on your graves no flowret blows,
Your memories long shall flourish fair,
Your story to the world proclaim
What dauntless British hearts can dare;
Sleep! lost ones, sleep! embalmed in fame.

* The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

The publication of a new work by so distinguished an historian as Professor Ranke may be regarded as a European event. For months the literary world has been anxiously awaiting its promised arrival, and we have at length before us the first volume of his History of England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, which, we presume, is intended to fill up the gap left by Lord Macaulay. But the difference between the two writers is very remarkable: his lordship, with his Whiggish views, has devoted his attention almost exclusively to the political development of the nation, while the professor, naturally biased by his luminous researches into the papal hierarchy, prefers to regard the history of England from the religious aspect, and strives to prove that the true basis of our power is the emancipation of the nation from the authority of Rome.

Regarding the history of England from this stand-point, it is natural to find the professor neglecting the minor details and fixing his attention solely on those great events which consolidated the constitutional liberty of our nation. It is indubitable that the two centuries to which Professor Ranke devotes his attention were the turning-point of our history, and he has acted wisely in confining his studies to them. We will, however, allow him to speak for himself, and show whence he has derived the information from which this magnificent work is compiled:

No nation in the world possesses such a fund of documentary evidence about its later history as the English. The nobility who took part in state business, the various parties who wished to further their views, not merely for the present, but in history, have done much to this end; and the government has at last set to work as well. Still the works hitherto published are not sufficient, and a knowledge of the most important parliamentury debates is still marvellously defective. I sought and found in the rich archives of the state and the British Museum much that was unknown, and which I needed to judge matters impartially. The trouble this occasions is amply repaid by the gain it produces, and the spirits of the past hover over the injured and hardly-to-be-deciphered originals. Special attention is demanded by the nearly perfect collection of pamphlets preserved in the Museum. There are years in which it is possible to follow the public opinion day by day, and week by week, as it was expressed as to the various topics of the hour. Any one who has attempted to form an idea of the past from such materials—from documents and one-sided articles, stimulated by hatred or personal friendship, intended as an apology or an attack, and yet remaining defective—will have felt the want of other contemporary reports free from such a partisan spirit. The archives of the Venetian Republic offered me a rich harvest in this respect. The reports the envoys of the republic were wont to hand in on their return, though invaluable for persons and things, are not, however, sufficiently detailed for the appreciation of events. But the archives contain a long series of consecutive reports, which transplant the reader to the heart of courts, and lay bare the daily course of public events. As regards England in the sixteenth century they are rather fragmentary, but more copious in the seventeenth. I employed them to great advantage for the reigns of Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and James I., and I trust

* Englische Geschichte, vornehmlich im sechszehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Leopold Ranke. Erster Band. Berlin: Duncker und Humblot.

presently to produce still more striking documents. The geographical distance of Venice from England, and its neutral position, enabled its envoys to devote great attention to English affairs, and to observe their general course while in immediate contact with the members of the administration; hence they offer the historian most valuable materials. Although a history could not be written from them, when taken in connexion with documentary evidence, they supplement our knowledge in a most welcome manner.

As it is palpably impossible for us to squeeze the essence of six hundred octavo pages into a magazine article, we think it better to select a specimen brick to show our readers the spirit with which our author approaches English history. As a controversy has recently been aroused by the publication of Mr. Froude's work as to the real character of Henry VIII., we will, therefore, analyse Professor Ranke's account of his reign, and see in what he differs from our foregone authorities on the subject.

His marriage with Catharine of Arragon, his brother's widow, would appear to have been occasioned by political motives. France had grown very powerful, had just defeated Venice, and, as it was assumed she might any day come into collision with England, it was thought advisable to look round for allies, and the first of these was evidently Spain. Still it may be conceded that personal motives had some share in the marriage, for the infanta was then in the bloom of youth, and Henry was always led by his passions. It is curious enough, as a proof of Henry's earlier feelings, that he chivalrously espoused the cause of Pope Julius II. when he was pressed by France, and, in alliance with the Emperor Maximilian, fought that campaign which led to the occupation of Tournay. Nor was it any change in the English policy that Henry married his younger sister to Louis XII. of France. That monarch's power had been broken, and although Francis I. appeared to restore the ancient lustre of French arms by the occupation of Milan, still the establishment of the Hispano-German empire afforded a grand counterpoise to any temporary success on the part of France. At this time Henry sought to obtain the dignity of Emperor of Germany, and our author regrets that it was not given him; but it fell to the Spanish House, and so aroused the jealousy of Francis I. that war ere long seemed inevitable. Which side should Henry take?

Henry VIII. did not follow his father's plan of holding conferences with his privy council. He had been taught that the best way of defending himself against the evil consequences of the disputes continually arising in the council was to take affairs more into his own hands. A young priest, his almoner Wolsey, gained great influence over him, and liberated him gradually from the advice of the privy council. Henry first felt himself really a king when state affairs were administered by a perfectly dependent, confidential, and certainly well-qualified favourite. Wolsey displayed the most remarkable activity and indefatigable application. He presided in the courts of law, although but a poor lawyer; he was chancellor of the exchequer; the king made him archbishop of York; the Pope, cardinal legate; so that all ecclesiastical affairs were in his hands. But he specially devoted himself to foreign affairs. There are many of his writings still in existence which enable us to form an idea of his mental calibre. Very cautiously, and almost wearily, they move along—not always in a straight line—in the discussion of various possibilities and reasons. They are scholastic in form, and their contents frequently extravagantly fantastic; sharp and sensible at other times, flattering to the person to whom they are addressed, but always

full of a remarkable consciousness of power and talent. Wolsey was praised by Erasmus for his affability, and he may have been easy of access to a great scholar, but he was not so to others. When he walked in the park of Hampton Court no one was allowed to approach him within a bow-shot: he had a mode of expressing his opinion which kept every one aloof, especially as the favour in which he stood with the king rendered it impossible to oppose him. When speaking of the government, he would say, I and the king, or we, and, at last, I. Because he was of low origin he wished to dazzle people by his magnificence. Early one morning his appointment as cardinal arrived, and on the same day he appeared at mass in the insignia of his new dignity. He demanded the utmost reverence from those around him, and was served on bended knee.

It must have been a sweet satisfaction to the pride of such a man to be appointed arbitrator between Charles V. and Francis I.; and he sat at Calais as it were to pass sentence on the European powers. His vanity was flattered by the emperor's promise to secure him the papacy, and he decided that England should join in the alliance against France. To make assurance doubly sure, the emperor visited Henry at Windsor Castle for the second time, and promised to marry his daughter Mary if he could obtain a dispensation from the Pope. Unfortunately Charles V. did not keep his promise to Wolsey; Julius Medici was elected Pope, and the haughty cardinal never forgave it. It was, however, only just, for Wolsey was carrying on a double game with the French court, and receiving large bribes, in return for which he neglected to support the English troops, and compelled their retreat.

But the alliance between England and Spain was not fated to last long; Henry VIII. desired the French crown, which Charles V. could not possibly concede to him, and he grew weary of fighting for an ally who seized on all the spoils. The battle of Pavia filled all Europe with apprehension that the rule of Spain and Burgundy would be intolerable were France annihilated. The Pope was the first to see this, and he made tentatives to detach Henry from Charles, which were so successful that peace was signed between England and France. As a natural consequence of the new confederation, Henry determined on putting away the emperor's aunt, Catharine of Arragon. It is very probable that Wolsey was the original suggestor of this, for he stood on very bad terms with the queen, who had more than once reproved him for his unpriestly conduct. But there was also another motive influencing the king, in the uncertainty of the succession.

When the king had been congratulated several years before on the birth of a daughter, with a hint that a son would have been more desirable, he sharply answered that he and his consort were still young, and there was time enough. But this hope had gradually faded away, and as a queen had never yet reigned legitimately in England, an opinion was formed that on the king's death the throne would be vacated. The Duke of Buckingham had already formed a strong party, by asserting that he was the next heir to the throne. He was executed for his presumption, and the claim of Mary to the throne was no longer opposed; but, for all that, a doubtful future impended over the country. At one moment Mary was to be married to the emperor, at another to the king or a prince of France, so that the throne would fall either to Burgundy or Valois. But how dangerous would that prove for the independence of the nation! Henry would hardly have entered into Wolsey's combinations had he possessed a son and heir to represent the special interests of England.

In those days, however, a man dared not put forward a political motive

as a reason for dissolution of a marriage, and therefore a religious one had to be sought. This was found in the peculiar relation in which Catharine had stood to the king's brother, for such a marriage was forbidden by the Mosaic law, and the premature loss of two sons born to Henry by Catharine seemed to typify Heaven's punishment of adultery. Seeing, then, the difficult position in which the Pope stood, and his desire for the Anglo-French alliance, Wolsey rather rashly promised that he would arrange the dissolution.

Unfortunately for Wolsey he no longer stood on the old terms with the king, for, while he sought to consolidate the French alliance by marrying Henry with a princess of Valois, the king had already made choice of his second wife in Anne Boleyn. At the same time Wolsey had mortally offended all the nobility of England, who desired his fall, and the people at large preferred the Burgundian alliance, because they sold their wool to the Netherlands, and a war with Spain would put a stop to that. The Pope, too, was unable to carry out his own wishes, for Charles V. was more powerful than ever in the Italian peninsula, and put such a pressure on the Pope that he was compelled to temporise in the English marriage. His legates were ordered to return to Rome, where the matter would be argued, and Henry, furious at the delay, determined on liberating his nation and throne from the spiritual jurisdiction of the papal chair.

In this work Anne Boleyn supported him with her whole heart. Her family and relations were desirous of power, and saw that the only way of obtaining it was by overthrowing the haughty cardinal. The latter was soon accomplished: as legate *à latere*, he had collated to certain benefices without the authority of the king, and confessed his guilt. He was deprived of all his charges, and soon after died. Naturally enough, the deposition of Catharine of Arragon was a dire insult to Charles V., and he tried hard to break the Anglo-French alliance; whereon Henry VIII. entered into communication with the Protestant princes of Germany. A conference was held in London, by which the Reformed Church was established by law, and it seemed as if England were eternally rescued from the dictation of the popes. All these changes produced considerable ill feeling in the nation, and the king was obliged to make various concessions to the popular temper. The king did not at all feel inclined to imperil his throne on behalf of his faith. Besides, there was another potent lever at work at this time: the king fancied himself in love with a Catholic lady, Catharine Howard, and immediately he began persecuting the Protestants, whom he had himself urged to action, when wishing to vent his spite on the papacy. When he got rid of her, and married Catharine Parr, who was a Protestant, the king's views again changed, and he suspended his persecution of those persons who infringed the six articles. And yet his was a reign of wondrous importance for England. He was the first to establish a national fleet and system of coast defence, and though cruel almost to barbarity, so highly were his merits as a sovereign appreciated, that, when he addressed the Commons in 1545, the thought that this might be the last occasion of his addressing them caused many of the members to melt into tears. To quote our author's words, "we accompany the course of his reign with a mixture of horror and admiration."

Pass we now to a very different reign, that of "bloody Queen Mary,"

who has also found many fervent defenders recently, and whom the professor proves, with pitiless logic, to have been a bigot and a fanatic. She lived only for the glory of the Romish Church, and though her uncle, the Emperor Charles, urged her to moderation, she could not listen to his advice. Her passive obedience to her faith produced revolt and bloodshed, but to that she was callous, for she felt that she was doing her duty. She might easily have conciliated her people, for they were devoted to legitimacy, and would have shed their blood to maintain her on the throne; but she preferred the dictates of what she fancied was conscience, and was as fixed as destiny. Her character Professor Ranke sums up admirably in a few pregnant words:

Queen Mary has become notorious by the name of the Bloody, and a person is astounded on reading the authentic descriptions of her personal appearance still existing. Mary was a short, delicate, sickly woman, with hair already tinged with grey. She was mistress of the lute, and herself gave musical instruction; she had a very clever hand, and personal contact with her produced the impression of kindness and gentleness. But in her eyes there was a something which could engender fear: her voice, which could be heard some distance off, revealed a want of femininity. She could speak well in public, and never did she display a trace of despondency in danger. The troubles she had experienced from her youth up, her constant opposition to the powers in authority over her, had hardened in her that obstinacy perceptible in all the Tudors. She rejected with horror the thought of marrying Courtenay, the reason being that he was an Englishman. She, queen of England, had no sympathy in the life, interests, and exertions of her people: from her childhood she hated them. All her sympathies were granted to the nation from which her mother was descended. In her husband she saw the ideal of a man, and it is stated that she forgave him his infidelities, because he entered into no permanent connexion with any other woman. Besides, he was the only man who could support her in her great design of restoring Catholicism, for which she thought herself chosen by God. Even before she had ever seen him, she knelt before a crucifix and swore to give her hand to him or to no other. Mary was determined on restoring the old faith. Gardiner assures us, and he may be believed, that the queen herself, and not he, insisted on the revival of the old Lollard laws. And as these authorised the deaths of heretics at the stake, the parliament consented, and the rightful bishops lent a hand, it would have appeared to her unpardonable weakness if she had, through any feelings of compassion, prevented the law being carried out, especially as the bishops referred the spread of heresy to their abrogation. Although many of the horrors attending the execution may have remained hidden from her, it is indubitable that without her consent the persecutions could not have taken place. No apology will free her memory from the dark stain that cleaves to it. For whatever is done in the name of a prince, with his will and by his authority, decides his reputation in history.

The news of the Spanish marriage excited several revolts, which were, however, put down, and Philip of Spain landed in England. By judicious bribery he gained over the chief nobles to his side, Cardinal Pole was permitted by Parliament to return to England, and Lords and Commons solemnly consented to revert to the old faith, on condition that there was a general amnesty, and no question as to the return of the Church lands confiscated in the reign of Henry VIII. The Pope willingly assented to this in consideration of his regained authority, and the country was quiet. But not for long: Philip succeeded his father when the latter retired to the monastery of St. Yuste, and called on England to aid him in regaining his authority. One shout of execration rang through the country, when

Calais was suddenly seized by the French in consequence of the hostilities in which the king-consort was engaged, and, worse than all, the Pope, for whom Mary had made such sacrifices, joined the French cause. Hence arose the anomaly that Mary, who knew nothing higher than the authority of the papal chair, was compelled to arrest his legates to England to prevent the papal bulls being published which stripped Cardinal Pole of his powers. Fortunately for England, the queen died just about this time, and made way for her glorious successor.

But if Professor Ranke has employed such gloomy colours in depicting the reign of Queen Mary, that of her sister is painted in the most glowing hues. Still, we fancy we can trace in his pages a feeling that Elizabeth acted as a profound politician rather than from any religious motive. Her only hope of retaining the throne was by reinstituting the tenets of the Reformation, and she willingly did so, for she was too haughty by nature to brook the dictation of any priest. It flattered her pride to become the supreme head of the Church, but if we imagine that she was actuated by any higher motive, our author points out our mistake. It is true that she supported Henri Quatre, but it was only because she thus thwarted the schemes of the Guises, the supporters of her arch enemy, Mary Stuart. The professor seems to insinuate that a life-long struggle went on between the two queens, and that much which may appear enigmatical in Elizabeth's foreign policy may be accounted for by the jealousy she felt for her Scottish rival. This is how he appreciates the character of the two women:

It is a sight without compare, these two queens in Albion, both haughty and wondrous creatures of nature and of circumstances. They were both highly talented. Mary has left French poems, possessing a truth of feeling and simplicity of language at that time rare in literature. Her letters are the fresh and eloquent outpouring of momentary feelings and wishes: they produce an effect even when we are conscious that these are not perfectly truthful. She feels a delight in lively discussion, in which she assumes a sportive, at times familiar, tone, but always shows herself equal to the subject. We have also some versified lines of Elizabeth's, not exactly filled with poetic ichor, or of very harmonious expression, but impregnated with lofty ideas and resolves. Her letters are artistic, hardly to be understood in their references and antitheses; but the produce of thought. She had learned the ancient languages, studied the classics, and translated several of the fathers; in her expressions may at times be traced an observation of the internal connexion between history and ideas, which is marvellous. In her conversation, she sought before all to produce a feeling of admiration of her qualities and perfections; she dazzled by a blending of grandeur and condescension, which resembled grace, and aroused towards her at times a personal homage, for which she thirsted in her heart. She sported with these feelings; Mary regarded them seriously. The latter possessed that natural power of female fascination which arouses a violent, though not lasting, passion. Her personal life oscillates between the wish to find a husband who will promote her interests and these passionate outbreaks which affect herself too often. Still, this does not prevent her devoting her entire attention to the affairs of state. Both queens work with equal zeal in their privy council, and only consult with men who possess their entire confidence; the decisions arrived at are always their own. Elizabeth looks more to the wisdom of tried councillors, although they are not sure of her favour for an hour, and have a difficult task with her; Mary oscillates between entire devotion and passionate hate, and is almost always conquered by a blind faith in the man who meets her views. Elizabeth allows matters to come to her;

Mary is ever restless and enterprising. Elizabeth also appeared once in the field, to arouse the courage of her troops in a moment of great peril; Mary took a personal share in the local Scottish feuds, and was seen to charge the enemy at the head of a small feudal band, with pistols in her holsters.

There are other curious contrasts that might be drawn between the two queens. Thus, Elizabeth was mistress of her own state, both of its religious and political constitution. She restored that obedience once shown to her father, and established the Church on a firm Protestant basis. Mary, on the other hand, was obliged to yield to a form of church and of state opposed to the rights of her ancestors and her own views. If ever she attempted to re-establish the religion to which she belonged, John Knox immediately rose against her. Still she possessed great influence, had she only directed it properly. She had a strong party in England to support her, while the whole of Catholic Europe was ready to take up arms in her behalf. But she was a woman; we need say no more.

On the much-vexed question of Mary's complicity in Darnley's death, we are glad to find our author acquit her—not from any positive proof, but because he thinks it unnatural that she should have wedded his murderer. Otherwise, he confesses that Elizabeth was justified in commanding her execution. Such repeated conspiracies were formed against the queen's life, that a defence association was organised in England, the members of which pledged themselves to hunt down any persons guilty of an attempt on the queen's life. Even more, the parliament passed an act, that all those persons proved guilty of conspiracy against her majesty's life should forfeit their rights to the throne; and this proves how general the opinion was in England that all these plots were directed from Fotheringay. The result could not be otherwise than it was: Mary was proved guilty, by her own confession, of instigating rebellion, and condemned to death by the commission.

But Elizabeth hesitated long ere she signed the fatal paper, for by so doing she felt that she infringed on the divine right of monarchy, which did not allow a prince to be condemned by his subjects. It was not natural that a queen such as she was would aid in degrading the royal diadem. For a long time she urged that stricter imprisonment would be sufficient punishment, but Mary's own friends proved her destruction. Again was a plot discovered to blow Elizabeth up in her own palace as the only chance of saving Mary, and this put an end to the queen's hesitation. She sent for the death warrant, and signed it with a firm and resolute hand. Even then she tried some way of escape, and proposed to Sir Amyas Paulet that he should put his prisoner out of the way, and spare the public degradation of royalty; but he rejected the proposition with horror.

Our limits warn us to stop, or we might have added much new matter from this interesting volume. We may remark, however, that Professor Ranke sternly rejects the story about Essex and the ring, for he has much of the Niebuhr views about him, and accepts no fact which cannot be proved. The first volume terminates with the Gunpowder plot, and we find the earliest signs of parliamentary opposition to the Stuarts; but it is a subject we must defer discussing till we have received the second volume, as it must be studied in its entirety. We may mention, however, that James I. appears somewhat of a favourite with the author,

probably for his toleration, and we fancy we shall have a very new way of appreciating his character developed in the next volume to any hitherto offered for our observation.

In conclusion, we cannot too strongly recommend to our readers this new history of England. It is really *sui generis*, for Professor Ranke strives to give us the philosophy of history in preference to those dry, matter-of-fact chronicles which are of no value to the more advanced student. More especially would we draw attention to the careful manner in which the professor traces the foreign policy of England through the Lancasters, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, and supplies the motives which led to so many changes in that policy. From the earliest period we find it the traditional desire of France to promote dissensions at home, and the curious anomaly that, while the two nations are apparently at peace, France is constantly intriguing. For centuries Scotland was her opportunity, and when she lost that she espoused the cause of the Stuarts. But throughout the entire crisis England remained staunch to herself, and even an Invincible Armada did not quell the courage of the sturdy Britons. And we believe that it will ever prove so; let "vaisseaux-béliers" assume the place of Spanish galiots, and the result will still be the same so long as British hands and British hearts remain true, and this country will be as free from invasion as at the period when Henry VIII. formed the nucleus of the Channel fleet, and placed the south-eastern coast in a posture of defence because the French were about to land on our shores. They thought better of it then, and we believe now that, however much they might desire to obliterate Waterloo, the sight of our fleet will suffice to damp their ardent courage.

OUR APARTMENTS NEAR A CHURCH.

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

"A Sister of Mercy!" Thus crieth in the street a little dirty boy derisively, and our eye beholds a female figure clothed in most uncouth and unbecoming apparel, calculated by its drear aspect to make us shiver as it flits by. We do not know precisely the duties of a Sister of Mercy, but we shall not be far wrong in surmising them to be to help the sick and needy, and to instruct the young and ignorant. Why these offices cannot be fully performed in connexion with the duties and pleasures of daily life, we are not enabled to explain. To us it appears that any mark set upon the workers of good, whereby they become a class, has a mischievous effect. All women should be sisters of mercy, and all men should be brothers of mercy. Lady Montagu Middleton should be a sister of mercy, but so likewise should be Janet Mobbs, my cook. We should all be doers of good in our respective spheres, without needing to dress ourselves in fashion as though we had lost six near relatives within a month, and without putting on lugubrious countenances as though we had expected from each of the said relatives a fortune, and had not received a farthing from the lot.

Yet we must not underrate the sacrifices which these Sisters of Mercy

make in taking upon themselves their office. Remember, reader, that they are not invariably elderly ladies. They are not all disappointed Miss Joneses of an age not to be referred to by the other sex. Amongst them you may see girls in the bloom of life. It is not a little, mark ye, for a young girl to do her best to make herself hideous, and to devote her time and strength to tasks from which naturally she would shrink. We know Clara Dalrymple. We know her beauty, her grace, her vivacity. She is good and kind; but teach a ragged school—go constantly into huts and hovels where disease hovers and dirt overwhelms—do a hundred things which are excellent to think and talk of, but oh, most horrible to undertake—avaunt the notion! Again, is it the case, or am I dreaming, that girls like to be admired, caressed, and courted? Dreaming, in faith! Do I not remember Jemima Yappkins, how week by week, and month by month, and year by year, I was led on to dawdle in her steps like an idiot—how she drew me a little this way and then a little that—how she exerted herself to win my admiration—how she dallied with me, toyed and trifled with me, and ultimately laughed at me, and married the trunkmaker; I say, do I not remember this, and can I have any doubt that dear to girls as their very life is the admiration of deluded men? Most certainly it is; even as she served me, so, no doubt, did Jemima Yappkins serve a host of other silly moths; and the very same atrocities which characterised Miss Yappkins have been, and will be, exhibited through all time by girls who do not take the course of the Sisters of Mercy, and, to a great extent, shut the door in the face not only of simpering simpletons, but of the whole outer world of life and gaiety.

But we have no particular concern at this moment with the Sisters of Mercy, save that they did greatly congregate in the locality of our "Apartments near a Church." They afflicted our eyes while the bells did worse afflict our ears. The reader must not be curious to know exactly the situation of our apartments. The description that they were "near a church" must suffice. It is a little vague, perhaps, inasmuch as there is more than one church in England, but we cannot be more explicit.

Wonderfully cheap were these apartments. We really cannot say what we paid for them, we should be ashamed. In this country, we cannot always afford to acknowledge we have paid but little for a thing. "Little and bad" will be insinuated—"economical and niggardly"—"saving and poverty-stricken." So the rooms were amazingly cheap—at least so we thought when we entered them—it was a different matter when we quitted them; and thus came to pass the change in our opinion.

We arrived on a Saturday evening. At a little before seven o'clock, greatly to our astonishment, the church bells rang forth vigorously. "Divine service on Saturday evening!" we exclaimed. "Well, Sunday being so near at hand, we should hardly have expected there would have been service to-night." We were clearly in a pious neighbourhood. That night we could not sleep. The indescribable misery of complete restlessness was upon us. There is hardly any worse discomfort than to need sleep, to feel worn and wearied, and yet not to be able to sleep for a moment. The mind becomes horribly active. It begins to seek out and to cope with a variety of questions, troublesome and difficult, sometimes painful and depressing. There is not the smallest legitimate

reason for this perverseness. It is perfectly absurd, yet it cannot be resisted. The consequence is that, thoroughly weakened and jaded, perplexed and overladen, the poor intellect loses its balance, and something like insanity sets in. Then, as a blessing from Heaven, there generally ensues a reaction. The climax of misery has been reached. Sleep, somehow, descends upon the sufferer, and he is saved from becoming a lunatic. We slumbered at last. It was near morning, however, and we needed every minute of our allotted time to enable us to sleep off the unhinging effect of our previous restlessness. Alas! alas! at half-past six o'clock, "Ding dong, ding dong!" "What in the world——?" But it was clear. Yes; the bell had begun again. In a quarter of an hour there would be "early service." There was an end to our repose, and not only our repose, but that of everybody in the neighbourhood. We trust that the service benefited those who attended it; but surely, if the devout worshippers felt constrained to go at that early hour, they could go without the stimulant of the doleful bang of one piece of metal against another.

At eight o'clock, or thereabouts, another service, and more occupation for the bell-ringer. At a little past nine o'clock, the bell again in motion; and soon after ten o'clock, a full and vigorous peal for the regular morning service.

That service we attended. We found ourselves in a large and handsome church, but only scantily lighted, through all the windows being of stained glass. None can admire richly stained glass windows more than we do, but we think to have all the windows of stained glass is a mistake. There is a want of contrast, and the obscurity which is produced causes to us simply a feeling of gloom, not of devotion. One peep of the sky (through a window so placed that we can see the sky, and not the chimney-pots) brings more warmth into our heart than all the mysterious red-and-blue figures on the stained glass. For is not the sky simply *the screen?* If we are really taking part in the service, are we not holding communion with One, who, in a special sense, is behind that screen? We would never shut out from the worshippers a full view of the glorious Temple, wherein they hope, in a future day, to be gathered. Say not that such view would distract their thoughts. It would elevate them. The Heaven for which we pray—*that is it.* It is above you; you can see it. It is no imaginary thing, for you can behold it even with the bodily organ.

On our entrance we were encountered by two men, whom we cannot, even now, discard from our sight. Gaunt and sallow, with high cheek-bones and melancholy eyes, with grizzled hair and whiskers, with chastened demeanour and silent step, these two specimens of humanity, clothed in long dark vestments, struck into our heart a chill as from an open grave. Wonderful pains must have been taken in selecting them, and they were beautifully in tone with the dim aspect of the edifice. It was heart-breaking to think that these awe-inspiring worthies were, in all probability, acting fibs; that their solemn-looking vestments gave place, probably, at other times, to garments of corduroy; their stately movements were exchanged for the nimble action required in opening oysters or shaving chins; and that their apparently immovable features lighted up occasionally at the publican's joke, as he handed them a modicum of the "best for mixing."

By degrees the church filled—filled to overflowing. Service began. We heard a voice read the opening prayer in a style which made us long to take its owner outside, put him under a pump, and pump upon him. Anything less suggestive of devotional feeling than that reader's horrible nasal twang, his irreverent gabble, and his careless utterance, we never listened to. Then came the chanting; and it is but justice to say that, although the chant was singularly inharmonious, its execution was admirable. The prayers were resumed, and we permitted ourselves to look closely about us. Surveying the vast multitude, with unprejudiced eye, did we think, judging from external evidence, that they were paying more attention, and were more impressed, than they would have been had we been gathered together in an humbler building, and the service had been conducted in the usual quieter manner? We did not so think. Very few of the congregation appeared to be kneeling. They were sitting composedly, as people sit in arm-chairs, listening with pleasure to the exquisite music, but regarding it (*unconsciously*, as it seemed to us) as a performance, as something got up and executed for their gratification, and not as a thing the whole life and soul of which was, that they should be unmindful of the presence of another human being besides themselves, and be absorbed in the fulfilment of their own part of prayer and praise.

We were struck with the marked predominance in the congregation of women—mostly young women. The gloveless hands and the constantly bowing heads were chiefly those of girls, dear young girls, who thought they were religious (we know they did), and who were given to pondering "The Meditations of Grandfather Jacob on a Snowdrop," and "Lines by a Mourner on an Infant with the Small-pox." Charming little enthusiasts, most fascinating youthful delusionists, we cannot find it in our heart to laugh at you. At least, ye believed yourselves sincere; and though we have a profound conviction, that never yet did thoughts of early graves, strewed with flowers by village children, bring the real sunlight of truth into juvenile hearts, yet for your graceful self-sacrifice, for your pretty demureness, for your desire to do that which is right (albeit that you may have the most mistaken notion as to what *is* right), we sat and gazed at you in admiration—oh, ye crazy young ladies!

About the middle of the service, certain devout worshippers rose and departed. It seemed a recognised proceeding, the explanation being, we fancy, that according to the notion here obtaining, the service is, in strictness, in two parts, and that the leaving at the end of the first is quite lawful. Well, well, we have nothing to say beyond that the bustle of sundry people leaving and others pushing for the vacant places, was not particularly favourable to the devotion of those remaining. The lengthier matter lost by such as had withdrawn was the sermon. "Lost," did we say?—Ahem! Now, in the name of common sense, in the name of everything associated with sound judgment and plain truth, what argument *can* be offered in defence of the preposterous style of preaching adopted by our High Church divines? We will go all lengths in denouncing the degradation of preaching to a miserable exhibition of buffoonery; yea, we will deprecate strongly a style less objectionable than this, but still odious,—the canting and whining style. The style of outstretched body and wide-waving hands; the style of musical whispers set in a framing of appalling howls; the style of an infuriated lover

making a last appeal to his hard-hearted mistress,—we have an intense horror even of this, but for the unmeaning coldness, the most absurd apathy, the listlessness and pointlessness of the opposite extreme, we entertain profound contempt. Upon what possible foundation can it be contended that, having something to say from the pulpit of immeasurable importance for everybody to hear and to be impressed with, you should say it in a manner which would seem to imply that you are all but asleep yourself, and wish everybody else to go to sleep too. Surely, if ranting be objectionable, a dull drawl is as bad; surely, if in sermons over-nicety in words and excessive delicacy in composition be attended with drawbacks, still greater drawbacks attach to awkwardness and feebleness. To read a sermon in only one tone, and without moving any part of the outward body except the lips, may be a difficult accomplishment, but it is one certainly not worthy of applause.

At the conclusion, sundry mysterious money-bags made their appearance, and were handed to all the members of the congregation. This, it was stated to us subsequently, took place after every service, and we did not admire it as a termination. It was amazingly like paying for a performance. A begging-box (for what else, really, was it?) for payment of expenses of a service has not a seemly look, and (according to the evening sermon), its claims were not very respectfully regarded, for the collections, although so frequent, were short of the outlay, and the church was more than a trifle in debt.

Now, friend reader, if you should agree with us in our view of the objectionable character of the proceedings thus briefly sketched, we want to know whether you will go with us to this place of worship to create a disturbance, hiss the clergymen, hustle the choristers, and excite a mob to violence. If you should say "Yes," we shall beg you to understand that we will no more go with you than we will help you in an attempted burglary of the Bank of England. Unless such as have authority in this church and other churches distinctly transgress the law, by all means let them follow the peculiarities which they love in uninterrupted peace. These eccentricities, which, if not highly obnoxious, are at least very unpalatable to thinking and moderate men, feed and fatten upon violent opposition. Our own opinion is that they would have but a short time of it if they were confronted and combated by nought but plain good sense. We have no doubt but that all the dear Sisters of Mercy hug closer to them their eccentric views of duty, in proportion as disapproving relatives scold, and the world, generally, derides. Enthusiasm lights up vigorously at persecution, while it pales and dies before calm reasoning and earnest, gentle, affectionate remonstrance. Wherefore, ye brawlers in churches, avaunt! we will have none of you. Ye are as ignorant physicians, who do indeed seek to cure, but who set about their work so unskilfully that they but aggravate the original evil. We shall have no fear of the Church of England being upset if there be no self-constituted policemen always fidgeting it with injunctions to keep itself in order. If there be any manifest and open delinquents, away with them to the judge; but if your only cause of complaint be a few strollers tricked out in Madge Wildfire fashion, let them pass on in peace. You can afford not to interfere with them. Let them gloat over the shadow so long as you know and feel that with you is the substance. Anybody may have the form so long as we lose not the sure foundation.

HALF AN HOUR WITH AN OLD PHYSICIAN.*

Often, after dinner, when—shame that we should confess to any pleasure at such an event—the ladies have flitted, and we selfish lords of the creation have gathered closer together around the seat of honour at the social board, have we heartily enjoyed a rather long half-hour with an old physician. Yes, the enjoyment has been always hearty ; for who, as our worthy host on such occasions, has such tales to tell, such a wondrous variety of anecdotes, grave and gay, wherewith to make us smile and weep by turns ? Who can look back upon so chequered a life, and upon so many chequered lives ; upon such changeful and rare experiences? Somehow or other the reminiscences of an old physician always seem to us like those of a parson, a lawyer, and a soldier, compactly welded together ; and not seldom have we thought, as listeners, how gladly we, and many another, would become readers, if only once one of these brave old gentlemen could be induced to write a book—not a dry, stiff, medical work with a learned preface, appropriately and considerately headed "Lectori salutem," of which there is no lack, as far as we know, but a little volume of genuine chit-chat—a collection of specimens of their after-dinner talk, natural and undiluted.

Patience, we believe, is always rewarded in due time ; at least ours has been in the present instance. And our readers will be glad, we are sure, to spend with us one of our favourite "half-hours" in the company of Dr. Clement Carlyon, a dear old physician, who, at the age of fourscore years and four, writes with the vigour and strong memory of early manhood, and with all the matchless dignity of age.

His precepts, as we might reasonably expect, are all worth attending to ; we commend them confidently to our readers, as the ripe fruits of a long experience, simple, and safe to learn and act upon. But, as we have now only half an hour to spare, we must cull a few of the racy and amusing anecdotes which are scattered throughout the book, in order, probably, to make the sterner "Precepts" go down, like the jam or sponge-cake in which children's medicine is disguised. Here is a tale of Paganini apropos of some very wise injunctions against "stuffing :"

"Talking over these matters the other day," writes the doctor, "with an amusing gentleman who had seen the world, he told me that he had once been present at a whitebait dinner at Blackwall, and that he had the honour of being seated opposite to that prince of fiddlers, Paganini, who was the lion of the party, and whose lank and gaunt appearance must be in the recollection of many. But his fiddling was nothing in comparison with his gormandising. The dinner commenced, as these Blackwall dinners are expected to do, with a course of fish, comprising every delicacy that Billingsgate market can supply. Paganini partook of this so largely that it was thought the "chips of batter," viz. the fried whitebait, which came next, would be thrown away upon him. No such

* Precepts for the Preservation of Health, Life, and Happiness, Medical and Moral. By Clement Carlyon, M.D., late Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. London : Whittaker and Co. 1859.

thing. He soon emptied a heaped-up plateful, and, being asked whether he would like a little more, he said he should; and even this did not suffice, for he positively asked for a 'varry leetle more,' and finished a third plateful. He appears by this time to have attracted the attention of the company, but greater still was their astonishment when it was seen that this tremendous cormorant found room for the *pièces de résistance*, the joint, the capon, and Bath chap, &c., and wound up at last with a respectable dabbling among the confectionary. Such, in fact, were the consuming powers of Paganini, that a company not unaccustomed to skirmish among the phalanxes of a Blackwall dinner, were, at last, rapt in amazement at his voracity, which surpassed all precedent."*

Little wonder that Paganini was "lank and gaunt," and that the good old doctor, who believes, and rightly, that temperance is health, having told the story as a warning to others, is glad to be relieved "from the disgust of such a narrative." "Put all these things together in a bowl instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Is it not enough to kill an ostrich?" We think so, and turn with no small satisfaction to a goodlier sight, nothing more nor less than the good doctor himself in his dressing-gown:

"Every morning"—we shiver at the very thought of some of the mornings included under this expression, but are firm believers in the system nevertheless—"every morning, the first thing after putting on a warm dressing-gown, I thoroughly swamp my head with a wet towel; and then, having rubbed the capital quite dry, I shave with cold water. [Ugh!] Still keeping on the dressing-gown, I next wash my feet, and the lower half of my person, with a wet towel; then rub these parts quite dry, and sponge them with vinegar, which is wiped off with a dry towel, and the dress, as far as the waist, proceeds. The dressing-gown, &c., are then removed, and the upper half of the body, with the exception of the head, is dealt with in precisely the same way as the lower had been; after which the work of the toilet is completed, and I feel refreshed to a degree which nothing can surpass. *Risum teneatis, amici?* Well, I can afford it; and I hope the time may come when you will say with me, 'Let them laugh that win!' I may mention that the whole process need not occupy more than half an hour, and, unless carelessly conducted, will make no mess whatever."† We are sure the doctor does not make as much mess in a year as we should make in a single day; but for the use of less careful persons than himself, he should recommend a shallow tub in a foot-note in his next edition.

The story of "the devil's claw" is one of the best of the kind we have ever heard. "I was called," the worthy doctor writes, "to see the wife of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Truro, in consultation with a surgeon, the late Mr. Buckingham, and found her labouring under acute mania, which, according to the statement given me, had supervened on an attack of typhus fever. She raved incessantly, was with difficulty kept in bed, and, but for the following circumstances, would probably never have left it alive. She vehemently insisted upon it in her raving, that the devil had fixed his claw in her back; and, as she said this repeatedly, I suggested to Mr. Buckingham that we had better examine the back,

* "Precepts," &c. p. 65. † Ibid. p. 78.

and see whether the claw were there or no; and on doing so we found that what the poor maniac took for the devil's claw, was, in reality, a tremendous carbuncle. The knife was immediately had recourse to; the tapping leather was completely cut through to the extent of an inch or more, and although there was some difficulty at first in protecting the wound, yet the greatest comfort to the poor distracted brain soon followed the operation; and, with the rapid recovery of the local disease, we had the greater gratification of witnessing the return of reason, and, after a very few weeks, the perfect restoration of health."*

It is impossible to spend half an hour with our medical friend without discovering that his universal remedy for all diseases, or rather their prevention, which is "better than their cure," is moderation in diet, combined with personal cleanliness; dirt and gluttony in all their various modifications being undoubtedly the chief disturbers of sound health and healthy action of the body. We need not expect, therefore, to find him silent on the famous topic of "the present dining monomania, which the *Times*, to help to while away the leisure of a parlimentary recess, condescended to countenance, by allowing its columns to be occupied by letter-writers, some of whom emulate M. Soyer in his attempts to supersede Old England's roast beef and plum-pudding by nobody knows what kickshaws, for these *artistes* have a vocabulary of their own; whilst others, in total ignorance of the comfortable mode of living which prevails among the gentry and middle classes generally, are eloquent in praise of salmon and turbot, and ribs of beef and saddles of mutton, and of the wines and sauces appropriate to such luxurious fare. They likewise," the good doctor continues, "tell the mammas of England how to educate their daughters, so as to enable them to conciliate the affections of their future husbands by setting dinners before them and their friends, which are quite as much at variance with the diet of temperate persons as the more refined cookery of M. Soyer, who, in justice to him be it said, possessed in a high degree the compensating talent of providing palatable fare likewise for starving multitudes, with equal regard to economy and wholesomeness. It would have been amusing, if disgust did not predominate, to see how the *Times* sets the possessors of moderate incomes agog, to show how easily the palate might be gratified at the health's expense.†" We think so too. Ostentatious display is a bad thing, ruinous to the pocket and to that which is better than the pocket—the health—and altogether at variance with every principle of common sense. Yet mankind, somehow or other, is terribly prone to indulge in it. "Everybody in London," Thackeray says—and we fear the list must be extended beyond London—"has the same dinner, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, entrées, champagne, and so forth. I own myself," is the great humorist's honest confession, "to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round a table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it were my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask? Why are we not more reasonable?" Why, indeed? And we may well repeat the question;

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* "Precepts," &c. p. 112. † Ibid. p. 58.

for our medical men, who know better than most men the absurdity of all this, do just the same to us in their own hospitable houses, and then blow us up for it afterwards—mere finger-posts that they be! Well, it is rather hard, too!

A chat about fat people, and we have done. "Fat people," the doctor tells us, "are not always great eaters;" and, we believe, great eating will not make a lean person fat. In this, as in most other matters, no doubt the *via media* is best. On some good advice on this subject the doctor hangs the following amusing reminiscences of his early college days: "A fellow-commoner of Pembroke of my time (some sixty years ago or more), was the fattest young man I ever remember to have seen. He was naturally very good-humoured, but his corpulency sadly interfered with his comfort, and, conjoined with his convivial propensities, subjected him to attacks of hypochondriasis, which it required all Dr. Glynn's experience and judgment to combat. His nights, during these attacks, were sleepless, and his days, as well as nights, were miserable. There was, likewise, at this time, a pensioner at Pembroke, who was as remarkably diminutive as F—— was the contrary; but he made the most he could of himself, drank glass for glass with stronger men, and, I have heard, very soon burnt out. He, too, had a certain vein of humour, and often confronted F—— at our wine parties, and was supposed to have written the following epigram:

> That the stones of our chapel are all black and white,
> Is a fact that's undoubtedly true;
> But since F——n walks over them morning and night,
> 'Tis a wonder they're not black and blue.

There was another mountain of fat in the University, H——s, of Emmanuel College, of whom I recollect little more than that he was the first person to whom I heard the saying appropriated, that 'a goose is an inconvenient bird, being too large for one and not enough for two.'" The nearest approach we ever heard to this was the modest request made, some years ago, at the table of a relative of our own, by a gormandising gentleman, whose voracious appetite was well known in his own neighbourhood. On being asked what portion of a goose which was set on the table, he preferred, he coolly answered—not in joke, be it understood, but in sober earnest—"A leg, and a wing, and a part of the breast, if you please." Supposing this to be a *first* helping, of course a goose would be "not enough for two" such gormandisers.

Our half hour is up, and we must bid our worthy friend adieu. May he be spared yet many a year to teach those who should rejoice to learn of him, even though it were because they know less than he only through having lived less while among men, and having had less experience of the dangers as well as the requirements of modern society. "A hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." And the crown is stamped upon every page of this interesting and valuable little book of "Precepts." God speed it! we say.

THE LONG NIGHT IN '37.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I.

On the 29th September, 1837, an hour or two after nightfall, I took my seat in the Oxford mail. I was the only inside passenger, and my thoughts were quickly occupied with my own affairs, particularly with my prospects of a speedy union to a young lady whom I shall call Agatha Courtenay. We had been attached since our mutual childhood, and her father, although forbidding our immediate engagement, had promised me her hand upon my being admitted into orders:—I was now returning to Oxford to pass my final examination. Turning these matters over in my mind, I fell into a profound sleep.

Either from fatigue or some other cause, I did not awake until eight o'clock on the following morning. I ascertained the hour by my watch, but did not at first observe what had enabled me to do so. Recovering my perceptions after a few seconds, I was greatly astonished to find that it was not day, but a clear bright moonlight.

"My watch must have gained greatly," I said; "and yet I seem to have slept for several hours. It is very singular." I now too observed for the first time that the coach was moving at a pace unusually slow:—it hardly could be called motion. I jumped out, and found that we were on a bare common, with no visible reason for the stoppage; indeed, the horses were apparently trotting, but neither they nor the coach made any perceptible progress. There were two or three outside passengers, who seemed dozing; the driver was awake, and I called to him to explain what was the matter. His only reply was an indistinct babbling sound, of which I could make nothing. Thinking the man was intoxicated, I ran to the horses' heads, and endeavoured to quicken them into a faster pace, but without success. A deadly shudder, the presage of some fatal disaster, ran through my frame, but I endeavoured to shake it off. "This is all nonsense, Alan," I said to myself; "you have been working too hard of late; your brain is excited, and presents you with erroneous impressions. A sharp walk on this frosty night will set all to rights." I strode forward from the droning vehicle, and followed the road at a brisk pace, enjoying the cool air and exercise.

The remedy however failed to dispel my illusions, or rather, it confirmed them as realities. My watch might have been in error;—the *milestones* could not possibly be. I was a good walker and passed eight of these in succession, which I knew must have occupied two hours. Accordingly, my watch stood now at ten o'clock; but the character of the night remained unchanged. The moon, particularly, was precisely where I had seen it two hours before, on the edge of a line of sand-hills at some distance. Another circumstance convinced me that what had passed was no unreality;—I felt most unequivocal signs of hunger. By this time, I should have been at breakfast in my own rooms at Oriel!

This latter sensation superseded all others. The last milestone had showed me that I was not far from W——, a town two stages from the

place where I had joined the mail. I pushed forward, and soon descended some rising grounds into the town. As I entered it, I caught sight of the illuminated dial of a church clock;—it stood at *eleven*; little more than an hour from the time at which I had started the night before! I became exceedingly alarmed. Even if something were wrong with the clock, what were the inhabitants about? And then too that changeless, ghastly moon overhead!

I had no leisure to speculate much, for my hunger was overpowering. There was a light in one of the windows of the principal inn, and I observed a figure standing at the casement. I knocked loudly at the door, with rather a ludicrous doubt as to whether I should ask for breakfast or supper.—Apparently I was likely to get neither. No one replied to my summons; and after belabouring the door and shouting for half an hour, I lost patience, and finding one of the lower sashes unbarred, climbed through into the coffee-room, where I soon furnished myself with a meal. I then went on a visit of discovery through the house. One or two rooms had sleepers in them, whom I did not care to disturb; the other doors were fastened, including probably that of the mysterious individual whom I had seen.

My alarm now returned in full force. Every effort to think proved unavailing, and after partaking of a second meal, I again sallied into the town, and passed the rest of the day in exploring its deserted streets, still by the aid of the moonlight. Towards nightfall (as it should have been by the true computation), I returned to the hotel, jaded in mind and body, and without having discovered any explanation of this extraordinary occurrence. As I approached the house, I observed the same figure which I had seen before, although its attitude was changed. It was now that of a person who had been disturbed by some sound without, and was hastily throwing open the window to ascertain the cause; but oh! how intolerably slow was the performance! At the end of two hours (for I could not refrain from observing the time by my watch), the sash had barely risen, I should think, an inch! I returned to the coffee-room, and laying my head upon my arms, wept long and very bitterly.

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It was not until I reached Oxford, about a week afterwards, that I fully realised the circumstances in which I was placed. I had no other home, and resolved on proceeding thither;—of course on foot. On my way, the same scenes everywhere met me. Day after day passed, but to the world around me it was still night; the clear crisp night of that 29th of September;—the same moon, the same stars, the aspect of earth and sky unchanged, and apparently unchangeable. I rarely met any of my fellow-men;—those whom I did encounter appeared to belong to another species. Their tardy movements, their droning inarticulate tones, an air of rigidity in their features, invested them with a sepulchral and fearful character. I thought of the "*νεκύων ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα*" of the Greek poet, and fancied that I beheld the counterpart of his description. How intolerably rapid too must my actions have appeared to them! To procure subsistence, I was compelled to enter some of the houses on the road. Their inmates in some instances appeared disposed to resist my proceedings, but I should have been miles on my road before they could have lifted an arm for the purpose.

At length, I reached Oxford. The silver Isis glittered in the moonlight; beautiful as ever, it glanced between the tall pinnacles and spires, like the pine-trees of a Canadian forest;—but with what altered emotions did I now gaze upon the scene! As I approached my own college, I observed lights on the first-floor of a house which I knew to be the occasional resort of our "fast men." A supper-party was evidently in progress, and by crossing the street, I could see what went on. Alas! the merriment of the suitors of Ithaca, when the shadow of the exiled Ulysses first fell on his own threshold, could hardly have been more ill-omened! A toast had evidently been proposed. The raised glasses, the flushed features, told of mirth and licence; but the gestures were those of pall-bearers, and the acclamations of the revellers died away in a dirge-like wail.

I was obliged to enter the college by force—(I had become an expert housbreaker now)—and gaining my own rooms, flung myself into a chair. A dull reverberation in the air, which I had noticed from the time of my entering the town, I was now enabled, by something familiar in the sound, to assign to its true cause,—the striking of the numerous clocks in the university. This reminded me that for some days I had not observed the time. I sprang to a window which commanded a view of the college dial.—Merciful Providence! it stood at eleven o'clock, or a few seconds after;—the very same hour at which I had entered the town of W—— nearly a week before! . . . . At once, the terrible reality forced itself upon me;—I was living *by a different* TIME to the rest of my species! *Their* measure of existence was suspended, or infinitely retarded. *Mine*, from some unexplained cause, remained the same!

Yes: so it was. One of those deviations from natural laws had occurred which the All-wise Creator has doubtless at times permitted in the unrecorded past. My brain reeled at the thought, as I attempted to work it out into its detail. Supposing that time, or that which represents it to our faculties, movement, succession, number, were absolutely suspended:—how long was this to continue? Was a period unmeasured as that of Chaos to elapse, before the quick sentient world, teeming with its myriad inhabitants, was again to wake into life and energy? Or supposing that the measure of time, and with it the whole functions of nature, as well animate as inanimate, was only temporarily retarded; what was the degree of the retarding force exerted? Was "one day," in the words of Holy Writ, to be literally "a thousand years"? Again, even on the most favourable supposition, what was my own condition! "Extreme differences of degree," I exclaimed, "constitute a difference of kind. These whom I see around me are no longer my fellow-men. Already my pity for their imbecility is mingled with contempt and aversion. SPEED IS POWER. How can I associate with those who can neither resent an injury nor requite a benefit; whose motions are paralysed, their senses unapprehensive, their very speech unintelligible? As well consort with the drivelling crétin, or the squalid Esquimaux! How am I even to procure the necessaries of life, food, raiment, fuel?"

But I must not weary the reader with my reflections. On the last-mentioned head, I soon found that I had needlessly alarmed myself. In this lethargy of nature, decay was arrested as well as growth. The bread which I fetched daily from the manciple's—I could enter where I chose!—was as fresh as if it had been baked but a few hours previously.

Meat remained untainted; even some flowers in a glass on the kitchen sill retained their colour and freshness.

My first doubt still remained:—whether the present disturbance of the course of nature involved its total suspension, or permitted some form of deliberate but sustained progression. I inclined to the latter belief, and almost hourly consulted the faces of one or other of the church dials, to obtain some confirmation of it. Sometimes I fancied that there was a variation; at length the movement became unmistakable;—the hand of the clock in my own college clearly stood at one minute past eleven. Alas! my joy at this was short-lived! I had kept an accurate computation of my own time, often ascertaining its correctness by walking measured distances against my watch, and in other ways. I now looked at my calendar;—it showed me that forty days had elapsed since I started on my journey, and about thirty-four since I reached Oxford. And yet in all this interval the hand of the clock had only advanced one minute! *My* life, the life of history and science, the life of six thousand past years, had extended to the 9th of November;—to the slumber-stricken and torpid beings around me, it still wanted almost a whole hour of midnight on Michaelmas-day!

Forty days more passed, and the fact became unquestionable. The dials in the town stood at two minutes past eleven:—by *my* time it was only six days short of Christmas! I had hitherto forborne to enter into any computation of the future; *now*, I sat down to my desk, and with a trembling hand worked out the following result. "Forty days," I said, "compose a minute, and three hundred and sixty-five will equal about nine; in other words, seven years must elapse to complete one hour. Multiplying seven by seven, it will take forty-nine years, or thereabouts, to bring me to six o'clock on the 30th. I shall then, if I live, be a decrepit old man, verging on the threescore years and ten which are the limit of our days. The entire interval will be—*night:* companionless, unchanging night! Oh! God, Thou knowest my sinfulness," I exclaimed, as I flung myself upon the ground in uncontrollable agony.

II.

I HAVE dwelt minutely on the earlier portions of my history, in the hope of elucidating the singular disturbance to which the machinery of the natural world had been subjected. In that which follows, I shall touch only on one or two prominent occurrences, selecting them principally from a diary which I commenced keeping in the second year of my solitude. It was nearly at the same time that I conceived the idea of traversing other portions of the country, to ascertain whether there were not persons like myself exempted from this mysterious visitation. Agatha's home I shrank from visiting;—had her state resembled that of the beings around me, the agony would have been insupportable. The result of my journey is thus described in the diary:

June 1, 1843.—Alas! alas! five years of fruitless wanderings! What a picture does this journal offer during the interval! Everywhere the same ghastly night; the same loneliness; the same enfeebled creatures, bearing the human image, but wrapped in this endless sleep, or wandering with imperfect and palsied motions, and idiotic cries. How terrible

too is the perpetual moonlight! Its cold malignant ray seems to have some affinity to the brain, and to interpenetrate its very texture with a damp chill! How ludicrously painful are some of the scenes I have witnessed;—acts of profligacy or cupidity which their wretched perpetrators, although aware of my presence, had not the rapidity of movement to conceal from me! On some occasions indeed (and this may possibly account for my isolated existence), I have been fortunate enough to prevent the consummation of acts of violence; and once, I providentially averted an intended suicide. The poor wretch's hand was stealing moodily to the trigger of a pistol beside him;—an open letter on the table showed that the act was attributable to a gigantic fraud practised upon him by a partner whom he had loaded with favours, and who had now fled the country, leaving his benefactor to destitution. On another scrap was the following: "Mary, my own darling, it will be sad news for you all when you receive this. Poor child, you little thought how your sea-side trip would end this year! Dearest, pity and forgive, and, if it be not wrong, pray for me. I am ruined, Mary; yours and the children's fortune gone, with my own; and how should I ever look you in the face again? I shall die to-night, with despair in my heart, and, I think, with something unsettled in my brain; but I shall die, loving you all, oh! how lovingly! Farewell."—I discharged the pistol in the air, and secured the unhappy writer so as effectually to prevent a recurrence of the attempt. How many years—or centuries—must elapse before he can be unloosed!

August 15, 1850.—I must condense into a brief space the entries of three years of bitter agony and remorse, terminating on this date.

The fruitless search I have described led me to ponder curiously on the causes of the singular discrepancy between myself and the rest of my species. The more I reflected, the clearer it seemed that these must be in some way *personal* to myself; that is, not an accidental effect produced in me, but something inherent in my own constitution. "Everything I bear about me," I reasoned, "the clothes I wear, the food I take into my system, becomes assimilated in point of *time* to myself. This mysterious organisation is therefore one of the essential qualities of my being;—but, more than this, it is *communicable.* And if communicable to these inanimate things, why not to *animate?* I cannot indeed bear these about with me, as I wear a dress; but is there no other mode of communication?"

I was thus led to consider what ingredient of our physical nature entered the most actively into its composition; and this, I soon became sensible, was *the blood.* "This restless and subtle agent," I said, "is identified in turns with every portion of our frame. It is the most energising element in the human system;—is it not at the same time the most *transmissible?*"

When I reached this point, a sudden joy shot through my frame. "Saintly Providence," I cried, "I need then no longer be alone. I may quicken into life, the real life of *action,* others of my species; companions, friends; above all, thee, thee oh Agatha."

* * * * * *

Craving the forgiveness of its gentle Lares, I entered the chamber in which Agatha Courtenay lay stretched in a peaceful slumber:—it had

lasted through nearly ten years! I pressed one earnest kiss upon her forehead, and piercing one of my own veins, proceeded to mingle the blood which flowed from it with the sluggish and death-like current of hers. It was the creation of a human being! . . . . . .

Seven hours had passed since the operation, and there were no results. Sometimes I fancied the sleeper's breathing was quickened, but I could not be sure. "The fluid must have time to circulate," I said, and resumed my watch by the bedside.

Suddenly, a sound was in mine ears; "Θειὴ μέ' ποτ' ἀμφέχυτ' ὀμφή." Oh! blessed utterance, beyond music, divinest gift of human speech; soul-entrancing and melodious! how at length in the tenth year have I listened to thee! And that voice too, *Agatha's* voice; and pronouncing *my* name.—Alas! alas!

For some minutes I knelt motionless: the sudden bliss had overwhelmed me. I was in the state of sensation only, entranced with a delicious joy, and incapable of collecting my thoughts. When I at length did so, I sprang to my feet in wild terror. The voice was Agatha's; the words articulate and joyous; but where was their purpose and coherence? . . . . Was this excitement, delirium? Alas! there were no traces of either. But why lengthen out a mournful history? Before many hours had elapsed, I had discovered that there stood by my side, the life-long companion of my solitude, a *being bereft of reason.*

Fool that I was, I had overlooked this. My experiment had restored to their normal state the animal functions, even the use of speech and the knowledge of external things. But it had not reached, how should it? the subtler faculty, that which lies on the other side of the boundary-line between even the most delicate organisations of *matter*, and that which is immaterial, the undying *mind.* This element had defied my skill; it still continued, not overthrown indeed, but benumbed into the same fatal torpor which had overtaken the rest of the species. The reasoning process was so slow, that practically it did not exist.

I had now to provide for the wants of the helpless being to whom I had thus as it were given life. How lovingly the gentle creature followed me from place to place, as a young fawn might, and looked up to my hand for everything! how musical was her voice in our dwelling, although prattling, alas! with incoherent utterances, or singing wild scraps of some unforgotten air!

By degrees I taught her the use of some simple phrases, which she acquired by instinct, as an animal might which had possessed speech. But she never progressed beyond this;—the intellect had no part in it, but plodded moodily and inertly as ever in its dull orbit. It was a piteous thing, verily, to see the fair girl steal to my side of an evening, and say, like a young child, "Agatha tired now, Alan; bedtime for Agatha." And when the large hot drops stood in my eyes, she would lay her soft cheek against mine, and whisper, "Don't cry, Alan; Agatha very good, and do all you tell her."—And this was my handiwork!—But I must pass on to the end.

We had removed to Oxford, where Agatha occupied a small chamber inside mine, in the care and neat arrangement of which I had taught her to take pleasure. This had gone on for three years, when on returning to my room one evening I observed Agatha's door ajar. This was unusual,

as she had readily acquired the feelings of delicacy which were indispensable in our circumstances. I at length looked in, and was terrified to find her absent. Her clothes lay on the chair, so that she must have gone out in her night-dress only. I now recollected several occasions on which she had experienced a strange feeling of terror, without any assignable cause, sometimes springing to the further side of the apartment, as if conscious of the presence of some alarming object. One of these paroxysms, I could not doubt, had now seized her, under the influence of which she had fled from the apartment. Alas! whither?

I could find no clue for some days. I then discovered traces of the fugitive on the Worcester-road. Her father's residence was in Herefordshire, near the Malvern hills, and I conjectured that she must have fled in that direction. The road was unknown to her, as we had approached Oxford on a different side, but she might have discovered it, I thought, by the singular instinct, resembling that of the inferior animals, which in her case supplied the place of reason.

It took some days to reach Mr. Courtenay's house. When I did so, Agatha was not there. The doors were securely closed, as we had left them between two and three years before, and the poor girl, finding her entrance barred, and no one stirring within, had doubtless wandered elsewhere.

A few miles from the house lay a picturesque churchyard, in a nook of the Malvern hills, overshadowed by two tall yew-trees. It had been a favourite walk of ours in happier times, and this induced me not to leave it unexplored. Here at length I found Agatha. She was seated in the church porch, where we had passed many a pleasant hour. Some berries lay beside her on the bench, which she had probably gathered to satisfy her hunger; but her cheek was very thin and pale, and I saw at a glance that the powers of life had yielded to privation. She would not suffer me to carry her to a house, but laid her cheek faintly against mine, in the old way, and said, "Alan sad, because Agatha ill. Agatha very ill; cold, wet, hungry: but soon be better. Alan mustn't cry." . . . Half an hour later, the gentle spirit which I had blighted with the curse of my own existence, ebbed away unrepiningly in my arms; and I was again—alone.

I dug a hasty grave, and in this I laid her beneath the soft ripple of the unwaning moonlight. No bell tolled, but I said the burial-prayers over her, and built up some stones into a rude cross at the grave's head. And after a few weeks I returned and occupied a vacant cottage near the churchyard, and twice every day I lay a chaplet of flowers on the resting-place of the blameless dead.

III.

I HAVE no heart for the detail of my subsequent history, although it extended over long years and was full of marvels. In the month of July, 1862 (by the true computation), an event occurred which occasioned me great uneasiness. The moon, which had hitherto been the companion of my solitude, finally disappeared beneath the horizon. A few months later, I became alarmed by the sensibly increasing darkness. The stars were obscured, and heavy masses of cloud, portending a storm,

trailed up from the quarter where the moon had set. This period was one of extreme gloom and apprehension. The means of subsistence had failed me in the small village where I had settled, and I was compelled to remove to a town at some little distance. Here I shut myself up in one room, and endeavoured to beguile my discomposure by study and reflection. But nothing would have this effect. The perpetual darkness benumbed my faculties, and settled down in a heavy vacuity upon my soul. This was aggravated by the total silence which seemed by degrees to pervade the whole of nature, broken only at times by the pitiful babbling of some one of the mysterious sleepers around me, as he murmured in his uneasy dreams. I can imagine nothing more awful than this utter stillness, extending as it did over several years, and appearing to my fancy to become intensified almost daily. It was no longer a mere negation; it had a *positive* existence, and seemed to admit of degrees, and, as it were, dog my steps with a frightful pertinacity. Some sounds indeed there were, but of the very essence of the silence itself; vague consciousnesses of a presence, apprehended by the direct agency of the mind, without the intervention of the material organ;—something that blanched the cheek, and froze the tongue to the palate with its exceeding awfulness.

At length (on the 17th March, 1869), the storm came;—it continued for almost *nine years!* How blinding was the first flash of lightning! I had listened to the thunder for some weeks previously;—a dull booming sound, divested of its terrors by its slowness. But the flashes of lightning were *instantaneous*. Then, for the first time, I saw that electricity, the motive power of the universe, is *independent of time*. Like myself, it belonged to a different order in creation from the stagnating elements around me; although *my* existence differed in the *degree* of time only; *this* mighty agent, the noblest of created forces, had never even been subjected to its laws.

"Majestic type," I cried, "of the Eternal Self-existent Being, if known to Paganism, what worship hadst thou not received! The 'moon walking in brightness;' the stars and sun, and quickening elemental fire; these are beautiful, nay glorious; but they belong to a contracted system; each year, as it rolls away, detaches something from their substance, and accelerates their dissolution. But with *thee* time has no concern. The spaces which these rolling orbs require thousands of years to traverse, thy keener essence penetrates without a moment's difference. In their destruction (if aught material may outlive that period) thy subtle energy shall survive, and assist in the creation of new worlds, or be restored to its first home, the gleaming palaces of the Eternal City."

* * * * * *

One brief sketch further, and I have done. The storm finally ceased on the 28th February, 1878. I walked abroad in the clear starlight, on the earth moistened with the continuous rain, and a weight seemed lifted from my breast. It now wanted, according to this new measure of time, little more than an hour of *dawn*. In eight years, or thereabouts, the clocks would stand at six in the morning of the 30th of September. The rest of my days would then at least be passed under the light of heaven. But besides this, I insensibly clung to the hope (for which indeed I could assign no sufficient reason) that the return of day would bring with it

the termination of this mysterious derangement of nature. Independently of the happiness of once more sharing human converse, how full of scientific interest would be the information I should be qualified to give upon this subject! what unexplored tracts of discovery and thought would it not suggest! what enlarged views of the power and resources of the Creator!—But I must not weary the reader with these speculations.

Rousing myself from sleep one morning, I could no longer doubt that the light in which objects were visible was better defined than anything which I had witnessed for nearly fifty years past. Latterly, I had often climbed the Malverns to gain a more extended view, but had returned disappointed. Now I again stood on their summit, and beheld—DAY. The vale of Evesham lay below me, glimmering in the faint twilight; but a rosy tinge stretched along the whole edge of the Cotswold hills. A week later this was streaked with gold, like threads of precious metal shot through a silken web. Ten more days passed, and the rays which had streamed up incessantly over the edge of the hill (almost, I could have fancied, with the clash and chime of martial music), were followed by the disc of the broad sun itself.—On the 18th of May, 1886, from the top of the Herefordshire Beacon, I saw its entire orb. This was at the close of one of my days. Wearied with excitement and fatigue, I returned to the town in which I now resided (and where it was still twilight), and fell asleep.

I awoke from a perturbed dream of being bound hand and foot on the edge of a cataract, whose roar almost deafened me. It was broad daylight, but the impressions of my dream still continued: a confused mass of sound, from which familiar tones gradually separated themselves, and became collected and articulate. My heart throbbed with delight; I sprang to the window, and looked forth. Ay! it is! it is! the spell is reversed! Living men and women are in the street beneath; they speak, they move, there is no deception. Oh! second creation, harbinger of unutterable joy! And see, they approach the door! Let me hasten forth and welcome them!

IV.

My narrative should perhaps close with the above, for the phenomenon of which I had been as it were raised up as the special witness was at an end. I cannot however forbear describing the sequel of the excited feelings in which I had indulged.

The persons whom I accosted were of the common order, and seemed surprised at my appearance from the house, as well as at the transports of joy I expressed at seeing them. Observing this, and fancying that they were disposed to ridicule me, I proceeded in quest of some auditors of more intelligence. I had not gone far, however, before I recollected that my first duty was to communicate to Mr. Courtenay the circumstances of his daughter's death; and I accordingly turned my steps in the direction of that gentleman's house. My route lay through the market-place, where even at this early hour a number of country people were collected with their wares. Finding my progress impeded, I seized one brawny fellow by the shoulders (as I had been accustomed to do with

the enfeebled and tardy beings whom I encountered in my wanderings), and endeavoured to thrust him aside. He turned on me with a look of angry surprise. "Thot be cool, onyhow," exclaimed the man. "T'beest an ould chap, or larrup me if I wouldn't ha' put a pain into thy skull." A coarse laugh from the bystanders followed. I muttered some apology, and pursued my way to Mr. Courtenay's.

Here all was confusion; horses standing saddled at the door, servants exchanging messages, bells ringing, and every possible disorder. "'Deed, mon, and I don't know," was the answer to my inquiry of a gaping servant-girl whether I could see Mr. Courtenay; "Miss Agatha (that's our young lady) was missing out of her room this morning, and nobody don't know nothink of her. The squoire's in a mortal taking about it; but I'll see." I mentioned that my business related to Miss Courtenay, and was quickly ushered into a room, where my intended father-in-law sat writing, with an agitated air. When we last met, he was in middle life, and I was just twenty. *Now*, I was thirty years his senior.

"Mr. Courtenay," I commenced, "our sainted Agatha . . ."

"Sainted fiddlesticks," exclaimed that gentleman, angrily, turning his chair to look at me. "What is the man talking about? Do you know who you are speaking to, fellow?"—(I had been in the habit of supplying myself with clothes from any wardrobe which came to hand, and now for the first time recollected that I was wearing *a footman's great-coat.*)

"Alas! sir," I said, "do you not recognise me? I am Alan, Alan Woodbridge, to whom you promised the hand of your lovely and . . ."

Mr. Courtenay sprang to the bell, and rang it furiously. "Turn this old man out of the house," he said, when the servant entered. "He is some madman. Has Larkins heard anything of Miss Courtenay along the road?"

I interrupted the man's answer. "Mr. Courtenay," I said solemnly, "*I* can tell you what has happened to your daughter, and I am the only person living who can." Mr. Courtenay turned to me with an eager gesture. "Speak out then, man, quick. Where is she? has she fled? is she safe, well, in proper hands?"

"Alas! sir," I said, "how little you know what has occurred. It is now almost thirty-six years since that I buried Miss Courtenay with my own hands in Sedlescombe churchyard."

I had hardly finished the sentence, before, at a sign from the master of the house, I was forcibly ejected from the room, and as speedily from the hall door.

As I re-entered the town, full of doubt and perplexity, I was passed by two men, one of whom turned round and stared hard at me. "I say, Jim," he exclaimed to his companion, "I'm blowed if that 'ere ain't my hidentical coat and veskit, as was a-missing this morning. Get out of that, old grandfeyther!" At the same moment, I received a smart blow on the ribs, and was immediately collared, and taken before the nearest magistrate. Here I defended myself by explaining the extraordinary circumstances in which I had been placed, offering at the same time to restore the value of what I had thus taken from sheer necessity. My statement was received with irrepressible laughter by all present, excepting one gentleman who was seated near the magistrate, and, I thought, looked

at me with compassion. Upon some suggestion from him, the case was remanded, and in the evening he visited my place of confinement, accompanied by a person whom I had not before seen. At their request, I repeated my statement, during which I observed that the two frequently interchanged significant looks. The next morning I was desired to get into a hired carriage, and was driven, not, as I expected, to the magistrate's house, but to one at some distance. It was an *asylum for lunatics!*

This is upwards of four years since, during which time I have made numerous attempts to obtain my freedom, but unsuccessfully; and I have now desisted. I am not inhumanly treated, and have food and raiment; —the short time I have yet to live makes me indifferent to more.

One only incident has occurred during my confinement, worthy the reader's notice. A few days after I had been placed in the asylum, I accidentally met with a Herefordshire paper, in which my eye was attracted by the following paragraph:

"MYSTERIOUS BURGLARIES.—Much uneasiness has prevailed in L——" (this was the town in which I had so long resided) "in consequence of the numerous burglaries perpetrated there on the night of the 29th ult. The remarkable feature of these is that the mode of effecting an entrance was in almost every instance identical, leading to the conclusion that the depredators acted in concert. It is singular moreover that they have left articles of value untouched, while clothing, and especially food, has been abstracted to a large amount. A person was apprehended on the 30th with a portion of the stolen property in his possession, but nothing could be elicited from him, and as he was evidently of unsound mind, the case was discharged."

I now perused the paper with close attention, and in a subsequent column read the following:

"It is with much regret that we advert to a distressing occurrence, to which we should be unwilling to give publicity, were it not that the facts are unhappily notorious. Miss Courtenay, the daughter of Harvey Courtenay, Esq., of the Grange, has been missing since the night of the 29th ult. This disappearance is of the most painful character, and no traces have yet been discovered of the fugitive."

In the same paper, a week later, I read the following:

"The mystery of Miss Courtenay's flight, which we mentioned in our last week's impression, appears likely to receive a satisfactory solution. It seems that she was attached to a young gentleman who is preparing for his degree at Oxford, but that their engagement had been forbidden by her father. It is now ascertained, that on the night of the young lady's escape from home, her Romeo also disappeared, in a mysterious manner, from the stage-coach in which he had engaged a seat to Oxford. No traces have yet been discovered, but it is obvious to suppose that the coincidence was not the result of accident. We feel bound to express our sympathy with the annoyance thus caused to a highly respectable family."

* * * * * *

And here I lay down my pen, it being now (how little do people suspect this) the 20th day of June, 1890, and wanting less than ten

years to the commencement of the twentieth century. By the received (although erroneous) computation, we are still in the month of October, 1841.

Let me suggest two brief reflections for the reader's consideration at parting.

The first is, whether we may not be mistaken in our opinion of those whom we regard as being of imbecile or disturbed intellect. Judging by the case of Agatha Courtenay, I should surmise that these infirmities often result from a defect, not in the constitution of the reasoning power itself, but in its adjustment to the frame in which it is set. From some unexplained cause, the two fail to *synchronise* in their movements;—the clocks have been set to *different rates of speed!* In the forms of acute mania, the intellect outruns the body;—in idiots and imbecile persons, it lags behind. I must speak more timidly of my second theory. It has been said that from what we now observe of such processes, the deposition of the earth's strata must have required a period of time immeasurably exceeding the six thousand years usually assigned to its existence. And upon this ground, some rash talkers would discredit the Mosaic account of the creation, while others would interpolate a long series of years in its commencement. For my part, I should find it easier to believe that there had been some discrepancy in the measure of time, either between the present and some past period, or to various portions of the globe at the same period. At any rate, I would submit that Holy Writ is not to be impugned upon any grounds of human science, of which I cannot but think that my own history shows the fallibility.

*** *Note by Editor.*—The above memoir seems to have occupied some years in its compilation. It is written in a firm clear hand, and certainly shows no trace of mental weakness. Shortly after the last date (October, 1841), attention was called to the writer's case, and, some inquiry having taken place, an order was issued for his liberation. It arrived too late, however, as he was found to have expired the night previously. The memoir was then discovered, accompanied with a written request that it might be forwarded to Mr. Courtenay, which was done. On that gentleman's death a few months since without issue, his property and papers passed into the hands of a distant relative, by whom the document has been forwarded to this office for publication.

FROM PARIS TO LONDON ON FOOT

I SUPPOSE few people who read the *New Monthly* have walked from Paris to London—walked, excepting by all means the English Channel, which, Heaven forbid it should ever be possible to walk over. I have. I performed such a journey some twenty-one years ago, when Louis Philippe was king, much to my own satisfaction, and took notes of it in letters which I wrote and posted home every day on the road, and put into form as soon as I recovered them in England. Here they are. The moral of them is, that any one, trusting in his own legs, and casting himself on the world, may see a great deal of it, under conditions the most favourable for observation, at very little cost, for it is to be added, that throughout the journey it seemed not possible to spend money so as to affect the pocket sensibly by extra expenditure. In fact, I have no doubt but that most travellers would find themselves spending less thus afoot on the highways and byways than when staying at home.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1838.—Packed up. Took baggage to the dili gence office. At a quarter-past five P.M., being set down by a fiacre in the middle of the Champs Elysées, I commenced my journey to London on foot, with a bag slung over my shoulder and a stick in my hand. Quitted Paris by the Triumphal Arch, and took the road towards St. Germain. Reached Nanterre, and passed through it, but when I found myself about to enter into the dark country—for it was now night—and my shadow lengthening to the light of the last dim lamp of the town, I changed my mind and determined to pass the night there. Entered accordingly a small auberge, and bespoke dinner and bed. Dined, wrote a letter home, and went to bed.

Sunday, 21*st.*—Having paid a cheating charge to my landlord—it was my first and last cheating on the journey—I started, and about ten reached St. Germain, and there breakfasted. Hints to walkers for avoiding foot-soreness. The application over-night of melted tallow mixed with brandy or other spirit will keep the feet in excellent order. A little of the same composition should be used on starting in the morning. No stockings should be worn. The idea of all this may not be a pleasant one to nice people, but, be it observed, let foot-soreness once begin, in ever so small a speck, and all comfort in walking is at an end. The tallow should be dropped into water and skimmed from the surface, which rids it of the salt. The materials for this lubricant may be had everywhere. Avoid soap, but use as much water after walking as you please. When the feet are much worn, and in hot climates, a fresh egg broken into the shoe is a good restorative. This is an old soldier's dodge. Despise not these hints, O reader! *experto crede.* Between St. Germain and Meulan there is much beautiful country. The Seine sweeps through extensive plains, and the hills which terminate these in the distance, with the abundance of wood that frequently clothes the landscape, form fine pictures. For some distance the road from Meulan to Mantes runs close to the river; the opposite bank is wooded, and this part of today's journey was picturesque and delightful. Remarkable features in the scenery of the Seine, between Paris and Rouen, are the long ranges

of hills that serpentine through the country. They are rather banks than hills, for they want the breaking into parts that distinguishes a succession of hills from a bank. In the latter form they continue for great distances, sometimes bounding the river, sometimes taking their course apart from it. Their sides being suited for vines, they are mostly covered with vineyards. In the leaf-time this gives them a bright and beautiful green. Presently the towers of the cathedral of Mantes rose in the distance, and within an hour after I was established in the Hôtel du Grand Cerf in that town. I had just finished dinner, when a couple of gendarmes strode in and examined my passport. Wrote a letter home. My last I posted at St. Germain. I notice the writing and posting letters home, because my journal is made from them, and they are a sort of evidence of its truthfulness.

Monday, 22nd.—My letter of last night was put into the post at Mantes. Commenced my walk in a thick white fog. Bought for a sou an enormous piece of bread, and was near begging a draught of water, and so breakfasting for a halfpenny. Stopped for that meal at Rosny, a village on the bank of the river, where there is a magnificent château, formerly belonging to the Duchesse de Berri, historical as having been the residence of Sully. Attached to it is a chapel to the memory of the late Duc de Berri, close to the road. At a small auberge I got good coffee, milk, eggs, bread, and butter. Through Bonnières to Vernon. The road for some miles on the Paris side of Vernon lies between the river and a steep bank covered with wood, through which rocks appear here and there. Nothing more beautiful than the views of the Seine winding round the points of this bank. The fog cleared away at eleven, and a bright sun succeeded for the rest of the day. At Vernon I halted for bread and wine, and rest. This mid-day halt should always be observed by walkers. To go on tiring yourself on one long stage, when a judicious rest would set you up for the performance of a second actively and pleasantly, is a waste. Vernon is a picturesque town. Determined to reach Gaillon that evening. Soon after leaving Vernon I fell in with a fencing-master on his travels. He spoke six languages, had travelled all over Europe; in the East, and in America; had taught fencing to the son of the Pasha; of Egypt, and was an intelligent and amusing companion. We put up together for the night at Gaillon, where I paid thirty sous for dinner and bed. The fencing-master made the bargain. As I was supposed, as he said, to be journeying "en grand seigneur," I paid more than he did. The dinner was soup, two mutton cutlets, bread, cheese, and a bottle of beer to each. All very good. Fruit was also offered. The bed was comfortable. Wrote home.

Tuesday, 23rd.—The fencing-master and I started together, but I found he walked too fast for me, and we parted. Another rule of walking. The pace to be that of the slowest of the party. Breakfasted at a village called Heudebouville. Previously I had posted my letter by the roadside. Certainly it is one of the small but notable triumphs of civilisation, that dropping letters here and there into holes in the wall as you march through France, you ensure their being punctually handed in at the door of your home in the middle of England a certain number of hours after. Journeyed on to Louviers, on the Eure, of which place there is a fine view from the hill by which the road descends into it. The

church here is of a rich decorated architecture. Passed through Pont de l'Arche, and on the other side of the bridge found my friend the fencing-master. He had taken a road different from mine, and our meeting again was an odd chance. Attempting a short cut to Port St. Ouen, we lost some ground. Moral. Avoid short cuts unless you are quite sure about them. Refreshed at an auberge, and regained the main road. The view from the hill above Port St. Ouen is magnificent. To the right, steep rocks rise from the road; immediately below is the picturesque village; and before you extends the Seine, divided by a multitude of wooded islands. From Port St. Ouen to Rouen the road follows the river at the foot of a chain of rocky hills. The villages, of red brick and white stone, form themselves into groups by the wayside. As we walked along my companion entertained me with stories of his Eastern travel—perils in the desert, and the iniquities of Arab guides. He was relating some adventure among the latter, to which I, who was intent upon the scenery, paid small attention, but he startled me into a wide-awake condition with this finale: "Ainsi, je lui ai coupé le cou, sans compliments." We entered Rouen. Monsieur Arnold and I exchanged names. He said he must lodge cheaper than I. "Bon soir!" He dived into one of the narrow streets leading off the quay, and I saw no more of him. He had talked of going to Hâvre, and perhaps thence to America. I should like to have that man with me on an adventurous cruise. A warm bath, my daily letter, and bed.

Wednesday, 24th.—Cloudy yesterday, and it rained when I rose to-day, but was fair when I left my hotel. According to practice on this expedition, I did not breakfast where I slept. It is a good rule. Break off at once from your lair, and make progress, if it be only a mile. It is a gain on the day—at least it seems so, which is nearly as good. So I breakfasted at a place called St. Something. Leaving Rouen, I passed through a dirty manufacturing village in a hollow, and thence ascended by a steep winding road to the summit of a high hill, commanding on all sides fine views of Rouen, the Seine, and the whole country. The scenery of to-day's walk was of quite a different character from that above Rouen. Instead of the extensive plains, and long sweeps of bank-land, as it may be called, this was a country of woods, and orchards, and little ups and downs of broken ground, with picturesque cottages, and sometimes a church, grouped together here and there. Rocks and wood rising from the river are another form of the parts of the picture, parts, now seen separately, and now together. Near Duclair the road runs at the foot of a line of steep rock. Close below is the broad river. On one point of the rocky ridge stand the remains of an old castle. Duclair is a pretty village, facing the Seine. At a short distance from Caudebec, where the road climbs over the hill-side rising from the water, the view is very fine. I determined, after doubting whether to stop at Caudebec, to rest for the night at Lillebonne. Calculating by the posts marked on my map, and my rate of walking, I put myself, at the end of an hour and a half, much nearer to Lillebonne than I really was; and, after walking on and on in the bright moonlight, I came at last to the deep dell in which the place lies. It was steeped in fog, seemed of some extent, and is of ancient importance. There are most interesting Roman remains there. History and antiquities have found no place in these notes. I had no time for them, but the whole route is of historical and

antiquarian interest. I found an auberge, bargained for supper and bed, and having refreshed and written my despatch, went to bed in thoroughly wet sheets.

Thursday, 25th.—I entered Lillebonne in a fog, and left it in one. The road ascended steeply out of the dell. See "Turner's Annual Tour, 1834," to understand the beauty of the valley of Lillebonne, and of Seine scenery. Breakfasted in the house of an old soldier, where two peasants were discussing—not crops, nor cider, nor wages, but the French Revolution. St. Romain is a small town, about half way between Lillebonne and Hâvre. Some wandering horse-riders had a booth there, and I asked my way of one of them, an Italian, just capable of English. He walked with me a quarter of a mile to the outside of the town, saying that he had met with kindness in England, and was happy to be able to return it. La Botte, a post-station on the map, has its name from the sign of an auberge. The road had led me inland, but presently I caught sight of the broad opening of the Seine through a break in the hills. Soon appeared Harfleur. Here I halted. Hâvre is distant but a short way. The road between the two towns was lined with the country houses of the well-to-do people of Hâvre. It was the hour of the afternoon promenade, and the beau monde was there. Reached Hâvre about half-past five. Found my luggage arrived, and set myself down at an inn. As I passed along the street a man spoke to me in German. Probably he took me for a German apprentice on his travels. The end of a pipe sticking out of my coat pocket was, I dare say, a kind of Freemason's sign to him. In the course of my walk I was taken for a variety of characters. "C'est un chasseur," said one; "Ah! il y a là de la bijouterie"—this was the bag and the strap—another; and in England, the prevailing opinion of little boys as to my position in society was, that I was a soldier on tramp.

Friday, 26th.—Passport formalities. Lounged about the town till half-past five, and then on board the *Ariadne*, Southampton steamer, my lodgings for the night.

Saturday, 27th.—In smooth water under the Isle of Wight. Right glad to land at Southampton about eleven A.M. Passed luggage through the custom-house, and left it at a carrier's office to be sent to London. A main comfort on a walking expedition is to have none but what you carry on your back. Two friends of a French friend of mine met at a diligence office in Paris to start for Italy. "Et votre bagage?" said one to the other. That other triumphantly and significantly flourished a stick. That was his baggage. He was going on an expedition of six months. He made his toilettes at roadside fountains; when he wanted a clean shirt he bought one, and got bodily rid of the one he wore; stockings, probably he would have none; a comb and a toothbrush it is to be hoped he had; razor unquestionably he had not. He came back with a portfolio full of magnificent sketches; "magnifique" was the expression used to me, and so I translate it. Breakfasted, read the paper; and when I had idled away a sufficient number of hours to allow the lingering recollections of the *Ariadne* to vanish, set out on the London road. It was at about half-past three. At six I reached a small village called Otterbourne, four miles south of Winchester, where I was very comfortably fed and bedded at a little inn. Wrote home from Southampton of my arrival, and another letter here.

Sunday, 28*th*.—Half way between Otterbourne and Winchester I breakfasted, and went to church. Calling at my inn for my bag, I met a Londoner, also a pedestrian, who was staying at Winchester, and we walked to that town together. The chances of foot-travel are such, that he and Monsieur Arnold were the only two people I met between Paris and London, going my way, and in the same fashion. I sneaked round —remember it was Sunday—by the cathedral to the other side of Winchester, and got on to Alton. The country dreary and uninteresting. Before I reached Alton the rain came down thick and fast. A waterproof coat or cloak is indispensable on foot-travel, and I had one. Stopped for the night at Alton.

Monday, 29*th*.—I had been favoured with a private room and a pair of wax-candles at the Alton Inn, which was a place altogether rather too fine for a man who chooses to go about on foot with a bag or a knapsack on his back, and the reckoning this morning was according. The eternal fitness of things seems to prescribe for the pedestrian traveller, quite irrespectively of the question of expense, rather lowly places of entertainment. Breakfasted two or three miles from Alton. Through Farnham, and then over the Hog's-back to Guildford. The views over the country, on each side of the ridge with this odd name, are beautiful; hill and valley, woods, meadows, villages, and country houses. Guildford, a picturesque town, part in a hollow and part on a steep hill. Through it to Ripley, and found a clean and comfortable village inn to stop at. Posted a letter home.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—Breakfasted at Cobham. Very pleasing scenery; furze, and woods, and winding roads. Reached Kingston. The roadside began, some time before I got there, to look like the approach to a great city, houses appearing thickly, that had the town, and not the country stamp. There is a pretty view on the Thames near Kingston. Wandsworth—Kennington. It is London. You are there before you think it. There is no seeing London from the country, in the shape of a collection of spires and houses, and saying, "There is the city!" About half-past five I reached Blackfriars Bridge. Found, on inquiry at an office in the City, that I had travelled faster than my baggage, another illustration of the way in which baggage becomes *impedimenta*. I had written to a friend for a bedroom, and had to trace him from one lodging to another, till I found him in chambers at Gray's Inn, and sat down by his fire, so ending my walk from Paris to London. On arriving, I wrote and posted the last of the letters which are the memoranda from which this journal is made up.

From Paris to Hâvre by the road I took, seems to be about one hundred and fifty-two English miles; from Hâvre to Southampton is one hundred and two; from Southampton to London my road was about seventy-seven. Total, 331. Leaving Paris on the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th of October, I reached Rouen in three days, stopping nights at Nanterre, Mantes, and Gaillon. Slept at Rouen. Hâvre in two days; stopping at Lillebonne. One night and one day spent at Hâvre, and a night in crossing the Channel. From Southampton to London was three days, including nearly five hours at Southampton, with stoppages for the night at Otterbourne, Alton, and Ripley, and London reached on the eleventh day after leaving Paris. The walking rather more than thirty miles a day on the average.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In the Years 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

IX.

THE BATTLE OF JENA.

The sun never rose upon a more momentous day for Weimar than this 14th of October, 1806; and yet how calmly did it rise! I was in my study at six that morning, and sat peacefully down to my desk, as was my custom; the distant thunder which agitated the political world had but a faint echo in my little room. Kings might be dethroned, countries subjugated, and a battle fought within earshot of Weimar, but still I should sit down to my work, and go my usual rounds just the same, save, perhaps, that a little more excitement might burn in my breast. They feasted and made merry at Sodom, the Bible tells us, up to the very moment that the town was destroyed, and we, in our little capital, nestled under the protecting power of the Prussian army, and performed our daily routine of business and pleasure with the same precision and ease as if the French had been in their own dominions instead of in ours.

The north of Germany was still at rest, and rendered hopeful by the delusive fancy that the enemy would be cut off long before reaching their vicinity, and that nothing—not even the victorious Napoleon—could shake the invincibility of the Prussian army.

I sat by the window reading a pamphlet. There was a hum of voices in the street below; people were carrying on their daily business, though not briskly; they stood in groups, talking and gesticulating violently. The French—what they were about, and where they were—was the universal topic, as it had been for some days past. Reports, true and false, were already beginning to spread. Some had heard that the Prussian army was going to leave the neighbourhood of Weimar, others that we had gained a great victory over the French, but where, no one knew. Then a peasant from the vicinity of Jena came rushing in, breathless with alarm and haste, bearing with him the startling intelligence that the French had actually arrived there on the previous evening, and that Napoleon himself had bivouacked on the Landgrafenberg. Some were incredulous as to this report, others believed it, but all were unanimous in their reliance on Prussia.

The busy hum that floated up to my window portended all this, as I found on making inquiries of the maid who came to tell me breakfast was ready.

"The French at Jena!" I mused, as I descended the stairs. "This seems almost impossible; within twelve miles of us!" So startling was the announcement of the fact, that I could scarcely realise what the news meant, though I had long expected it.

Ida was sitting at the table very pale and quiet as I entered, and she returned my morning greeting with a languid air; I saw that she was suffering mentally, and tried to cheer her.

"They say there will be a battle soon, for the armies of France and Prussia have met. Do you think this can be true, Hans?" she asked, earnestly.

"I fear it is—something decisive must needs take place; perhaps the sooner the blow is struck the better; there has been delay enough."

"But so near as Jena? I tremble when I think of it. Suppose it were to prove a second battle of Saalfeld, and the French were to come down upon us and pillage our poor Weimar."

"Do not fear," I said, cheerfully, though I was far from entertaining the confidence I professed. "The French may not pursue their course this way; besides, we have the whole army to protect us, and the duke will guard his capital."

"Rosenthal is with General Tauentzien's force; do you think it possible they may be called into action?" asked Ida, the tears ready to flow from her anxious eyes.

I would have given worlds to have been able to assure her he at least was in no danger, but how could I? Even as we spoke the distant roll of cannon tore through the air, making itself felt to the very marrow of our bones. Ida started up wildly, as if about to fly to the place from whence that deep sound came; but, checking herself, she stood rooted to the spot whither she had sprung, her arms outstretched in agony. I let the cup fall which I was in the act of raising to my lips, and going to her, said: "Be calm, Ida; Rosenthal may not be there."

"He is! he is!" she cried; "I know it—I feel it. Oh, let me go and die there by his side."

My mother folded her arms round her, and drew her to a chair.

"Do not speak—do not try to console me," Ida continued, distractedly; "my husband is there; I can see him standing bravely at his post; but those guns, those cruel guns, will rob me of him!" And sobs choked all further utterance.

"God is there," whispered my mother, softly. I know not whether Ida heard her or no, but gradually her form bent, and she nestled to my mother, there to weep the first access of her grief away.

Dull and continuous was that dismal roar of cannon, now lulling, now bursting forth afresh, ringing the death-knell of many a brave countryman. I could not bear to listen to it inactive: I wished I had been an army surgeon, a common soldier, or anything, to have found myself in the thick of the battle; as it was, however, I could only go out into the street, and vent my anxiety in questions and surmises. I was not singular in what I did, for crowds of people paraded the town, the houses seemed deserted, and all wore the same anxious expression, the same look of inquiry. Women hurried to and fro, pressing their infants to their breasts; men gazed at each other, as if expecting to hear news, but passed on in silence. Many and heartfelt were the prayers raised for the fatherland; deep and unutterable the curses levelled on the French.

The day wore on in uncertainty: no one could say how the battle fared, though frightened peasants came rushing into the town from time to time with various reports of success and failure. I tried to quiet Ida's

fears by relating all the best news I could gather. She listened to me, but shook her head, saying that she could not feel comfort: her ears were deaf to the sound, and the overwhelming dread within shut out all hope.

"It is as if you were speaking in some unknown tongue to me," she said; "I cannot appreciate it, though I thank you from my heart. Those terrible cannon speak the language I best understand at present; their roar is full of terrible meaning; I would fain stop my ears, but there is a fascination in their knell. Oh, Hans, pity me!" she cried, unable to restrain her anxiety.

"Yes, Ida, yes, I do pity you!" I said, vehemently; "but we ought to nerve ourselves to bear up against sorrow. Your fears on Rosenthal's behalf may still be groundless."

"Would to God they may prove so!" she ejaculated, clasping her hands passionately together and falling on her knees. I persuaded her to take a draught of stimulating medicine, and its influence was more beneficial in soothing her than my efforts at consolation. Noon came; the voice of the cannon was hushed; an awful stillness pervaded the air. "What had been done?—who had gained the victory?—who, and how many had gone to their last account since seven that morning?" We all asked each other these questions, not with words but looks, and suspense sat on most brows. A friend came to visit us; he had been with the poet Goethe, and had only left him when he sat down to dinner. We had scarcely exchanged a syllable, when suddenly, as if from heaven, a cannon-ball burst over the house, making us start up amazed.

"What can that mean?" cried my mother, aghast.

"The French!" ejaculated Ida.

Balls whizzed over our heads incessantly; I saw Prussian troops in the street, and went out to discover what they were doing. Alas! I needed not to ask the question: they were in disorder, and flying for their lives. The sickening dread that all was lost made me fear to inquire the news; I tried to force myself to think these men were only deserters, and that the main army still held firm, but the boom of the enemy's guns planted above the town told a different tale.

The streets were soon entirely cleared of people, and ominous columns of smoke rising here and there showed the mischief the cannonade was doing.

It was a terrible thing to remain thus inactive; to feel that the French might pour in upon us at any moment, and we could do nothing for our defence, but must bear passively whatever might befal us.

Since the danger had come so near, Ida had entirely gained her self-control; she no longer wept, but exerted herself to appear composed. When I returned to the house I found her reading to my mother; she ceased on my entrance, and, drawing me aside, said, in a low tone,

"I want to speak to you, Hans, alone—may I?"

We went into the adjoining apartment.

"There has been a battle very near this town: it is over now. The Prussians have been defeated, and we cannot tell how soon the enemy may be upon us, for they are even at this moment above the town." She paused for a brief space of time as if to take breath, and then added, beseechingly, "Do not refuse me the request I am about to make; it

may startle you, but I want to go to that battle-field. I leave you to guess my reasons." I did start, and I suppose she thought I was about to raise objections, for she proceeded to explain why she made this request. "It is not idle curiosity that makes me wish to go, but I fear lest my husband be wounded, and lying helpless and in agony. I want to be near him, that by my care now I may repay an injury I once did him. May I go?"

"It is impossible," I replied. "You do not know what you ask."

"Yes, yes, I do know," rejoined Ida, hurriedly.

"But a battle-field is not a place for women," I said, sorry to refuse her, yet feeling convinced that I ought to do so. "It is impossible for you to conceive the sights of horror that will there meet your eye; besides, I could give you a thousand other reasons to show that what you ask cannot be granted. But listen: I will go, I will seek out your husband—if, indeed, he be there—and no care shall be spared. You can trust to me, Ida, can you not?"

"Yes," she said, mournfully.

"Then I will go directly, and will be the bearer of any message you may wish to send."

"I meant to accompany you; I felt sure you would go as a surgeon. Why may I not be an assistant to you?"

I shook my head, saying, "No, Ida, you would be a hindrance, not a help."

She sighed, but said nothing.

"I cannot leave you and my mother alone in this house; I must place you under the protection of some one. My aunt has offered us a refuge in her abode, but perhaps you know of somebody with whom you would rather be."

Ida shook her head, and as I felt sure my aunt would not break her promise in this time of necessity, it was agreed they should all go there at once. My mother offered no objections to the plan; the few valuables our house contained were soon collected together; some we carried with us, and the rest we hid to the best of our ability, in case the town should be sacked. Of ready money we had but little.

I provided myself with medicines, bandages, and a few surgical instruments, besides whatever else I could carry with ease about my person, and, thus equipped, we—that is to say, my mother, Ida, little Ernst, the poor widow, and myself—sallied forth into the deserted streets, having first closed the shutters and locked and barred the door of our house. My mother leaned heavily on my arm; she trembled slightly with agitation, and the occasional boom of a cannon made her start, but she held a handkerchief to her mouth, and suppressed the cry which might otherwise have escaped her lips.

We reached the door of Count von P——'s house without adventure, and were speedily admitted. My aunt was at home; her husband had gone to the palace, but was expected to return ere long. She received my mother and Ida cordially, listened to our explanations, approved my plan, sympathising kindly in Ida's anxiety about her husband. "Terrible times! terrible times!" she said, sobbing. "My heart quails when I think of our defenceless position. Napoleon must be doubly enraged with the grand-duke for joining Prussia. It is very fearful to fall into his hands."

I had no time to spare, but took a hurried leave. My mother was much moved at parting, and begged me twice or thrice to be careful of myself, and not run into danger. I promised nothing, for I could not.

"I am quite happy now that I have placed you in good hands," I said. "We shall meet before very long. Farewell!"

"God preserve you, Hans!" she murmured, and we parted, to meet again under very different circumstances.

I went to the stable where my horse was housed, saddled it, and left the town by the high road to Jena. The townspeople all seemed paralysed. I had to do everything myself, and the watch at the gate did not require me to give my name, as was the custom. I had not gone far, when I was met by a party of French hussars, who stopped me, inquired whether there were Prussian soldiers in the town, also who and what I was. My answers satisfied them, I suppose, for they permitted me to continue my way in peace. Birds were singing sweetly, but their joyous tones grated on my ear. My heart was swelling with indignation and hatred of the proud man who, for ambition's sake alone, was bringing all this distress upon our country. "Why is it permitted?" I asked myself. "It cannot and will not be allowed to last. Napoleon's fall will be as terrible as his success has been unparalleled, and when it comes to pass, the nations he has so bitterly wronged will look on exulting."

I met a scared peasant, who, on perceiving me, was about to take to his heels, had not my good German arrested him. I inquired if he knew the exact place where the battle had been fought. He delivered himself of a volley of oaths, which seemed to relieve him, and then stated that his farm had been destroyed, and all he possessed pillaged and carried off. I pitied the poor man from my heart, and gave him a small sum of money; he looked at it, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "What is the use of it? They will rob me of this before the night is out!" He seemed quite broken-hearted. I asked if he had any family, and he replied that he had, but they were all dispersed he knew not where. This surprised me, and, on inquiring further, I discovered his fear of the French had been so great, that he had run away on their approach, and, secreting himself in the neighbourhood of his farm, he had only waited to see it in flames, and then had taken to flight. I did not comment on this proceeding, but continued my way, avoiding observation as much as possible, and happily succeeded in eluding the detached troops, which were straggling about everywhere.

The streets of Jena were almost deserted; the inhabitants had suffered grievously from the occupation of the French, and were all shut up in their houses. I gathered what information I could, and rode to the temporary hospitals, whither the wounded soldiers were being carried. I offered my assistance, and was accepted by the chief of the French medical staff. Wounded men are of one nation; I felt no animosity towards the sufferer, on whatever side he had fought.

On the heights above Jena (whither I went with the double intention of helping the removal of wounded men and prosecuting my search after Rosenthal) heaps of dead and dying made it evident that the Dornberg had been the scene of a bloody struggle. It was here I learned that Tauentzien had commanded and been repulsed, and it was therefore here that I should most likely find Rosenthal, if indeed he might be numbered in the terrible lists of dead or wounded.

The night was dark, as the moon had not fully risen, but we went about in the almost vain hope of rendering help; what we could do seemed but as a drop of water in the ocean.

Exclamations in French and German greeted me wherever I turned. "I have lain here all day," one poor Prussian said; "for God's sake give me something to quench my thirst, and never mind the wound; it gives me less pain as it is, and all will be over soon." I gave him water, and continued bandaging his side; he thanked me in a hoarse voice, but said I had come some hours too late; he had lost all his blood, he thought. Then, forgetting his own suffering, he continued, like a true soldier, to speak of the battle: "They were too strong for us up here; we could not hold it as we might have done had we been reinforced. But, tell me, did we gain the battle?" I shook my head mournfully, and the poor fellow fell back with a groan, quite dead. I turned away, and found that I had separated from the French surgeon who had accompanied me, and was alone amid the dying and dead. Shreds of uniform, a broken drum, and an unsheathed sword, lay upon the ground near me, and in attempting to pursue my way, I stumbled over a corpse, which the increasing darkness prevented my perceiving.

"For Heaven's sake help me!" "A little water, and may the Holy Virgin and all the saints bless you!" were the cries that constantly assailed my tortured ear, whilst groans, appeals to all the powers of darkness, and loud oaths, rose on every side as I walked on, unable to give assistance to all that asked it of me, and yet unwilling to refuse the little I could do. My heart sank, for I had not been used to such scenes, and a sensation of faintness came over me which I had not felt since the first day that I entered a dissecting-room.

It was not the sight of death alone that appalled me; I had seen it many times, and under many shapes; I had listened to the wildest ravings of despair and the agonised cry of the broken heart; but to stand where human suffering, in its most aggravated form, encountered my gaze on every side—to feel how powerless I was to heal the mischief man had done—to hear the cry of one death-agony drowned by another, all suffering, all with their burden of sins to carry to another world—oh, it was as if a taste of hell torments had visited earth! I walked from one ghastly spectacle to another; I was worn out; my supply of remedies failed; I could only tear up the clothes of the dead to make bandages for the dying, and in the midst of all this the moon rose, and her calm, silver light flooded the field of blood, rendering the pale, haggard features of the wounded more ghastly by its blanching touch. I felt as if I had no right to be alive when so many lay bleeding for Germany.

One poor youth—he was a Frenchman—interested me much; he had not many moments to live, but I bound up a deep bayonet-thrust he had received, and did all I could to alleviate his agony.

"You are a German?" he said.

"Yes, but I have no enmity against a fallen foe," I replied.

"I have something to say; come close, for I am very faint. There is money hid beneath my shirt; take it, or the camp-followers will steal it from my corpse, and as you fear death and purgatory, perform a dying man's request. It is directed to my mother; send it to her, she

is a widow. Say, too——Ah!" He fainted in my arms, blood flowed from his mouth—he was dead!

Need I say that I did perform his dying wish in writing to the lonely widow long afterwards—that I finished the message of love which died trembling on the poor youth's lips?

Once or twice I met with resistance, and one Frenchman, who had only been slightly wounded in the leg, was in the act of firing at me, but I had time to elude the ball, and wrenched the gun out of his hand. He would not suffer me to bandage his wound, but swore at me for being a German.

I was dressing one poor man's arm who was suffering terrible tortures, when a piteous cry struck on our ear; it was so loud and shrill that it made my blood run cold.

"Go to him," murmured the soldier I was trying to relieve.

"That was a death-cry," I rejoined.

"Poor fellow, may he find rest! his misery is over, and there is no rest to be found here." And he turned his haggard eyes towards the moon.

He lay amongst a heap of dead, and with using great care I managed to move him to a clear spot of ground. He smiled faintly, took my hand, and, pressing it, said,

"You have made my night easier; you have my heartfelt thanks. I can bear it now. God send as speedy succour to all the wounded!"

"Amen!" said a faint voice near. I was strangely familiar with the tone, and looked round half startled. At first I could see nought; but presently, as I still continued to search with my eyes, they rested on a human leg protruding from behind a bush. I went up to the spot; the head was averted, and the arm drawn across it, as if to shade the light of the moon from the eyes, whilst the hand was tightly clasped. Blood was on the ground and on his clothes. He lay so still that he might easily have been taken for one dead, had not the irregular breathing shown that life was not extinct. I knelt down beside him, and the movement made him turn his face towards me. Was it possible! Could that blanched, worn countenance be that of Franz Rosenthal? I was almost too much shocked to speak for a few minutes. His eye was sunken, but a wild fire burned in it—such a fire as I have only seen when fever is high; then of a sudden the gleam faded and gave place to an expression of the deepest dejection.

"You here?" he exclaimed, faintly. "I cannot tell you what joy it is to see your face. Oh, if you be a phantom, turn to reality, if but to please a dying man."

I soon convinced him of my identity by examining his wounds. A ball had passed through his thigh and completely shattered his right leg. He moaned slightly.

"You never had so bad a job to attend to in your life, Hans," he said.

"To-night I have had many worse," I replied.

"Ah, but you have not seen all; my left hand is shot off; that was done first; then my leg. But what followed I cannot say, for I became insensible. I know not how long. The roar of cannon had ceased when I regained consciousness, and I managed to crawl here, where I might pass unnoticed in case of the camp-followers finding us out. Do you know, Hans, I thought you were one."

"I imagined so by the expression of your eyes," I said. Then, perceiving that he had grown very weak whilst speaking, I forbade him to do so, but he would not listen to me.

"I want to live, Hans; do you think my wounds are dangerous?"

I knew not what to say, for I feared they were, but regarding hope as man's best cure, I did not wish to alarm him, so said, "I have known worse cases recover completely."

"I shall die!" he cried, with a sudden energy that I was not at all prepared for. "I felt sure of it, but I wanted to hear you say I should not, for I cling to life, Hans. It is very hard to think I must leave it so soon. Say that I have a chance, or, rather, that I shall live."

"It would be presumptuous in me to say that, but my impression is you look too readily on the dark side of your case."

"Readily, readily," he repeated. "I want to live, if only to chase those rascally French out of the country. Give me a little water, Hans; you do not know what thirst is; I never did till this moment. Do not let me be carried off the field till I am dead. I could not endure the agony of being moved, mind that, Hans." He paused, and then said, in a cheerful tone, "I need not ask about the battle; of course the victory was ours in the end, though poor Tauentzien could not keep his ground here."

"We have lost everything," I said, mournfully.

"It was the mismanagement of old Brunswick, then," said Franz, gnashing his teeth. "I wish I were not disabled and lying here like a dog upon the ground."

"Better here than inactively to watch what is coming upon us. The French must even now be pillaging Weimar."

"And you have left Ida?" he exclaimed, reproachfully.

In safer keeping than mine; she is at Count von P——'s, with my mother."

I tried to bandage Rosenthal's arm as well as I could, but from weakness and the pain I unavoidably caused him, he fainted away under the operation. I had but few restoratives left, but what I had I made use of to the best of my ability. All my old affection for Franz returned, and the lapse of time was for a moment forgotten; there, upon his bare arm, was the mark of the cut I had given him in his wild student days. I owed his friendship to that cut. Poor fellow! little did he know then, when fighting was but a sport, what deadly conflicts he was in the end to be engaged in! The student's glory was all that could offer its balm to soothe the smarting pain then; now, glory in its highest sense lightened the hour of agony with a gleam of sunshine; he had fought for freedom, and he lay bleeding for his fatherland.

By degrees consciousness returned, but even in that brief moment a great change had come over him; his lips moved, but he could not articulate a sound. I bent my ear down to catch what he wished to say, but he shut his eyes as if in great pain, and did not attempt to speak again. A bright streak of red light illumined the sky towards the east. I knew it was morning; I knew what daylight would disclose, and it was little wonder that I looked up at the streak of morning and thought in my inmost soul it had never witnessed such a scene as this before. But had not daylight dawned upon Marengo and Austerlitz, and would it pity the sufferers of Jena more than these? I felt as if it ought; to me the

former were nothing in comparison. I could not realise them, but had I not seen the horrors of this battle-field in all their harrowing detail? had not the cannon roared over the quiet little town of Weimar, the very town in which I had been born? To me, therefore, if not to the dawn of morning, the field of Jena was the acme of all that is terrible.

"Hans," said a feeble voice beside me. I turned, and a pair of eager eyes were fixed on my face. "Hans, you loved Ida once; do not deny it now that I am dying. You would not confess it to me before, but I saw through the thin veil you threw around your secret. Be kind to her for my sake, and for that love you once felt." A tear was glistening in his manly eye.

If any one had told me Franz Rosenthal could speak thus from his heart two days ago, I should have laughed at them; if any one had said, "Hans, before twenty-four hours are out you will confess your whole heart to Ida's husband," I should have sneered at the bare notion of such a thing; but now I knelt by his prostrate, bleeding form, and we were both changed, both drawn to each other by a tie we had never felt before. New feelings were awakened; it seemed as if time alone were wanting; and grudging each second as it flew away, I hastened to tell all—all I had kept so closely concealed those many years.

"I wronged you bitterly, Ida wronged you, we all did!" I cried, in agony of remorse. "Ida was engaged to me, loved me, and, in obedience to her father's dying wish, married you." Franz did not speak. "Had my sudden impulse to tell him everything been imprudent?" was the torturing question that flew through my brain. "Was I, after all, to be the cause of his death?" No, he lay there quite calm; my sudden outburst had not affected him, and he merely said, with a slight sigh,

"I thought so; I did not at the time, but have had reason to think so since. I was jealous of you, Hans, angry with Ida, and I left her more than I should have done. That is all gone by now; I am dying—dying." And this conviction engrossed his whole mind. "There is another life; I feel it; we are told there is. Would there were not." And his brow contracted, not now with bodily, but mental agony. "Another life—but where?"

"In yonder blue expanse from whence the sun is shining," I said, confidently. He looked into my face, and asked,

"Do you believe it?"

"With my whole heart." Thanks, many thanks, good old man of the Strasburg tower, for it was you who first taught me to believe, and through you I was enabled to say, "With my whole heart."

"Hans, you have not forgotten how to pray," he said, eagerly. "Pray for me."

I was taken by surprise, but I did pray as he desired, for the words came of themselves; they were very simple words—I had learned them when a child—but they appeared to tranquillise him, and I was glad of it, for I could see that death was not far distant.

"Have you any message for Ida?" I asked; but he shook his head.

"She will be happy soon, Hans," he said. "I leave her in your hands; she is yours, as she ought always to have been. I bear neither of you any enmity."

"You wrong her grievously if you think she does not love you with

her whole soul now. If you had but seen her anxiety about your welfare, and her bitter grief when the report of the cannon rang in our ears yesterday, you would not doubt her love."

A smile of satisfaction crossed his face.

"It is well. She will soon be free."

The next instant, poor fellow, he was writhing in agony, and, despite all his fortitude, a groan forced itself from his tight-closed lips. I feared then that he had some internal injury, which I could not discover without aid, and if I had been able to find out what it was, I should, doubtless, only have put him to needless torments. He squeezed my hand without knowing that he did so, and then suddenly regaining his self-possession, he said,

"I could not help it; I could not, indeed. Would this agony were over! It is very hard to die when life is at its prime."

Then his mind wandered, and he raved about the French.

"On, on! We will not let them drive us back; we fight for freedom and for fatherland! Ah, see! they are gaining on us; our men fall by dozens. They are taking me prisoner; I would rather die than fall into their hands. Save me, I am powerless; that ball has killed me; I heard it whizzing through the air. Ida, why do not you come? Do not let that strange woman nurse me; I have been very heedless, unkind——"

The eye grew suddenly fixed in its expression; his head, which he had raised whilst speaking, fell back, the mouth was open, but he breathed no more. Franz Rosenthal, my former comrade, my friend through life, had met his soldier's doom, and that bravely.

The cold light of morning flooded the battle-field; the sun's rays could not penetrate the thick mist which shrouded everything in mystery. Two corpses lay near me on the bloody ground. I drew them together, threw a cloak over them—they were both Germany's sons—and then I left them alone, for they no longer needed my care; they had gone to that place where the trump of war cannot sound, where our language, our nation, shall be one.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

By W. Charles Kent.

IX.—YOUNG AT WELWYN.

Rain storming down the lilac boughs,
And streaming on each Rectory pane—
Around one roaring flood of rain
The night's tempestuous wrath avows.

A drenching cataract in sound,
The waters in one sheet descend;
As if the clouds their wealth would spend
At once upon the swimming ground.

Wild monotones of liquid power
  Around the rural haunts resound,
  As though the garden-paths were drowned
With rills for each particular flower.

A square of rose-webbed radiance beams,
  Serene, across the outer gloom—
  The home-ray of a fire-lit room,
Through slant of rushing flood it streams:

Through maze of water-dripping leaves
  The ruddy lattice chequers shower,
  Till poured where, round yon rustic bower,
Its draggled wreath the woodbine weaves.

There, sheltered from the midnight storm,
  Scarce seen in glimmering shade, appears—
  With signs of venerable years—
A raptured face, a reverent form!

Erect—in sombre raiment dight,
  Half-propped by rough-hewn slab of stone,
  Where cane and shovel-hat are thrown,
Full in the faint and tremulous light:

Alone—at night's most lonely hour,
  Fit symbol of his lonelier age,
  That waits till Life's long pilgrimage
Shall close by fiat of God's power:

And silent—save within his heart,
  Whence thrilling, wordless cries of love
  Ascend the heaven of heavens above—
Their voice who choose the "better part:"

Engulphed among the shadows, there
  In meditative joy he stands,
  An awe-filled Watcher with clasped hands—
Drooped hands, whose very clasp is Prayer.

When—forth! the sudden lightning springs
  In livid, vivid, lurid gleams:
  Ablaze the very welkin seems
At quivering of those instant wings.

Then (quenched the evanescent glare)
  A crackling crash of thunders boom,
  In eddies rolling through the gloom,
And dying down the deluged air.

As viewless Night the flash devours,
  A tenfold blackness seems to fall,
  Descending like an ebon pall,
With turmoil of a thousand showers.

Again the blinding storm-bolt flies;
  Around the grand concussions pour,
  While still th' abounding torrents roar
From loosened flood-gates of the skies.

In momentary glimpse revealed,
  There, framed in bower, the Watcher stands,
  With musing eyes, and clasping hands,
And awe that may not be concealed.

Though instantaneous gleams alone,
At intervals, that scene disclose,
So keen each glance electric glows,
It seems through every crevice thrown.

Above the trellis'd harbour shine
Celestial words, that once averred
How God was in the garden heard,
When Earth and Man were half divine.*

Seen yonder in the upturned gaze
Of him whose grand adoring soul
Thus traced those words, as on a scroll
Of adoration and of praise—

There, shining back from reverent eyes,
Heaven flames to the same hearkening look,
As though th' avenging Angel shook
God's brand at gate of Paradise.

It lightens—this the angelic sword;
It thunders—these the footsteps heard,
As when to Adam's heart-strings stirred
The awful coming of the Lord!

A living statue in green niche,
There, motionless, he broods alone,
Revealed in dyes that aye—thus shown—
Shall Memory's Magic-Glass enrich.

The crisp peruke of curling grey;
The pensive hands together prest;
The silken, black, close-buttoned vest,
Tinged blue in the electric ray.

Illumined thus, distinct appears
The sombre robe's minutest fold,
The priestly garb around him rolled,
The sign of all his life reveres.

Hail radiant Vision of the Night!
One moment seen, then swift again,
By darkness, howling wind, and rain,
Swept out and swallowed from the sight!

When spent the storm blast's latest showers,
Still there thy shadowy shape appears,
While in the hush are heard, like tears,
The dripping of the leaves and flowers;

Still seen by rosy fire-glow there,
Flecked by the lattice' diamond bars—
O'erhead the glorious gleam of stars—
Thy aged hands still clasped in prayer!

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* Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei.

THE LAST DAYS OF A POET.*

By the death of Henry Heine, German literature has suffered a loss which it has not yet appreciated, and the journals, which merely devoted a few cold lines to his decease, will yet be compelled to recognise the wondrous influence he exercised in Germany from his sick-bed in Paris. Unfortunately for Heine's reputation in the fatherland, he was no court poet, but his wicked wit assailed king and republican with equal impartiality. It became the fashion for literary sycophants to spirt their gall over his character, and the result was that he waged a war *à outrance* against that society which had so wilfully misunderstood him. His death must have been a relief to countless Germans who had writhed beneath his caustic lash, or felt in their hearts that they had given him just cause of anger. Nor has the time yet arrived for grateful Germany to raise a monument to one of the greatest of her poets; probably, when this generation has passed away, and with it the exacerbation which Heine's writings produced upon those in authority, their descendants may condescend to reverence the poet, and allow the man to be judged of by his writings.

Since the revolution of 1848, and the discovery that Heine had for many years been in receipt of a pension from Louis Philippe, but few persons thought of the sick man who lay writhing in agony, and praying, though with an impenitent spirit, for the welcome visit of death. The world joined in the parrot cry of "Atheist!" which had been raised so wilfully against Heine's character, the while he was diligently engaged in studying the Scriptures and earnestly striving to eradicate his doubts. Whether he succeeded or not is a mystery: he died at last as he had lived— a riddle allowing the most contradictory solutions, and his writings remain to show what a sea of doubt he was tossed upon. But, to our mind, the history of these last few years of Heine's existence offers the most interesting point of consideration, and we, therefore, hail with welcome the little book in which his co-religionist and devoted friend, Alfred Meissner, has collected his recollections of the great poet, drawn from a long acquaintance with him, and a correspondence extending over seven years.

When M. Meissner first formed Heine's acquaintance in 1847, he was far from being the wreck which later years made him. Although his right eye was closed, any other traces of the stroke which had palsied his energies were hardly perceptible. His face was remarkably handsome, the forehead tall and broad, the nose exquisitely modelled; his beard had begun to be mingled with grey, but his brown hair still fell down in profuse masses on his collar. The general expression of his face betrayed a brooding melancholy, but when he spoke or moved it was lit up by a surprising, almost demoniacal smile. At that period he was forty-eight years of age, and was wont to call himself one of the first men of his century, as he had come into the world on the 1st of January, 1800. His

* Heinrich Heine. Erinnerungen von Alfred Meissner. Hamburg: Hoffman und Campe.

illness, which eventually produced such terrible consequences, had commenced from apparently a very insignificant cause. The combatant, on whom a hundred raging contests had produced no wound, had been assailed by a stroke in consequence of a trifling family dispute. But he seemed to be aware that this state must end in an early death. He had returned from Bagnères the previous year without any amelioration, and though he consulted all the first physicians in Paris, they were unable to check the malady. Still he was very sociable, liked to have guests around him, and could laugh and jest with his old vigour. His mind was quite unaffected by his corporeal sufferings, and carried on its labours in the crazy tenement with the old inexhaustible energy, just as if it were careless about the threatened collapse of the building. It was fortunate for Heine, under these melancholy circumstances, that he was in great measure independent of the frowns of fortune, and had a kind and sympathising wife at his side. The residence of one of the greatest poets Germany ever possessed, was, however, far inferior to that of any French littérateur of the humblest pretensions. Three small rooms on the third floor were comfortably furnished, the chimney was surmounted by a tall mirror, a clock in a china frame, between those two inevitable vases with artificial flowers, ticked monotonously in front of it: this was the most remarkable ornament. An old pock-marked negress, with a coloured handkerchief round her head, was the officiating spirit; and Madame Heine's shrill parrot broke the solemn silence.

The company which surrounded Heine at that day consisted of Germans and French: some littérateurs, but the great majority simple mortals, without any pretension to renown and immortality. An almost daily visitor was Madame A., named by Heine the flame-eyed Elise, an old school friend of Madame Heine. Her husband kept a linendraper's shop in those days, but has since become a millionnaire as proprietor of the Hippodrome. Another constant visitor was a German Jew, thoroughly acquainted with Paris through a long residence in that city, half a diplomatist, half a financier, a man of plans and theories, an elegant man of the world, who assisted Heine in the small speculations on 'Change which he was fond of risking now and then. But Heine was a client most difficult to please. Capricious as a child, he was delighted with his gains, but always wished to make his Hebrew friend responsible for any losses. He accepted the gain as a tribute due to him from the gods, but any loss annoyed him and made him most unjust towards a man who did all in his power to assist him. At last the utter failure of a speculation broke off all connexion between them, and Heine gave up gambling on the Bourse. The homœopathist, Dr. R., also made his appearance now and then. Heine had become acquainted with him in a peculiar manner. Once when travelling in the south with his wife, he met Ernst, the violinist, who requested the poet to take to the doctor for him one of those colossal Lyons sausages, which are justly regarded as a delicacy by Parisian gourmets. In those days it was a long and tedious journey from Lyons to Paris in a diligence, and Madame Mathilde grew hungry. Nothing more natural than to cut off a piece of the sausage, whose fragrance filled the whole of the coupé. Madame Heine tasted a slice, and found it capital: Heine did the same. The journey lasted another day, and the sausage gradually grew smaller; and

when they arrived in Paris their sin stared them in the face. Heine, panic-stricken, cut off a most diaphanous slice with a razor, and sent it under cover to the doctor. "Monsieur," he wrote, in an accompanying letter, "you have proved most satisfactorily by your researches that millionths produce the greatest result. You will receive herewith the millionth of a Lyons sausage, which M. Ernst gave me to deliver to you. If homœopathy be true, it will produce the same effect upon you as a whole sausage." Among the celebrated Frenchmen frequently to be seen at Heine's, we may mention Hector Berlioz, Théophile Gauthier, and the luckless Gérard de Nerval. The latter was a great admirer of German poetry, and assisted Heine in translating the Book of Songs into French. His was a dreamy nature, and he did not possess his countrymen's talent for literary speculation. He laboured with incessant industry, and, however want might press upon him, would never receive money for a work he considered not sufficiently finished. All the world knows his miserable end eight years later. On a February night, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm, without a penny to redeem his cloak from the Mont de Piété, he rushed into the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, and hanged himself. This was one of Heine's last sorrows.

On the occasion of the commemoration of Fourier's death, M. Meissner was brought into contact with a wonderful man, who has, probably, not yet ended his career, and who, in spite of his exaggerated views, exercises a powerful influence in France. On leaving the Salle Valentino, where the solemnity had taken place—the evening before the Parisians had been revelling there in the saturnalia of the *cancan*—the following scene occurred:

A man of short stature, with a full, merry face, broad, roundly-arched forehead and blue glasses, stood before us in the throng. As if struck by his appearance, Heine stopped, drew me back, and whispered in my ear, "Look at that man!" Then, addressing him, he said, "Were you in there too?" "No!" the other replied, sharply, "I was coming past, and stopped, as I thought there was a mob. Ah! it is the same story with all the sectaries: Christ be praised, who redeemed us from sin; Saint-Simon be praised, through whom we have comprehended life; Fourier be praised, who revealed social laws to us. All stuff! who will exclaim at length praise and honour to healthy common sense, which adores nobody?" The man with the blue spectacles shrugged his shoulders, and walked on slowly. "Who is that gentleman?" I asked Heine, noticing that he was strangely excited. "Who is he?" was the reply; "he calls himself M. Proudhon among mortals, but in reality he is a demon. I am internally refreshed when I meet a man of that stamp. I should grow weary of life if I saw only men of business and every-daydom around me. That remark of his does me good, after so many fine but empty tirades. He is right—perfectly right." "Who is the man?" I asked again, my curiosity being strangely excited. "You still say the man," Heine replied; "you have heard that he is not a man, despite his blue spectacles. It is the destructive principle in the form of a state philosopher, and is endowed, in addition, with all the descriptive power of a poet. Victor Hugo seems to have delivered to him the might of his antithesis, and Alexandre Dumas to have lent him his cheerful fancy. The fearful earnestness of the matter is elegantly draped, and his works—or, to speak in the police style, his inflammatory writings—are as good to read as romances. They pass from hand to hand here in France, people are amused with them, and do not notice, while turning over the pages, that dragons' teeth fall out, hereafter to produce a terrible crop." Heine accompanied these words with his peculiar smile—not that smile, however, which beamed on his childish

face when telling a witty story, or when surrounded by his friends. It was his destructive smile, which appears clothed in words in his winter tale "Atta Troil," and his political poems. When fixed on paper, this demoniac smile exerts a fascination over the readers whom it seizes upon. People read and smile, and the worst is the smile is not fugitive. It returns, and becomes, though at first so graceful, stronger and stronger, louder, wilder, and at last grows into an outbreak of rebellious contempt. When it has attained this pitch, it drives the servant of a prince to the opposition benches, makes the orthodox minister a heretic, the billiard-player a conspirator, and the best-intentioned Philister an enthusiast for liberty. This smile was of great power during the movements of the last few years.

At no great distance from Heine's lived Venedey, the celebrated German author, but they did not harmonise at all. Venedey disliked Heine's tendencies, while Heine satirised the old liberal, and scarce deigned to notice the nobility of his heart and mind, so comic did his notions seem to him. Venedey, though a friend of Buonarotti and Charles Teste, shuddered at every drop of blood which had been shed in support of his convictions, and with these views he had written his "John Hampden." In his opinion, the mass of the people could only protest and suffer. He was at that period a strange prototype of that weakness which is often termed a noble weakness, and which is selected by destiny to be carried away in stormy times, and find a lamentable end between both parties. At this period Lola Montes was filling the whole press with her escapades at Munich, and Venedey was horrified. He saw in the homage which Ludwig the Bavarian paid to the fair Spaniard a disgrace to Germanism, and feared lest a Pompadour might gain influence over German men and minds. Heine, on the contrary, was highly delighted at the power which a ballet-dancer had gained in the home of Jesuitism. He foresaw the impending struggle between the petticoat and the cowl, and even thought about writing a comic history of it in the fashion of "Atta Troil." Venedey wrote furious letters on the subject to the *Augsburg Allgemeine*, and, as they were not published, he brought them out at his own expense, under the title of the "Spanish Dancer and German Liberty." Our author inquired of Heine whether he had read the pamphlet, and was surprised at hearing Heine say that he only read Venedey's lengthened works, those in six volumes especially, for, he added, "water in a large expanse—a lake, a sea, an ocean, is very fine: in a teaspoon I cannot bear it."

With the summer Heine moved his household gods to Montmorency, and every Sunday an omnibus full of friends stopped at his door. Alexandre Weill, Seuffert of the *Augsburg Allgemeine*, with Alphonse Royer and his wife, were constant guests. Heine would be found lying on the grass, pad and pencil in hand, composing. Madame Mathilde's parrot had not been forgotten in town: its cage was placed at the window, and so often as the gate-bell rang it would greet the new comers with a loud "Bonjour!" The large room on the ground-floor was chosen as dining-room. What a delight it must have been to seat oneself in the cool overshadowed villa, with blossoming acacias around, pretty Frenchwomen opposite, and Heine as companion.

At no great distance from Heine's lived, in Montmorency, the priestess of the tragic muse, Rachel. She had built her own house, and christened it La Santé, which gave rise to incessant jokes. At one moment La

Santé required repairs, at another it was said that she had sent for an architect for her Santé. Rachel often came to Heine's, and dined with him when our author was present, but he cannot call to mind anything interesting he heard from her lips. She was full of the auction of her old furniture, which she had just arranged, and made merry about the English, who paid fabulous prices for the most worthless articles. Her bed was eventually purchased by an old Lord M. at an astounding price. From this period probably dates the system of repeated sales of furniture which Mademoiselle Rachel instituted for money-making purposes, and repeated continually, so long as her star was at the zenith.

An absence of two years from Paris showed M. Meissner, on his return, the terrific change that had taken place in the poet. He had grown pallid, fearfully thin, and almost blind, but the old spirit was rampant in him. On our author's entrance he stretched out his hand to him, and said, with that ironical smile fluttering on his lips which he never lost, "Only see, my dear friend! ages ago you praised the Adamites in your 'Ziska,' but could hardly have believed that your friend would join that sect. And yet it is so. For the last two years I have lived as an Adamite, and only cover my nakedness with a shirt." He raised himself on his pillow and described the manner of his life during his friend's absence. He told of his almost uninterrupted sufferings, his helplessness, and all the terrible Job's pain, which he had endured so long. He narrated how he had become as a ghost to himself, and, like a spirit in purgatory, looked down on his poor tortured body. He told how he lived in pictures and in visions of the past, how gladly he would write and work, and how his blind eye, his uncertain hand, and ever-recurring torture prevented him. He drew pictures of his nights of horror, when the idea of suicide crept over him, until he gained strength to repulse it by thoughts of his beloved wife, and many tasks he still had to accomplish.

But Heine was peculiarly constituted: a poet ought to possess muscles of iron and the body of Behemoth to endure the constrained embraces of the Muse. Heine had drunk the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and the poet of love had succumbed before his task. The flames in which he delighted to live had consumed him. The pathos of his life was his death. He would never confess it, but betrayed himself often involuntarily. He said once to Meissner with melancholy and a certain degree of savageness: "Look at those women, how blooming they are! They are flowers which neither the sunstroke nor the cold night dew injures. A thousand butterflies intoxicate themselves in their calices without lessening the aroma or extinguishing their colours. Autumn arrives, the flowers are still gaudy, but not a butterfly is to be seen." But, after all, these words only express the same as Méry does in one of his books: "Les femmes ont tué beaucoup d'artistes, et les artistes n'ont jamais tué de femmes."

In May, 1848, about two years after his terrible illness had assailed him, Heine took his last walk on the Boulevards. The mob was thronging the streets of Paris, and the poet, blind and lame, moving slowly by means of a stick, sought refuge from the crowd in the adjacent Louvre. He entered the ground-floor, where the ancient gods and goddesses are exposed to view. Suddenly he stopped before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, enchanting goddess, the marvellous Venus of Milo, which has lost in the course of ages its arms but not

its charms. Startled by the sight, moved, pierced to the heart, almost horrified, the invalid tottered back and fell into a chair, hot and bitter tears pouring down his cheeks. The lovely lips of the goddess, which seemed to breathe, smiled on, and beneath stood her miserable victim. That single moment contains a whole world of agony.

Heine, while confined to his bed, did not neglect his studies, as far as his eyesight would permit, and one morning M. Meissner found him highly amused in reading Tacitus, a book which does not generally produce humorous notions. The description given of the Jews as lepers, who pay divine honours to a donkey in their temple, had struck him as excessively comical. Our author was aware of a sporadic instance in his own town of a Jewess worshipping an ass, but then he was her husband, and all attempts to convert him into a horned ass, such as are to be met with in Ceylon, had hitherto failed. As a general rule, however, the Jewish nation comprises but few donkeys, and those are usually despised. A long conversation ensued, in which Heine did full justice to the perseverance of the Jews and their devotion to their God. It ended, of course, in an anecdote:

"When little Weill visits us soon, you shall have a specimen of my reverence for the primitive Mosaicism," said Heine. "He was formerly leader of the choir in a synagogue, and has a splendid tenor voice. "My good wife, who has not a notion that I am a Jew, is no little surprised when these melancholy tunes are struck up. When Weill first began, the poodle crept under the sofa, and Cocotte, the parrot, tried to throttle himself between the bars of his cage. 'M. Weill! M. Weill!' Mathilde cried in her terror, 'do not carry the joke too far.' But Weill continued, and the good girl turned to me, asking: 'Henri, tell me what songs those are?' 'They are our German national songs,' I replied, and adhered obstinately to my story."

One of the noblest traits in Heine's character was the affection he bore his mother. We meet with the feeling in the "Book of Songs," and that lovely piece called "Night Thoughts" must be known to everybody as one of the most charming of his pieces. He never failed in writing to her once a month, but she was not allowed to know the terrible condition he was in. Lest she might be startled at the letter being only signed by himself, it was always pretended that he was suffering in his eyes, but that it would soon pass away. This son, who on his tedious martyr's couch piously deceives his mother as to his sufferings, and this mother who, in the retirement of her extreme old age, will probably sink into the grave without ever hearing the terrible truth, which all the world, except herself, knows—these two, in their relation to each other, form a perfect poem.

Even Heine's marriage had something peculiar and poetical about it. He and Mathilde had lived for years in that sort of connexion known as "ménages Parisiens." Marriages of this nature are innumerable, especially among professional men: the beloved lady enjoys all the privileges of a legitimate wife, and only the most intimate friends are aware that the blessing of the Church and the civil contract are wanting. These connexions generally terminate in the bond of holy matrimony when the birth of children draws the parents together; and then, as Béranger sings:

Ces deux époux ont mis enfin,
De l'eau bénite dans leur vin.

Heine had no children, but a duel induced him to marry Mathilde, that she might have some claim on his relations in case he fell. It must have been a troublesome step for the author of "Free Love," but he carried it through in a peculiar form. He invited to the marriage only those friends of his who lived in a similar connexion, and tried to induce them to take the same daring step. We are afraid, however, that not a single guest was converted. Mathilde's temper was most naïve, and her way of passing her time extremely harmless. Her life was spent in chattering with her parrot, driving out daily in the Champs Elysées, and describing what she had seen. Heine had an utter horror of blue-stockings and strong-minded women. Mathilde enchained him by her harmless gossip, her cheerful temper, and excellent heart. His chief amusement was in teasing her, and causing her to give way to a fit of passion almost as alarming as a canary-bird's. One day he said very solemnly that he intended to put a clause in his will that Mathilde should marry again immediately on his death, for then there would be some one in the world who would honestly lament his decease twice or thrice a day. Heine was not jealous, and, indeed, had no occasion for being so; still he had some apprehension for Mathilde, all alone as she was in that Babel, Paris. He discharged this fear in ballads. "Ah!" he would sigh, "what can I do? I must leave all to fate and le bon Dieu. How can I, a sick man, hope to rival half a million of men?" On one occasion his restlessness in this matter attained such a pitch that he mentioned it openly. "I was very uncomfortable yesterday. My wife finished dressing and went out at two, promising to be home by four. But eight o'clock arrived, and she had not returned. Could she have grown tired of her invalid, and yielded to some practised seducer? In my nervous anxiety I sent a nurse into her room to see if Cocotte, the parrot, were still there. The bird was there, and a load fell from my heart, for the good creature would never have consented to leave Cocotte behind." It is probable, however, that the poet loved his wife more than any other being on earth. His thoughts were ever directed to protect her honour before the world, and keep her in comfort for the remainder of her life. She was his doll, whom he liked to dress elegantly and send to balls and concerts. She never knew one of the contests he underwent, but she lived through him, and stood by his side for twenty long years. He was wont to say, laughingly, that she had never read a single line of his, and this neglect only amused him. Madame Mathilde then did not see in her husband the great poet whom all the world recognised, but she saw what the world persisted in denying—the best, the most honest, and kindest of men.

Another long interval! Three years passed before our author was enabled to return to Paris and his friend Heine, whom he found in August, 1854, busily engaged in preparing a French translation of his poetry, in which De Nerval assisted him. In the mean time he had become more isolated. Like Job stretched out on his bed, Heine hurled the wildest complaints to Heaven, and seemed to be quarrelling with all nature. Men, too, augmented his torture, and assailed him in the only vulnerable spot. Uninterrupted attacks on his person and works were made in Germany with a fury and perseverance never before displayed. While his reputation was increasing in France, and North America be-

gan to appreciate his powers, Germany reviled him, and strove to lower him. This had a prejudicial effect upon him.

Heine's only exertion was to be carried from his bed to his fauteuil, where he sat writing the Memoirs which have still to be published. He wrote widely, in large letters, and hence an immense quantity of MS. was found on his death. When tired of work, or not in the humour, Mathilde was accustomed to read to him. She had gone through the whole of Dumas's romances, for Heine excessively admired his fertile, lively, and inventive talent. But the hours devoted to reading were also frequently given up to serious pursuits. He had studied during the last years of his life every book relating to the physiology and pathology of his illness, but even on this subject he was wont to be satirical, and say that his studies would avail him little in this world; perhaps he could give lectures in another world, and prove to his hearers the inefficiency of doctors on earth.

Heine's last residence in Paris was in the Avenue Matignon, in the Champs Elysées, where he enjoyed what he had so long sought—seclusion, fresh air, and prospect of verdure. His isolation increased here, however, and he felt that his agony lasted too long. When Berlioz was one day announced, he said, bitterly, "What, some one visit me? Berlioz is always original!" But he was compensated by the presence of a young lady, an intense admirer of his from her earliest youth, and who soon became his inseparable ally. More than a hundred notes, written in pencil, still exist, which Heine sent to urge her to come, as he felt so miserable without her presence. A few of these letters are quoted by M. Meissner, and they betray the wonderful temperament of the writer. A poem, too, written but three weeks before Heine's death, is full of the most weird-like phantasy and horrible imagery. When he wrote these lines, however, he was far from believing that death was so near, but a sudden access of illness utterly prostrated his strength. Even in his last moments he remained true to himself. A friend asked him whether he had reconciled himself with his Creator, and Heine replied, smilingly, "Do not be alarmed. Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier." On the morning of the 17th of February he died with perfect calmness, and retaining his consciousness to the last. The daily press only devoted a few lines to the death of the greatest poet of modern times, and not a word was uttered over his tomb. As he had himself sung long previously:

> Keine Messe wird man singen,
> Keinen Kadosch wird man sagen,
> Nichts gesagt und nichts gesungen,
> Wird an meinen Sterbetagen.

Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre, and we believe, with our author, that "his death will be the commencement of his apotheosis."

A CENTURY OF LEGENDS.*

Were quantity the sole criterion by which poetry should be judged, we would have no hesitation in saying that Victor Hugo is the first poet of his age—perhaps of any age. In addition to the many miles of verse he has already spun out, he has now produced two octavo volumes, containing eight hundred pages of poetry, and, worse still, promises two further instalments of the same length. Now that politics are shelved, we would recommend those ingenious gentlemen who periodically solve problems with reference to the circumference of the globe and various trade productions, to try how far the verses contained in these two volumes would extend.

Unfortunately, such a *copia verborum* must be imperfect: it is the necessity of humanity to be fallible, and Homer, we are told on good authority, sometimes nods. Victor Hugo is not free from this prevailing epidemic, and, while we find much in his volumes to admire, there is much again which we could see omitted without regret. Few poets, indeed, excel this author in his manner of blending pathos and bathos: you come across lines which stir the heart like the sound of the trumpet, and then your enthusiasm is damped by some common-place expression, which jars on the senses like the sound of Big Ben after he was cracked. No poet could so well bear being cut up into "specimens" as the gentleman we have now under notice, and we could cull from his voluminous verse a small volume of extracts which would obtain him his true position as a poet. As it is, we must take him with all his faults, and, regarded in that way, he does not fulfil all that the English reader more especially demands from the Vates, who, by the magic power of his verse, is expected to exercise a beneficent influence on humanity.

It is, however, hardly fair for an Englishman to criticise French poetry, for the conditions demanded in the two countries essentially differ. Where our poets appeal to the heart the French appeal to the senses, and such authors as Victor Hugo are satisfied with producing a flaunting bed of poppies, gratifying to the eye, where we desire the fragrance and sweetness of the violet. Then, again, there is an awful monotony in French versification: it seems to walk on stilts, and you fear every moment lest the performer should fall from his altitude—as indeed he too often does. The *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* are not confined to the versifiers whom Horace objurgates. In England, too, great—perhaps undue—stress is laid on the correctness of the rhyme, and if a slipshod stanza be allowed to creep in, none are so ready as the English to raise the cry of "Cockney." In France this is disregarded; so long as the poet can produce a rhyming jingle he is satisfied. Thus, one of the most successful pieces in the two volumes we have now under notice is "The Song of the Sea Adventurers," with its ever-recurring chorus:

En partant du golfe d'Otrante,
Nous étions trente;
Mais, en arrivant à Cadiz,
Nous étions dix.

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* La Légende des Siècles. Par Victor Hugo. Two Vols. Paris: 1859.

Here we have the fault to which we allude twice repeated: Otrante is not a rhyme to trente, nor is Cadiz to dix. We should not lay such stress on this vice, were it not continually occurring throughout the two volumes.

And now for the work itself, and its motive. In a purposely obscure preface the author tells us it is a beginning and an end, something perfect in itself, and yet forming part of a whole, which he exemplifies by comparing it to the peristyle of an edifice or to a tree in a forest. His object in composing it is, he tells us, "to reproduce the types of the human profile, date by date, from Eve, mother of mankind, to the Revolution, mother of peoples." These types are selected haphazard from barbarism as from civilisation, and are moulded on the mask of centuries. His choice of the legendary form he justifies by stating that the collector of legends occupies a certain distinct place in the history of ages: "while Herodotus writes history, Homer composes legends." In a word, his work is a "tentative towards the ideal," which he explains by saying that when his two other poems, now on the point of completion, "La Fin de Satan" and "Dieu," are published, the reader will perceive the link connecting "La Légende des Siècles" to them. And here he becomes almost too grand: he proposes "to regard Being under its triple face—Humanity, Evil, and the Infinite—the progressive, the relative, and the absolute. . . . . The intention of the book is good: the expansion of the human race from age to age; man ascending from darkness to the ideal; the paradisaic transfiguration of the terrestrial hill; the slow and supreme germination of liberty; right in this life and responsibility in the other; a species of religious hymn with a thousand strophes, bearing in its entrails a profound faith and on its summit a lofty prayer; the drama of creation illumined by the countenance of the Creator—such this poem will be in its entirety when terminated." We really must stop a moment, after noting down those tall words, to try and find out their meaning. But no, the task is beyond us, and would even puzzle a Grotofried, though he could read cuneiform inscriptions as easily as his alphabet.

The first volume opens with the "Sacre de la Femme," which is strongly suggestive of the Book of Genesis and Milton strangely jumbled together. Still it contains some charming lines, as witness the following:

Eve offrait au ciel bleu la sainte nudité;
Eve blonde admirait l'aube, sa sœur vermeille.

Chair de la femme! argile idéale! ô merveille!
O pénétration sublime de l'esprit
Dans le limon que l'Etre ineffable pétrit!
Matière où l'âme brille à travers son suaire!
Boue où l'on voit les doigts du divin statuaire!
Fange auguste appelant le baiser et le cœur,
Si sainte, qu'on ne sait, tant l'amour est vainqueur,
Tant l'âme est vers ce lit mystérieux poussée,
Si cette volupté n'est pas une pensée,
Et qu'on ne peut, à l'heure où les sens sont en feu,
Etreindre la beauté sans croire embrasser Dieu!

Eve laissait errer ses yeux sur la nature.

Et, sous les verts palmiers à la haute stature,

Autour d'Eve, au-dessus de sa tête, l'œillet
Semblait songer, le bleu lotus se recueillait,
Le frais myosotis se souvenait; les roses
Cherchaient ses pieds avec leurs lèvres demi-closes;
Un souffle fraternel sortait du lis vermeil;
Comme si ce doux être eût été leur pareil,
Comme si de ces fleurs, ayant toutes une âme,
La plus belle s'était épanouie en femme.

One of the few French critics who have ventured to notice Victor Hugo's book, says of these lines that they are utterly free from the taint of sensualism, or, at any rate, that the sensualism is "spiritual." The same apology might be offered for Mormonism. The next poem, "La Conscience," is also grand in its idea, but irredeemably spoiled by those platitudes to which we have already referred. A contemporary has justly pointed out the fault that, in describing Cain concealing himself in a cave to escape the All-seeing Eye—"il se fut assis sur sa chaise." But here is another image equally ludicrous. Tubal Cain, to conceal his father, builds him a city of bronze, and writes over the door, "Défense à Dieu d'entrer." This irresistibly reminds us of the universal notice on French railways—"Défense de circuler sur le chemin de fer." But the next poem, "Les Lions," amply makes up for such deficiencies of taste as these. The following lines are grand:

Les loups qui font la guerre aux morts et les déterrent,
Les ours au crâne plat, les chacals convulsifs
Qui, pendant le naufrage, errent sur les récifs,
Sont féroces; l'hyène infâme est implacable;
Le tigre attend sa proie et d'un seul bond l'accable;
Mais le puissant lion, qui fait de larges pas,
Parfois lève sa griffe et ne la baisse pas,
Etant le grand rêveur solitaire de l'ombre.

Equally beautiful, though in a minor key, is the poem called "Booz Endormi," which makes us angry that the author does not always write in the same chastened style. Here are a few stanzas proving the justice of our remarks:

Pendant qu'il sommeillait, Ruth, une moabite,
S'était couchée aux pieds de Booz, le sein nu,
Espérant on ne sait quel rayon inconnu,
Quand viendrait du réveil la lumbière subite.

Booz ne savait point qu'une femme était là,
Et Ruth ne savait point ce que Dieu voulait d'elle.
Un frais parfum sortait des touffes d'asphodèle;
Les souffles de la nuit flottaient sur Galgala.

L'ombre était nuptiale, auguste et solennelle;
Les anges y volaient sans doute obscurément,
Car on voyait passer dans la nuit, par moment,
Quelque chose de bleu qui paraissait une aile.

La respiration ne Booz, qui dormait,
Se mêlait au bruit sourd des ruisseaux sur la mousse.
On était dans le mois où la nature est douce,
Les collines ayant des lis sur leur sommet.

Ruth songeait et Booz dormait ; l'herbe était noire ;
Les grelots des troupeaux palpitaient vaguement ;
Une immense bonté tombait du firmament ;
C'était l'heure tranquille où les lions vont boire.

A large portion of the first volume is devoted to the romances of Roland and his good sword Durandal. In "Aymerillot" the author describes the efforts made by Charlemagne to induce his recreant knights, *de guerre lasse*, to take the city of Narbonne for him; but they all decline till the little page steps forward. The knights, though unwilling to fight, have no objection to talk, and make some terribly long-winded speeches, the most characteristic passage being the following, to which we fancy many a soldier returned from the Italian campaign will heartily respond "Amen!"

Je suis moulu. Car, sire, on s'échine à la guerre ;
On arrive à haïr ce qu'on aimait naguère,
Le danger qu'on voyait tout rose, on le voit noir ;
On s'use, on se disloque, on finit par avoir
La goutte aux reins, l'entorse aux pieds, aux mains l'ampoule,
Si bien, qu'étant parti vautour, on revient poule.
Je désire un bonnet de nuit. Foin du cimier !
J'ai tant de gloire, ô roi, que j'aspire au fumier.

In "Eviradnus" there is an exquisite song of two lovers riding side by side. Here, for instance, is a perfect idea:

Mon cheval sera la joie,
Ton cheval sera l'amour.

Nous ferons toucher leurs têtes ;
Les voyages sont aisés ;
Nous donnerons à ces bêtes
Une avoine de baisers.

The legend of "Ratbert" we recommend for perusal to those who like to sup their fill of horrors, but to no others. In it the poet indulges to its full bent that awful cynicism and ferocious disdain of poor humanity, which was first openly preached by Lord Byron. Here and there, however, his better nature peeps out, and there is something ineffably touching in the description of the toilette of Isora, when the simple old man dresses his grandchild with his own hands for the reception of the felon emperor, who is thirsting for her life-blood. From the same poem we select a philosophical passage, which appears but an amplification of the lines in Schiller's "Song of the Bell," where he describes the fury of man when roused. How run the words?

Schrecklich ist des Tiger's Zahn
—Doch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,
Das ist der Mensch in seiner Wahn.

Compare the following lines:

Ah ! le vautour est triste à voir, en vérité,
Déchiquetant sa proie et planant ; on s'effraie
Du cri de la fauvette aux griffes de l'orfraie ;
L'épervier est affreux rongeant des os brises ;
Pourtant, par l'ombre immense on les sent excusés,
L'impénétrable faim est la loi de la terre,
Et le ciel, qui connaît la gande énigme austère,

La nuit, qui sert de fond au guet mystérieux
Du hibou promenant la rondeur de ses yeux
Ainsi qu'à l'araignée ouvrant ses pâles toiles,
Met à ce festin sombre une nappe d'étoiles ;
Mais l'être intelligent, le fils d'Adam, l'élu
Qui doit trouver le bien après l'avoir voulu,
L'homme, exterminant l'homme et riant, épouvante,
Même au fond de la nuit, l'immensité vivante,
Et, que le ciel soit noir ou que le ciel soit bleu,
Caïn tuant Abel est la stupeur de Dieu.

Can this be an accidental coincidence? We fancy not, but we leave the point to our readers.

The portion of the second volume entitled "Maintenant" will, of course, be turned to with the greatest interest, but those who expect to find in it any political allusions will be disappointed. The poet has been too sensible to keep his volumes from circulation in France, even though he decline to return himself, and bids his book go forth in the following touching words:

Livre qu'un vent t'emporte
En France où je suis né !
L'arbre déraciné
Donne sa feuille morte.

One of the poems, called "Le Crapaud," is intended to read a lesson of humanity to the present age. The poor toad by the roadside is assailed by every passer-by:

Un homme qui passait vit la hideuse bête,
Et, frémissant, lui mit son talon sur la tête ;
C'était un prêtre ayant un livre qu'il lisait ;
Puis une femme, avec une fleur au corset,
Vint et lui creva l'œil du bout de son ombrelle :
Et le prêtre était vieux, et la femme était belle ;
Vinrent quatre écoliers, sereins comme le ciel.
— J'étais enfant, j'étais petit, j'étais cruel ;—
Tout homme sur la terre, où l'âme erre asservie,
Peut commencer ainsi le récit de sa vie.

At length the poor brute, ill-treated and lacerated by man, is dying in the middle of the road, when a worn-out donkey, dragging a heavy load, refuses to trample upon it, in spite of the blows and curses of its ruffian master.

The next poem, "Les Pauvres Gens," is founded on a very beautiful idea. A poor fisherman's wife, entering a neighbouring cabin, finds two orphan children, and takes them home without the knowledge of her husband, who is absent at sea. Her doubts are finely described, equally so the manly compassion of the husband:

L'homme prit un air grave, et, jetant dans un coin
Son bonnet de forçat mouillé par la tempête :
— Diable ! diable ! dit-il en se grattant la tête,
Nous avions cinq enfants, cela va faire sept.
Déjà, dans la saison mauvaise, on se passait
De souper quelquefois. Comment allons-nous faire ?
Bah ! tant pis ! ce n'est pas ma faute. C'est l'affaire
Du bon Dieu. Ce sont là des accidents profonds.
Pourquoi donc a-t-il pris leur mère à ces chiffons ?

C'est gros comme le poing. Ces choses-là sont rudes.
Il faut pour les comprendre avoir fait ses études.
Si petits ! on ne peut leur dire : Travaillez.
Femme, va les chercher. S'ils se sont réveillés,
Ils doivent avoir peur tout seuls avec la morte.
C'est la mère, vois-tu, qui frappe à notre porte ;
Ouvrons aux deux enfants. Nous les mêlerons tous.
Cela nous grimpera le soir sur les genoux.
Ils vivront, ils seront frère et sœur des cinq autres.
Quand il verra qu'il faut nourrir avec les nôtres
Cette petite fille et ce petit garçon,
Le bon Dieu nous fera prendre plus de poisson.
Moi, je boirai de l'eau, je ferai double tâche.
C'est dit. Va les chercher. Mais qu'as-tu ? Ca te fâche ?
D'ordinaire, tu cours plus vite que cela.

— Tiens, dit-elle en ouvrant les rideaux, les voilà !

It is a curious coincidence, that the last Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest* contained a germ of a story by M. Sala, founded on almost the same motive. We recommend it earnestly to the notice of our readers, feeling assured that they will appreciate the rare tenderness and grace with which it is written. It seems to us that Victor Hugo has exaggerated the fears of the wife, and does not allow her to place sufficient confidence in the good heart of her husband. He makes her kneel by the bed-side, and tremble like one guilty of an evil deed, instead of a work of sublime charity. Could a woman, resolute for good,

S'enfoncer par degrés dans son angoisse intime,
Perdue en son souci comme dans un abîme ?

This error of judgment apart, which we fancy was only committed to exaggerate what the French call the "peripétie," the remainder of the poem is admirable. Here are some glorious lines, in which we seem to sniff the sea-breeze :

L'homme est en mer. Depuis l'enfance matelot,
Il livre au hasard sombre une rude bataille.
Pluie ou bourrasque, il faut qu'il sorte, il faut qu'il aille,
Car les petits enfants ont faim. Il part le soir
Quand l'eau profonde monte aux marches du musoir.
Il gouverne à lui seul sa barque à quatre voiles.
La femme est au logis, cousant les vieilles toiles,
Remmaillant les filets, préparant l'hameçon,
Surveillant l'âtre où bout la soupe de poisson,
Puis priant Dieu sitôt que les cinq enfants dorment.
Lui, seul, battu des flots qui toujours se reforment,
Il s'en va dans l'abîme et s'en va dans la nuit.
Dur labeur ! tout est noir, tout est froid ; rien ne luit.
Dans les brisants, parmi les lames en démence,
L'endroit bon à la pêche, et, sur la mer immense,
Le lieu mobile, obscur, capricieux, changeant,
Où se plaît le poisson aux nageoires d'argent,
Ce n'est qu'un point ; c'est grand deux fois comme la chambre.
Or, la nuit, dans l'ondée et la brume, en décembre,
Pour rencontrer ce point sur le désert mouvant,
Comme il faut calculer la marée et le vent !
Comme il faut combiner sûrement les manœuvres !
Les flots le long du bord glissent, vertes couleuvres ;

Le gouffre roule et tord ses plis démesurés
Et fait râler d'horreur les agrès effarés.
Lui, songe à sa Jeannie au sein des mers glacées,
Et Jeannie en pleurant l'appelle; et leurs pensées
Se croisent dans la nuit, divins oiseaux du cœur.

With the remainder of the volume, called the "Vingtième Siècle," we will have no dealings; we would as soon read Dr. Cumming's prophecies. We need only state that the principal idea of the first poem, "Pleine Mer," is the *Leviathan* drifting on a stormy ocean, filled with all the murderous weapons of the old ages: guns, war, tyranny, scourges of every variety; it is the shipwreck of the ancient world—of the world of iniquity, violence, and hatred. In the other, "Plein Ciel," a colossal balloon (euphonistically called an aërostat), towing several others round it, like a planetary system, bears man to infinity. At length the poet himself grows alarmed at the altitudes into which he has soared, and exclaims, "Pas si loin! pas si haut! redescendons!" And he adds, enthusiastically:

Où va-t-il, ce navire? Il va, de jour vêtu,
A l'avenir divin et pur, à la vertu,
A la science qu'on voit luire,
A la mort des fléaux, à l'oubli généreux,
A l'abondance, au calme, au rire, à l'homme heureux;
Il va, ce glorieux navire,

Au droit, à la raison, à la fraternité,
A la religieuse et sainte vérité
Sans impostures et sans voiles,
A l'amour, sur les cœurs serrant son doux lien,
Au juste, au grand, au bon, au beau...—Vous voyez bien
Qu'en effet il monte aux étoiles!

The last piece of all, "La Trompette du Jugement," we may simply describe as the Book of Revelations versified, and considerably injured in the process.

Such, then, is a necessarily imperfect analysis of this remarkable work, which will meet with as many enemies as it does admirers. It certainly proves the fecundity of Victor Hugo's genius, but we cannot say that it will augment his reputation. In our opinion, it does not equal the "Contemplations," and even that work is now confessed to be inferior to Victor Hugo's earlier poetry. But it is very possible that those passages which may appear to a prosaic Englishman exaggerated, and *tant soit peu* inflated, may excite the liveliest admiration among French readers, for in that country more than any other the rule holds good that *omne ignotum* should be taken *pro mirifico*.

In conclusion, we will string together our "pencillings by the way" on those lines and isolated passages which struck us on perusal. Here, for instance, in the "Jour des Rois," are two grand lines:

Et maintenant, maisons, tours, palais spacieux,
Toute la ville monte en lueur dans les cieux.

Again, in "Le Petit Roi de Galice:"

Les casques sont d'acier et les cœurs sont de bronze.

In the same poem we find this fine simile—the good sword Durandal has just cleft the Infant Pacheco to the chine:

Son casque, dont l'épée a brisé la charnière,
S'ouvre, et montre sa bouche où l'écume apparaît.
Bave épaisse et sanglante! Ainsi, dans la forêt,
La séve, en mai, gonflant les aubépines blanches,
S'enfle et sort en salive à la pointe des branches.

In "Eviradnus," describing the Marquise Mahaud, the poet employs a fine idea:

Dame, elle a la couronne, et femme, elle a la grâce;
Une reine n'est pas reine sans la beauté.
C'est peu que le royaume, il faut la royauté.

Further on, wishing to give a perfect notion of the emperor and the King of Poland, who are plotting to rob Mahaud of her throne, Victor Hugo writes two withering lines, which have all the terseness of an epigram:

Ils s'aiment; l'un est fourbe et l'autre est déloyal;
Ils sont les deux bandits du grand chemin royal.

Indeed, the legend of "Eviradnus" is the most perfect in the two volumes, and the story, apart from its poetical garb, is deeply interesting and tragic. In "Ratbert," to which we have already alluded, there are also many fine lines. Very perfect is the idea:

Le roi brille, entouré d'une splendeur d'épées.

Such a line is, indeed, a picture in itself. Equally exquisite, though in a very different style, are these four lines:

La mélodie encor quelques instants se traine
Sous les arbres bleuis par la lune sereine,
Puis tremble, puis expire, et la voix qui chantait
S'éteint comme un oiseau se pose; tout se tait.

Here, too, is a grand idea, clothed in a grandeur of words:

Tout homme ici-bas porte en sa main une chose
Où, du bien et du mal, de l'effet, de la cause,
Du genre humain, de Dieu, du gouffre, il sent le poids;
Le juge au front morose a son livre des lois,
Le roi son sceptre d'or, le fossoyeur sa pelle.

Very fine is the catastrophe of Ratbert, when the felon emperor is suddenly beheaded by no human agency. No one can solve the riddle, but it was said that the Primate of Lyons, while walking in the fields,

Vit, dans les profondeurs par les vents remuées,
Un archange essuyer son épée aux nuées.

In the description of the Régiment du Baron Madruce are two vigorous lines:

Ils ont nommé, tuant, mourant pour de l'argent,
Trépas, leur capitaine, et Danger, leur sergent.

And again:

Le Mont-Blanc qui ne dit qu'à l'Himalaya: Frère!

But we might multiply instances proving that Victor Hugo's poetry has in many places the ring of the true metal. We think, however, we have done enough to send our readers to the volumes themselves; and if we have properly trained them as to what they should read and what leave unread, they will find a banquet of no common order awaiting them.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CHINA.

Relations of the Great Powers with China—Decline of the Tsing or Mantchu Tartar Dynasty—Progress of the Insurrection—Possession of Nankin, the old Chinese Capital, by the Ming Dynasty, or Confederation of Kings—The English on the Yang-tse-kiang—Vast Commercial Importance of that River—Future Prospects and Policy.

THE relations of the great powers of Europe, more especially of Great Britain, Russia, and France, and of the Anglo-Americans with China, are almost daily assuming a more intimate and more complicated character. Notwithstanding the temporary triumph of the Mantchu Tartars at the ambuscade of the Peiho, the sad disorganisation and depopulation of the country, brought about by long-continued civil war, and the national hostility of Chinese to Tartars, render the country an easy prey to any power ambitious of foreign dominion. The peculiarities of the country, its many subdivisions, its numerous cities, towns, and villages, and its vast population, render it, however, more easy of conquest than of tenure. Russia in Asia on the Amur, and now in virtual possession of all Mantchuria, is in reality more favourably placed for successful encroachment on the "Central Empire" than any other nation; although the possession of Chusan, Lu Chu, Formosa, and Hainan by any great maritime power would place it pretty nearly in the same advantageous position. The territorial connexion between Russia and China is, however, a great fact; and the establishment of communication, by electric telegraph, from St. Petersburg to Pekin, as now contemplated, whilst Great Britain shrinks from any similar connexion, except along the treacherous depths of sea and ocean, with its own possessions in the East, marks a new era in a progressive alliance. But still, when we consider how slow the progress of commercial and international relationship has been, even at the frontier mart of Kiakhta, with a people of inveterate prejudices and most uncommunicative habits; and if we compare it with the little that has resulted to civilisation among the far more accessible Turks, not only from the proximity to other European states, but from the existence of Christian peoples, Rouman, Servian, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Greek, within their own bosom, the navigation of the Danube, and the far more open and active, political, commercial, and industrial intercourse at the capital and the great seaports, we may well hesitate to doubt any great immediate progress by Russia, even with the newly acquired possession and the future colonisation of Mantchuria, with the valley of the Amur, a territory more than double the extent of France.

Any danger to Great Britain, whilst avenging treachery and defeat,

asserting her honour, upholding her rights, and protecting British interests in that part of the world, arising then from the imaginary forcing upon ourselves of responsibilities, such as we incurred in India, and as apprehended by many politicians of different classes—politicians of the cautious school, like Sir Edward Colebrooke, and politicians of the anti-English school—is totally without foundation. In the first place, there are too many interests engaged in China; in the second, the days are gone by when such a line of conduct was found to be the wisest; and thirdly, it is more than doubtful if Great Britain could hold such a realm. The apprehensions of politicians of the cautious class, like Sir Edward Colebrooke, or of the utterly un-English class of politicians, with whom, no matter what government is in power, it is always in the wrong—no matter what is the popular opinion, the foreigner is always in the right—may very reasonably be dismissed from their minds. There is a great deal more fatuous vanity and arrogance in their meekly-clad surmises and rebukes, than in the assumption of an undoubted right to an honest revenge, and the upholding of that principle which prevails among all nations of obtaining security against future treachery.

There is one among many peculiarities belonging to the Chinese empire which is a great deal overlooked in this discussion, and that is the independence of the powerful governors of provinces—so absurdly yclept mandarins, after the Portuguese—of the central authority. In this respect China presents another analogy with Turkey, where we may have a semi-independent pasha in Albania or at Bagdad, and one almost wholly so in Egypt. Hence hostilities may be kept up by haughty tyrants, like Lin, or Yeh, at Canton; and a Tartar general may carry out a treacherous ambuscade at the mouth of the Peiho, whilst a more enlightened ruler at Shanghai may be doing his best to conciliate all parties; and the emperor himself may be equally opposed to both extremes, or, in reality, little cognisant or even indifferent to either. One state of things results from this, which is of the highest importance in dealing with such a power—it is that all hostilities can be safely limited, unless the "Son of Heaven" should take himself off to the northern provinces, to the province of Pecheli, leaving all the other provinces to act as they deem most advisable. Once the emperor brought to reason, there will be plenty of time to see that the imperial edicts are carried into force with a little more sincerity than the Sultan's hatti-scheriff; if not there will be danger, that with the lapse of time, and the gradual rise of a more enlightened class of officials, we shall have in China, as we have in Turkey, governors of districts rising up against their enervated and bigoted sovereign, in order themselves to introduce a new order of things, instead of perpetuating incompetency, darkness, and barbarism. There is nothing of conquest or subjugation in all this. Such a result is quite out of the question, and there is another powerful reason why it should be so. What, after all, is it that renders China a debatable ground to Great Britain, Russia, America, and France? What makes these nations anxious to open her ports to commerce, and to penetrate the country, in order to dispose of their manufactures in exchange for the produce of the Flowery Land? Simply the existence of a large consuming population, and the existence of numerous products largely in demand among civilised nations. We do not place implicit confidence in Lord Elgin's convictions regarding the

poverty of the Chinese—the Orientals are always ostensibly poor—but Mogul and Tartar emperors know how to unearth the wealth, Europeans do not, or Great Britain would not have to pay the expenses of the insurrection in India, whilst insurgents, temporisers, and time-serving natives are let off scot free.* But be the Chinese poor or wealthy, it is certain that the greater portion of their wealth is the produce of their industry and commercial activity; any attempt at conquest or subjugation by a foreign power would awaken the hostilities of another power, and it would be the industry and commerce of China itself that would suffer most. The people would be reduced to a state of real poverty and distress, and the so-called civilised powers would be destroying and scattering to the winds these very elements of success and prosperity which first invited them there, and this, superadded to a long, lasting, and ruinous civil war, would make of a once fruitful land, and populous and industrious people, a wilderness and a desolation—"an habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."

Already, indeed, has the most grievous desolation marked with her blight some of the fairest provinces of this once populous and thriving country. Insurrection has stalked abroad for now ten long years, and everywhere destruction has followed in its footsteps. Under the feeble monarch, Kia-king, a eunuch, Lin-king, held the sway, and the days of the Tartar dynasty first became numbered. Tao-kwang, his successor, was eminently conservative, and only augmented thereby the fierceness of the pending struggle between the things of the past and of the present. With a haughty disdain of the barbarous nations from without, he hurried into a war with Great Britain, which unsapped the very foundations of his empire. Lin had been succeeded at Canton by Ki-chan, and the latter, exiled in Thibet, where the intrepid missionary Huc met him, was succeeded by Y-chan before hostilities commenced. Ning-po, Shanghai, Chusan, and Ting-hai fell successively into the hands of the British, to whom the treaty of Nankin permanently ceded the island of Hong-kong. This treaty was concluded by Ki-in, who was, like Y-chan, a member of the imperial family, and who, after ruling for a time at Canton, for purposes of conciliation, became the colleague at Pekin of Mu-chang-ha, the prime minister. These two statesmen endeavoured to bring about reforms, and, under their enlightened government, the populations were kept in abeyance in the interior, whilst the English were aiding in keeping piracy in check on the coasts.

An unexpected event came to put an end to this march of events in a line of progress so favourable to the future of China. Tao-kwang died, and was succeeded by his son, who assumed the name of Hian-fung, "complete abundance." The new emperor shut himself up in his paradise, as large as a fortified town, surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines. A new order of things was inaugurated. Mu-tchang-ha

* Upon this subject Dr. Truman justly remarked (Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, vol. ii. p. 206), that the system of barter in China operates as a great obstacle to large commercial transactions, and nothing would tend more to increase our trade with the Chinese than inducing them to pay for the goods they purchase of us with specie, which at present they are extremely reluctant to do, *keeping their silver and other precious metals hoarded up in their houses.*

and Ki-in were dismissed, and their successors were selected for their inveterate hostility to Europeans.

It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, a rumour became prevalent, and was universally received, that the end of Tsing or Mantchu dynasty was at hand. The period of the downfal was even fixed by prophecy for the forty-eighth year of the existing cycle, which corresponded to A.D. 1851. It was proclaimed that the chief who first unfurled the standard of the ancient native Chinese dynasty of the Mings would ascend the throne. Such an individual was not long wanting. He was found in the person of a youth—apparently without intellect, enterprise, or even common physical courage to recommend him, but who was declared to be a lineal descendant of the Mings, and who assumed the name of Tian-tah, "Celestial virtue."* Barely twenty-three years of age at the outbreak of the insurrection, this tool of the more secret and ambitious designs of others, was always attended by an aged and mysterious counsellor, whose connexion with him has never been perfectly explained.

The province of Kwang-si, where the insurrection first showed its hydra head, is a mountainous region, as vast as the state of many a sovereign in Central Europe, in the south-western portion of the empire. The less accessible portion of this district is tenanted by the Miao-tze—a warlike, freebooting, independent race. Backed by such hardy and intrepid mountaineers, Tian-tah, or rather his generals, for he never exposed himself to the rebuke of rashness by participating in active hostilities, had little difficulty in subjecting the city of Ho, and crossing the frontiers of Kwang-si, to enter into the province of Kwan-tong (Canton). The emperor, faithful to his policy of retrogression, despatched that unscrupulous barbarian Lin to oppose the insurgents. But Lin died on the way, and was succeeded by Li-sing-wen. The new imperial commissioner, instead of conveying Tian-tah chained to the foot of the throne, as he had been ordered to do, contented himself with attributing all the evils to want of energy on the part of Sin, viceroy of Kwang-si.

The insurrection, in the mean time, kept making head. All who joined in the movement cut off their pigtails, allowed their hair to grow long, and replaced the Tartar cloak by the old garment opening in front, which was worn in the time of the Mings. The imperial commissioner Li established his head-quarters at Kway-lin, and he appointed as his lieutenant the ferocious Chan-tian-tsin, governor of Hu-nan. This was the savage who cut off the lower lips of the opium smokers of Hu-nan. "Nous avous vu," declared MM. Callery and Yvan, "de nos yeux plusieurs de ces malheureux mutilés; leur aspect est horrible. L'opération, faite par d'inhabiles bourreaux, avait laissé des traces hideuses." These chieftains began their crusade against the insurrectionists by putting the suspected and the compromised to death instead of boldly attacking the insurgents.

Such a mode of proceeding was naturally followed by no satisfactory results. Tian-tah, although kept in the background, was invested with the canary-coloured imperial robes, and his portrait was disseminated

* Also variously designated as Tye-ping, Tai-ping-wang, &c.

throughout the provinces, no doubt with the view of preparing the minds of the people to the revived costume of the ancestral Mings. The emperor became exceedingly exasperated at the dimensions which the insurrection was assuming, and he despatched his prime minister, Sai-chang-ha, accompanied by two other Mantchu Tartars, Ta-hing and Ta-tung-ha, the latter stained with the slaughter of the shipwrecked of the Nerbuddha, to Kway-Lin.

It was at this time that the report became current that not only was Tian-tah a descendant of the Mings, but that he was also a Christian, and that he overthrew idols and destroyed pagodas wherever he met with them on his passage. Opinions are divided as to who contributed most towards disseminating this rumour — the insurgents, who wished to conciliate the Europeans, or the imperialists, who were desirous of injuring the insurgents in the opinions of the people. The progress of the insurrection, desultory as it was, was, at the same time, not without its fatal effects on the countries in which war was waged. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, despatched from Canton to confront the rebels, was sorely worsted near Lo-u-i. Sin himself then entered upon a campaign, aided and abetted by Sam-kwa, the prefect of Shanghai. Sin ascertained that the insurgents had their head-quarters at Hu-chu-fu, one of the most easterly cities of Kwang-si. He accordingly took good care not to advance any further than Chao-king, from whence he began to temporise. The insurgents were quite aware, on their side, of the kind of projectiles which Sin intended to use in this civil warfare, and they conceived a stratagem by which to secure the person and the resources of the viceroy at the same time, but they were defeated in this project. Sin was equally so on his side, for he could effect nothing either with gold or with arms, so he contented himself with sending bulletins of apocryphal victories to the Son of Heaven. The imperial commissioner Li, who had long since demanded his recal, perished on his side, harassed by ineffectual efforts to stay the progress of the rebellion, and he was replaced by Sai-chang-ha.

In July, 1851, an attempt was made upon the life of the emperor, and in consequence eighteen grand mandarins and every member of their families were put to death. The insurgents, who had coined tsians—the current coin of the empire—of very base value, with the name of Tian-tah, had proceeded, after reducing the two cities of Lo-ting-chu and Li-ning-hian, to attack In-lin-chu, the head-quarters of the Tartar general Hu-lan-tai. The imperial troops, surprised by the rebels, were literally massacred, and the unfortunate prefect of In-lin-chu was amongst the slain. On the 29th of September in the same year the rebels obtained a great victory at Yung-gan, and the cities of Yung-gan-chu, Huan-mu, and Ping-lo, fell in consequence into their hands. It is needless, however, to follow the insurrectionists in the details of their triumphs, the more especially as the public are as yet so little intimate with the geography of the Yellow Empire. By the end of 1851 their triumphs were so numerous that the *Gazette* of Pekin ceased to register the victories obtained by the Tartars in order to record the advantages obtained by the Chinese. All the fortified towns throughout the empire were put in a state of defence, and topographic plans were published of the progress of the insurrection, and of the towns and districts that had been succes-

sively occupied. It is stated that the Chinese, at the onset, spared the inhabitants, and allowed those who chose to depart with their goods, when they took possession of any new city, but that when the peaceful merchants and tradespeople took advantage of this clemency, the Tartar troops uniformly despoliated them, and if they attempted to defend themselves slew them without mercy. "You are," exclaimed the indignant citizens to the imperialists, "as mice before the rebels, and tigers to us."

In the mean time, Sin had offered eighty thousand taels for the head of Tian-tah and that of his counsellor, that is to say, individually, twenty thousand taels less than the rebels had offered for his own cranium. But no heads coming, he invented, in order to get back to Canton, the abominable falsehood, and which was published in the *Pekin Gazette*, that the Portuguese of Macao were about to invade the Celestial Empire! Thus is this gigantic empire served by cowardly soldiers, lying mandarins, and a treacherous nobility. Everything has long been tending to a dissolution of a corrupt and untenable state of things. Hian-tung, in his rage, degraded prefects of towns and governors of provinces, and decapitated his unsuccessful generals. But of what avail? His soldiers would not act unless paid in advance, and even then often went immediately afterwards over to the enemy. Sai-chang-ha and Hu-lan-tai were among the first to feel the effects of the imperial choler, but the latter managed to concoct a victorious bulletin at the right moment, and he was reinstated. Nay, the emperor, who passed his time among his concubines and eunuchs, some of whom were plotting his destruction, found time to celebrate the exploits of his Tartar general in verse, after his own fashion—imperial, and, therefore, if not infallible, at all events far above criticism. Tian-tah replied, on his side, by a manifesto in prose, which created a sensation even among the European residents, who seldom trouble themselves with the politics of the interior of this extraordinary country.

The rebels—and it is an important point to notice as a lesson for the guidance of civilised nations—did not care to preserve the places which they captured. It appears that they disregarded the Fus, or first-class cities, and the Hians and Chus, or cities of the second and third class, with some few exceptions, alike; their object was to possess themselves of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Ming dynasty, and after levying the means necessary for paying their troops, they evacuated each town in its turn. But in a country so peculiarly centralised as everything is in China, so long as Pekin remains in the hands of the Mantchus they will preserve the empire of the central land. So also is it there, and there only, that nations baffled, traitorously assaulted, and subjected to all kinds and descriptions of debasing indignities at the hands of a set of miserable mandarins, must seek for satisfaction.

The even temporary subjection of Canton by the allies, albeit of infinite importance to the cause of humanity, has much less political weight with an emperor who fancies himself unapproachable in his castellated palace at Pekin—a city within a city—than would be imagined. But to humanity the results are truly gratifying. Hundreds, nay, sometimes thousands, of victims were there annually offered up to the holocaust of a barbarous policy. The manner in which these wholesale executions were carried out was at once simple, ingenious, and effective. The

victims were transferred to the Chinese Golgotha in cages of basket-work; they were shot out of these like so many beasts of the field, forced to kneel down, and then, as the executioner stood by with a heavy sword in his hands, an assistant took the patient by the body under the armpits and gave him a jerk forwards; this obliged the victim to throw out his arms and neck to save himself from tumbling on his face, and at that opportune moment down came the ponderous weapon, and off went the head, almost always at one blow. Fifty-three victims have been seen to be thus despatched in a few minutes of time.

With the exception of Kway-lin, a city of great natural and artificial strength, not a city, town, or hamlet on all Kwang-si but what had now adopted the costume of the Mings. An attempt was made by the emperor's special orders to recapture the city of Yung-gan-chu, but the rebels went forth to meet the imperialists, and defeated them with great slaughter. This victory was followed by the subjection of Hu-chu-fu, in the province of Canton. Europeans had thus a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the tactics of the Chinese, and they ascertained that they advanced to the assault in different bodies, led on by independent chiefs, but all acting in one cause—that of the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. A new manifesto was also published by the Chinese at this epoch, which spoke, like all former ones, of a dismemberment of the empire. When once they got to Pekin, it was said the land would be divided amongst the different chieftains. This may or may not be a deception on the part of one or more leaders to procure adherents, but it is interesting to know that any debasement of the imperial power by civilised nations may possibly lead to the dismemberment of this vast agglomeration of people with different habits, manners, and feelings. At the least, a confederation of feudal sovereigns would result from the inauguration of a new state of things. The different societies, so powerful in China, already understand this perfectly, and are prepared to act in such a sense when the time propitious for such a change shall arrive. In the same manifesto the decrees of Heaven are spoken of. "They have prostrated themselves," they announce, "before the Supreme Being, after having learned to worship God."* In the face of the missionary Huc's rodomontade, that the elements of the regeneration of China are in the hands of France alone by its missions, his own countrymen, Messrs. Callery and Yvan, avow that it is to Protestantism that is due the honour of having introduced these formulæ, unknown to the idolatrous Chinese and foreign to the language of the Romanists; and, according to the same authorities, a native Protestant really enjoys a very high rank among the insurgents, and exercises great authority among them. This Protestant is said to be a disciple of Gutzlaff, the late distinguished interpreter to the government at Hong-kong.

This is not Christianity, but it is not idolatry; it is the dawn of a better state of things, and one which may tend more powerfully to the

* Subsequent proclamations, more especially one issued by Yang, king of the east, and Siao, or Si-wang, king of the west, have not only alluded to the Supreme Lord, our Heavenly Father, who created the heaven and earth and all that therein is in six days, and to the Old Testament, but also to the Lord Jesus, the saviour of the world, who was incorporated in the country of Judæa and suffered for the redemption of mankind.

regeneration and assimilation of these ancient populations than anything that Romanism has done, and which, according to Huc's history of its missions, wondrous as were their works, and great as undoubtedly were their achievements, they were always defeated and nullified by internal dissensions among the Roman Catholics themselves. Of this we have full and detailed proofs in a previous elaborate analysis which we have given of M. Huc's very remarkable work.

"The merchantmen and steamers of Great Britain," says this theological partisan, "may furrow the seas of China; Cossacks may be stationed, lance in hand, the whole length of the great wall; as for us, it is in the very heart of the empire that we exercise our influence of charity and devotion. Thus, when the day shall arrive when political France shall at last intervene directly in the affairs of the Celestial Empire, it will only have to profit by the moral ascendancy which has been so long ensured to it by the preachers of the Gospel. Occasions will assuredly not be wanting to make her voice heard by this strange government, which has been accustomed for so many ages to treat Christians with so much contempt and cruelty. If England has not hesitated to send her fleets, in the interests of a few merchants, to ask satisfaction for a few boxes of opium burnt by a viceroy, shall not France have the right, when the hour shall have come, to interest herself in the cause of her missionaries persecuted, tortured, and martyred in the name of the Emperor of China?"

Undoubtedly so, and we hope the Chinese may have the laws of nations impressed upon them in a way that they will not easily forget. But since the first Romanist missionary set foot in China, in the traces of the primitive Chaldean Church, to the time when Dominicans and Franciscans were ready to sacrifice one another's lives upon the question as to whether the Chinese system of theology was or was not capable of assimilation with that of Rome, and to that when a Christian church arose in the city of Pekin itself, no step has been taken which approaches in the remotest degree in importance what has been accomplished when a nation in insurrection declares that the visible and material Tian, or Heaven—all that has as yet been recognised by the learned of the Yellow Empire—is tenanted by a great and omniscient and all-powerful Ruler, and, under the tuition of a more simple and effective doctrine—such as Father Ricci would himself have embraced—have learned to admit as a regenerating body that they have prostrated themselves before a Supreme Being, and learned to worship God.

The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, determined upon avenging the disasters of which the department of Ping-lo had been the theatre, marched against the rebels at the head of an army of thirteen thousand men. The forces met on the banks of the Kway-kiang, and, as usual, the imperialists were defeated, with the loss of one half of their number by desertion and wounds. Thereupon Sin pulled his grey moustaches with vexation, and hit upon a notable plan to repair the damage done. He sent off four thousand buffaloes, with resinous torches attached to their horns, accompanied by four thousand soldiers, and which were to be turned adrift, the torches being previously lighted into the insurgent camp. The rebels were warned of this clever stratagem, let the buffaloes

go quietly by, and fell upon their guard, destroying one half of their number.

The insurrection had spread by this time to Hai-nan, that great mountainous and yet fertile island, whose aborigines have never been subjected by the Chinese, and the possession of which by Great Britain would, to a certain extent, counterbalance the power lately obtained by France in Cambodia and Cochin-China. It appears that, as in the province of Kwang-si, the native mountaineers abetted the insurgent Chinese in their rebellion, and they soon possessed themselves of Kiung-chu-fu, the capital, and of the other chief towns.

To the north, the insurrection had also spread into the provinces of Hu-nan and Hu-pay, which, for brevity's sake, may be spoken of under their olden common name of Hu-kwang. They are hilly, or rather mountainous, districts, with a comparatively cold climate, and the inhabitants subsist mainly on corn and vegetables. The progress of the insurrection was not less rapid in these provinces than in the two Kwangs. Almost all the chief cities, as well as the second-class towns, fell into their hands without scarcely striking a blow. The people and their leaders alike went over to the national cause. True to their original system, the insurgents appropriated to themselves the public treasures and imperial tribute, but they always respected private property. As to the unlucky mandarins, they had no other alternative but to hang themselves in despair.

Tian-tah remained all this while in a strong position in the mountains of Tse-hing, not far from Kway-lin. That wonderfully intelligent viceroy, Sin, thought that he would now further illustrate his career by entering into negotiations with this mysterious personage. Tian-tah contented himself upon this occasion with asserting his claim to the throne as a descendant of the Mings, and declared that the time had come when the usurping Tartar dynasty of the Tsings should withdraw to their own country. A further attempt was made shortly after this to carry Kway-lin by assault, but the insurgents recoiled before so strong a place well defended with cannon. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, however, received a wound in the knee upon this occasion, which was rendered fatal by national prejudices. The assistance of a surgeon was sought for from Canton; but as no stranger was allowed to penetrate into the interior, Hu-lan-tai had to go to him, and he perished on the way!

A strange rumour also became current in this country of lies at this time. It was neither more nor less than that Tian-tah had been made a prisoner and conveyed to Pekin in chains. The *Gazette* of Pekin even announced the condemnation of the pretender to death. His last dying speech and confession were also published at length in the same official sheet. The chief object of this notable publication was to implicate the Chang-ti, or Protestants, and more especially the secret society founded by Gutzlaff, and known as the "Chinese Union." This comedy was another offspring of the fertile and ingenious brain of Sin, the viceroy of the two Kwangs. He had got hold of a minor rebel chief, and had sent him to Pekin ticketed as the veritable Tian-tah. Some Chinese men of letters furthered the deception, by inditing an apocryphal confession replete with political meaning. Another report current at the same

epoch was, that Tian-tah had removed from his mountain fastness to Chang-cha, in Hu-kwang, where he had raised a temple to the Supreme Being. One of the most common tricks of the mandarins has been all along to excite the fears of Europeans by declaring the hostility of the insurgents to the Christians, that they would take possession of Canton, drive them from the five ports, and close the empire to their commerce. But nothing has occurred in their conduct as yet to justify such insinuations; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that, if a new state of things was inaugurated in China, Europeans would as especially benefit by it as would the Chinese themselves.

The assimilation of the Chinese theogony with that of Europe was not a dream on the part of the old missionary, Father Ricci; we have seen in modern times that M. Huc has found that, in Thibet, the Romanists have been anticipated both in doctrine and practice, and that many of the tenets of the Buddhists foreshadow the principles of Christianity. And so it is also of Chinese civilisation, which recent researches have shown to have far more analogy and closer relations to European civilisation than people were at one time prepared to admit, and that even in its most absurd and ridiculous aspects, for are not the dragon standards and tiger-adorned shields found emblazoned in the heraldry of the West? And are not the analogies of the red and blue mantles, conical caps with diverse coloured stripes, and other grotesque military and official insignia to be met with in European costumes, in great hirsute head-gear, feather-topped helmets, cocked-hats, and other strange attire? It is not, after all, for us to laugh at the tigers of the Middle Empire, more especially when it is remembered that not many years back the command of "Rosto feroz ao inimigo" was included in the Portuguese drill, and thereupon the soldiery showed their teeth, and looked ferocious at an imaginary enemy. China is in reality only where Europe was three centuries ago, and if a few missionaries have suffered, how many human beings have been tortured for their faith in the dungeons of Avignon? and how many have expiated their right of conscience in solemn autos da fé in the cities of Spain?

Formosa, which, like Hai-nan, has its indigenous population of mountaineers that have never been subjected by the Chinese, and which has also been the frequent seat of successful piracy and rebellion, followed in the rear of the insurrection; but it appears to have been only partial in its effects, for Formosa is, on account of its importance to the navigation of the coast and its frequent seat of piracy, one of the great military establishments of the empire, and is occupied by some of the best Tartar troops.

In the mean time the insurgents experienced their first reverses in the north. Attacked at Chao-chu-fu, they were defeated with the loss of some four hundred men killed, wounded, and prisoners. A few days after they experienced another defeat at Yang-chu-fu; and this was accompanied by a sad disaster to their fleet of junks, which was partly consumed in an attempt made to fire the imperial fleet. They took their revenge at Kway-yang, which was carried by assault, and the war, like all civil wars, having become envenomed by prolonged struggling, assumed now a more grievous aspect—the public buildings were destroyed and burnt, the mandarins were put to death, and the inhabitants who had sided with

the imperialists had to purchase their lives and property by heavy pecuniary sacrifices. The family of the Lins, the most wealthy in the province, was mulcted in the sum of 200,000 taels. Wealthy patriarchal families of this description exist in each of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire; three or four generations live together on the same property, under one ancestor, but all have some pursuit, for in China, the opposite to us, the man who gains his bread by industry is more esteemed than he who lives upon his revenues.

In the month of September, 1852, Tian-tah established his head-quarters at Hing-gan, a walled city, admirably situated, and not far from Kway-lin, the head-quarters of the ingenious Sin. In the mean time, in consonance with the political theory advocated by the embodiment of "celestial virtue" of a federal empire, the rebels of Hu-nan proclaimed a new sovereign without in any way infringing the rights of the descendant of the Mings.

The whole disposable force of the insurgents, estimated at eighty thousand men, next concentrated itself at Kin-chu-fu, led on by chiefs equal in their rights, preparatory to the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, the most disastrous of all the campaigns during the insurrection. Several more towns had fallen into the hands of the Chinese. At one, Tao-chu, the Tartars hit upon the happy expedient of turning the river upon the enemy, but it only destroyed the rats—the first time, probably, that the race had been exterminated by tigers.

The emperor, humiliated by so many disasters, recalled his old and faithful councillors, Ki-chan and Ki-in, to the ministry; Hing-gan, another liberal, was named prime minister in the place of Sai-chang-ha, our old friend Sin was appointed to the government of the two Hus, and Y replaced him at Canton and in the two Kwangs. But with these changes of councillors Hian-fung did not change his policy. The Son of Heaven never deviated in his hostility to European barbarians; not even the services which they proffered to him at the most trying moments were capable of softening down that intensity of hatred which he has sucked with his Tartar mother's milk.

The rebels failed in an attack upon Chang-cha, the capital of Hu-nan, a beautiful city situated on the borders of the Siang, which flows out of a great lake into the Yang-tse-kiang, and backed by wooded mountains. This city is celebrated for an annual regatta, in which boats, representing all the fantastic animals created by the imagination of the children of the Celestial Empire, contest for prizes. They were more successful, led on by one of their most distinguished chiefs, Tai-ping-wang, at Yo-chu, where they obtained great booty and two hundred junks, with which they were enabled to navigate the river as far as King-chu-fu. It is to be observed here that the viceroy of the westerly and mountainous province of Kway-chu had always excused himself from sending aid to the imperial cause on the plea that the province was ravaged by rebels. The fact appears to be that these mountaineers, always vassals more than subjects, have rarely, if ever, been well affected towards the Mantchu dynasty. The hilly region of Chang-tong, inhabited by a peaceable, industrious, and well-affected class of people—the birthplace of Confucius—also declared in favour of the insurrection, and slew their governor. The descendants of the philosopher dwell in this district, and number

more than a thousand. They have lived there respected and honoured by all parties for now twenty centuries. Where are the descendants of the great philosophers, moralists, and of the benefactors to humanity in Europe?

All these increasing evils were augmented by a deficiency in the funds, which began to assume an aspect as alarming as that of the insurrection. The governors of provinces could give no account of the moneys entrusted to them. All they kept asking for was more money in order to be able to carry on the war. When they were moderate in their demands, they contented themselves with declaring that they had forty thousand men on foot; when they were extravagant, they boasted of one hundred thousand followers. The Son of Heaven is the most impudently robbed man in his empire. His ministers rob him, the governors rob the ministers, the prefects rob the governors, and so on down to the scullion. It is one universal, organised system of plunder. Under such a pressure, the emperor issued an edict calculated to debase a nation more than any that perhaps was ever before issued by terrestrial monarch. It is impossible to give it at length, albeit of rare interest; suffice it that it openly permits the sale of all places and dignities, even of judges, and authorises rebellion, vice, and even crime to be indemnified by money. The rebels continued, in the mean time, the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and obtained possession of Hu-chang-fu, the capital of the province of Hu-pay, and containing at that time some four hundred thousand inhabitants. They also succeeded in obtaining possession of one of the most remarkable districts in China, the oft-described three cities Hu-chang, Han-yang, and Han-chu, situated at the junction of the river Han with the Yang-tse-kiang, the first on the right bank of the Han, the second on the left, and the third on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse-kiang, and not less celebrated for their population, wealth, industrial movement, and myriads of junks, than for picturesque detail of the parts and the general magnificence of the whole. Since the period now in question our enterprising war steamers have made their way up to this great commercial centre of China, and, alas! found it sadly fallen off in every respect from what had been depicted by different travellers previous to the ravages of this most frightful civil war.

The fall of the provincial capital Hu-chang was disbelieved by the Europeans and provincial mandarins alike, till a manifesto from the emperor, laying the blame on Sin and the commander-in-chief Hiang-yang, and announcing the advent of new armies collected from the now Russian provinces of the Kirin and the Amur, came to certify to the fact. After an appeal to the loyalty of his subjects, the young emperor concluded his proclamation by a brief but eloquent summary of the evils entailed by the insurrection.

"Years have elapsed since my armies have been on foot. The afflicted districts of Kwang-si have never recovered the mischief done, and Hu-nan has been reduced to cinders. Quite recently the spirit of rebellion has broken out into flames, and disorder has gained Hu-chang and Han-yang. The districts through which the insurrection has passed have been trampled under foot; and although the capitals of Kway-lin and of Chang-cha have been preserved intact, the sufferings of those of my people who have been expelled from their homes have been beyond all expression."

The fact of the fall of the Tripolis of Hu-pay, certified by imperial proclamation, carried with it alarm throughout the whole empire. Not a town but made its levies, and prepared for war. The paucity of military resources possessed by China may be judged of when it is known that Shanghai, with a large floating population (floating in the actual, and not the received sense of the word), and a resident population of two hundred thousand inhabitants, could only furnish a contingent of a hundred regulars and the same number of volunteers. The populace, especially the maritime portion, as experience has since shown, reserved themselves for action when there were greater chances of plunder.

It is well known what a large portion of the maritime population of China, especially in the province of Fu-kian, or Fo-kien, is addicted to piracy. The embarrassments caused by the insurrection gave a new impetus to this system of plunder, and the pirates carried their incursions into the very heart of the Yang-tse-kiang. It was then that the government was obliged to have recourse to the "Filhos de Macao," the degenerate descendants of the heroic adventurers of the fifteenth century, who armed a certain number of Portuguese lorchas; but, unskilful as sailors, and with little enterprise as combatants, their aid proved a delusion.

Under these circumstances, and the insurgents having reached Nankin, the emperor had no alternative but to appeal to the magnanimity of Great Britain to aid in putting down piracy and rebellion at the same time. The demand for succour was made in a deceitful, boasting language, and for service to be rendered all that was promised was "the gratitude of the people, and the assurance that each could pursue his avocations in tranquillity!" The English and the Americans jointly tendered their good aid to put down piracy, but they declined, after the language of the appeal made to them, to take rank among the tributaries of China, and as newly subjected nations, who it would be announced in some new proclamation had conducted themselves faithfully in the duties which it was assigned to them to perform.

When the Chinese party had thus obtained possession of the richest provinces of the empire, Kiang-nan and Kiang-si, their leaders assumed a real importance, and more correct information was obtained as to their individuality. Tai-ping-wan—we use only his assumed name, "the great pacificator"—was the commander-in-chief, and he had with him four kings, his colleagues: Tung-wang, king of the east, a little spare man, about thirty-five years of age, and pitted with small-pox; Si-wang, king of the west, young, active, and brave—the Achilles of this pleiad of kings, but since dead; Nan-wang, king of the south, a man of letters; and Pay-wang, king of the north, young, and of great strength and intrepidity—the Ajax of the insurrection. Such were the five chiefs whose army now acted in concert, and they were aided and abetted by a great number of inferior officers. Two ministers are also deserving of mention, as they may play an important part should the Chinese party be successful and carry the day against the Mantchu Tartars. One is a little, sharp, clever personage, Fung-je-chang by name; the other is thin, ugly, and bony, but a highly educated man, and the author, it is supposed, of most of the proclamations issued by the insurgents. This is the person who is believed to be a Chang-ti, or Protestant, and a member

of the "Chinese Union," if not an actual disciple of Gutzlaff's. His name is Chi-ta-kai.

After having obtained possession of the triple city of Hu-pay, the rebels continued the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and occupied successively Kin-kiang, Gan-king, and Hu-hu. Obtaining possession at the same time of all the junks and merchant vessels that were on the river, the five kings made their appearance before Nankin with a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men. Nankin, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, had been the capital of the empire under the Ming, or Chinese dynasty. What remains in the present day of this once great city, occupies, like the existing fragments of Bagdad—the city of the Khalifs—only a small extent of the circuit of the walls, which embraced an area three times the extent of Paris. The land is now cultivated where there were formerly streets, and the grass grows on the quays where the junks used to lie in a triple row. Yet nothing can exceed the fertility of the province of Kiang-nan. It surpasses alike Flanders, Belgium, and Lombardy. The fertile alluvium of the Yang-tse-kiang is furrowed by a thousand canals full of fish, and lined with bamboos and willows. The plains between are covered with yellow cotton, rice, fruit, and vegetables that yield two crops in the year. Scarlet and mother-of-pearl pheasants enliven the scene. This province alone supports thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, ten times as many as Belgium, and more than all France put together.

"And yet," writes a Frenchman, pondering upon this vast amount of population and productiveness accumulated in one single province of the Celestial Empire, "good people, our countrymen, those who have the happiness to figure to themselves that our nation is the richest and the most powerful in the world, also believe that their country is the most populous." These are the same "good people," we suppose, who, because we cannot go along with them in their policy of aggression and annexation, officially declare that we have nothing for the future but to take rank as a second-class power! A little travel sometimes does a wondrous deal of good in clearing the eyesight and sweeping away the cobwebs of national, political, and even religious prejudices.

Whilst the army of the five kings was gathering around the old monument of the Mings—the axis, as it were, of an extinct dynasty—the well-known nine-storied pagoda—the emperor was raising his wife by proclamation in the *Kin-sin-pao*—the official gazette of Pekin and the "Moniteur" of the eighteen provinces, and of three hundred and sixty millions of people—to the rank of empress associate. Sin was deposed, and the aid of ships purchased from the Anglo-Americans, and of rusty guns bought from the Portuguese of Macao, was sought for, but all in vain; the people of the old capital of the Mings naturally sided with those who proclaimed the revival of the dynasty and the re-establishment of their city as the capital of the empire. Nankin soon capitulated to the insurgents, who have held it, and the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang, ever since. The Chinese party may be barbarians; in that they only imitate their rivals—the Mantchus. They may have destroyed cities and massacred the inhabitants where they met with prolonged opposition; they may have since been beaten by the Mantchu Tartars when they crossed the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, on their way to Pekin; they may

have manifested a hostile bearing to Europeans, owing partly to the misrepresentations of their countrymen, and partly to the attitude assumed by Europeans themselves; they may have treated Sir George Bonham's mission scurvily; and their chief may, in Oriental extravagance, have gone so far as to designate himself "Brother of the Saviour." It is an Eastern expression, as they say Sons of God. But they have still some redeeming points about them; they have overthrown idolatry, they receive the word of God with the greatest deference and eagerness. They call us brothers, and they are engaged in printing the Bible to a very large extent. There cannot be a question, then, but that, with all their faults, they present the best material with which to work out the regeneration of China. If, after the lapse of so many years, they have been unable to expel the reigning dynasty, still they hold possession of the richest and most wealthy and central provinces of the Flowery Land. Of the four most important and central marts of China, Chu-sin on the Yellow River, Fuh-shan, Han-chu, and King-tai-chin, three are on the vast and populous plain of the Yang-tse-kiang, and in the hands of the Chinese party. In that of the broken-down Mantchus, there only remains a few strongholds, the ports maintained by European forces and the northerly provinces of Pe-cheli, or Pay-chili, Chan-si, and Chen-si.

There can, indeed, be no mistake as to the bearing of such an event as the fall of Nankin into the hands of an essentially native or Chinese party, with the prestige of the restoration of an ancient dynasty and an antique capital. The Tartar party may still, abetted by guns obtained from the Muscovites in barter for a province, hold out against gun-boats, taken by surprise and at every disadvantage, from behind ball-absorbing entrenchments; but it is like the last gush of brilliancy from a dying light. Sir John Davis, than whom no one is more conversant with China, said long ago of Nankin:

"This city would be the place most accessible to a European fleet; and as the canal flows into the river a little below the city, on the sea side, the blocade of the mouth of the canal and of the Yang-tse-kiang would not fail to place the whole empire at the mercy of an invader, even to the capital, which is provisioned by the central and southerly provinces." His words were prophetic; for when the British appeared at the point indicated, and held possession of the entrance of the canal, the mandarins hastened humbly to sue for peace; they knew that the British from that moment held the keys of the empire of China, and that it was in their power at any time to starve the emperor in his paradise.

Times are now changed; a Chinese faction holds the ancient city and its canal. Pekin is provisioned from the seaports still held by a Tartar soldiery by sea; and the allies have the obscure viceroy of a province to bring to terms rather than the hereditary ruler of a vast empire. The misadventure at the mouths of the Peiho have led altogether to mistaken and exaggerated notions as to the power and resources of the Tartar dynasty. A few frigates and gun-boats, and a small body of troops inured to desultory warfare in India, would have settled the matter with the last of the Tsings in a very short time. How far such a settlement would influence the Chinese party it is difficult to say. There is room in the relation of the two—Tartar *v.* Chinese—for the display of much forensic and diplomatic ability. The days of the Wellesleys, the Has-

tings, the Mintos, and the Malcolms must be as utterly gone by as those of the Clives, the Wellingtons, and the Lakes, when Great Britain has to wait for foreign aid to avenge a grievous insult inflicted by a barbarian power, or when the existence of such an opportunity cannot be turned to the advantage of a progressive civilisation.*

The policy of the Tartar dynasty has been hitherto limited to the invention of lying proclamations, in order to terrify the Europeans and incense them against the insurgents, and to implicate them in actual hostilities. Unfortunately their duplicity, backed by the love of gain, has met with a partial success. We have seen that the Tao-tah, or prefect of Shanghai, succeeded in purchasing the aid of a few Portuguese lorchas, under the pretence of putting down piracy on the river, but really to act against the insurgents. An old receiving ship, called the *Science*, was also purchased from the Anglo-American house of Russell, and, as it sailed up the Yang-tse-kiang, it was proclaimed that the foreign barbarians, vassals to the Son of Heaven, were sending succour to his cause. This exasperated the insurgents, who had always upheld the cause of Europeans and of their faith in the highest degree, and the United States steamer *Susquehanna* having unfortunately gone up the river at the very time, they put the governor of Nankin, who had been spared up to that epoch, to death, and, fixing his head on a bamboo, planted the bloody trophy on the city walls, as an act of defiance to the barbarians. Luckily, a man of great courage and moral intrepidity—Mr. Meadows—undertook at this crisis to wend his way by Su-chu-fu—the Capua of China—to Nankin, to correct the erroneous impressions promulgated by the Tartar mandarins; and thus was this misunderstanding, so fertile in mischief, removed for the time being. The feelings of the Chinese themselves, not only at Nankin and Su-chu-fu, but even at Shanghai, may be best judged of when it is stated, on the authority of Sir John Davis, that when our armament carried the immense line of stone batteries which had been constructed at Wusung, at the mouth of the Shanghai river, the natives very merrily lent their aid to drag our guns against the town, the Tartar troops being all dispersed. The treaty of peace was on that occasion signed, curiously enough, on board the *Cornwallis* flag-ship, opposite that very gate of Nankin where Sir John Davis himself saw our ambassador, the late Lord Amherst, openly insulted by the gate being closed against him, in 1806. There is a retribution even in the affairs of nations. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Europeans of Shanghai should have deemed it necessary to arm, and fortify, and to enter into active hostilities against the Chinese party; but they had, really, no more alternative than Lord Elgin's exploratory expedition on its ascent of the Yang-tse-kiang, when fired upon by the forts in the hands of the insurgents. It might be suggested that, as we brought the Chinese government to terms upon one occasion, by occupying the mouth of the Grand Canal at Nankin,

* The opinion of the most experienced Romanist missionaries is said to be that the empire, as now constituted, is too large for the management of one sovereign, and that if it could be divided there would be a prospect of progress; and they say, why not determine on such a division without more ado? Let Tian-tah, or Tai-ping-wang, who emphatically disclaims all desire to be treated as more than human, be confirmed in the southern region. Let Hien-fung, with the aid of his Russian friends, make himself as secure as he can in the north.

the same plan might be adopted on the present occasion; but this has been ably met by Sir John Davis and Mr. Consul Alcock, by pointing out that the ground has been now pre-occupied for the last five or six years by the insurgents. They have, by possessing Nankin, Chin-kiang-fu, and the canal, cut off all communication with Pekin that way as well as we could, and by going there we should only come in collision with those to whom we have always professed perfect neutrality—we must, then, become either their allies or their enemies. At the same time, there can be no doubt, as advocated by Captain Collinson and the lamented Captain Vansittart, that there is nothing that would ultimately tend more to cement the bonds of amity between China and Great Britain than sending our steamers up into the interior by means of the Yang-tse-kiang, putting down piracy on that great river, and opening commercial relations with Han-chu and its two sister cities. The Yang-tse-kiang stands unrivalled by any other river in this world as regards its population, its wealth, and the enormous traffic that takes place on its waters. Mr Consul Alcock declares that we have no conception in England of the vast extent of the inland traffic of China. There is, he asserts, a greater trade carried on between the eighteen provinces of China than between all Europe and the rest of the world. If we wish, says the same authority, to have a share in that trade, we must go up to Han-chu, where we should find a new market for our manufactures, and a means of distributing them in the interior among millions who have never heard of them. No real progress will be made till we have gained these two points—free access to the tea and silk districts and the central marts there, and the right to navigate the Yang-tse-kiang and to enter the great cities on its banks or those of its tributaries.

Mr. Crawfurd, who estimates the population of the great plain of the Yang-tse-kiang at somewhere about one hundred millions, or about three-and-a-half times the population of the United Kingdom, also advocates the navigation of the Yang-tse-kiang, as affording us the means of controlling the Chinese, and dictating to them terms of fairness and justice in our intercourse. We availed ourselves of this means on a former occasion, and in Mr. Crawfurd's opinion we shall be obliged to do so again. As to the objection founded on the presence of the Tye-pings, as Mr. Crawfurd designates the Chinese party, they are, he says, sanguinary vagabonds and rebels, and if they oppose our advance they should be knocked on the head.*

Mr. Lockhart, in a memoir on the Yang-tse-kiang published by the Royal Geographical Society, also considers it of the first importance that access to this district should be secured to us; it appears, he says, to be the most important mart in Asia; half the Manchester and Leeds goods that are sent to China have already found their way there. If a line of European commerce were opened, sea-going ships would leave their cargoes at Shanghai, and steamers would be employed on the river.

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* The much-regretted Captain Vansittart remarked upon the barbarities of imperialists as compared with those of the rebels, that, upon the retaking of Amoy, the Tartars executed some fourteen hundred in about fifty minutes, until the very sea around was covered with blood; on landing on the wharf he had the gore running over his shoes. Captain Vansittart also reverted to the well-known diabolical proceedings of Commissioner Yeh at Canton.

Mr. Pliny Miles, of the United States, compares the Yang-tse-kiang with the Mississippi, than which, he says, there are no two rivers so nearly alike. But there is this difference, that while one has a population of one hundred millions on its banks, the other has not more than ten or twelve millions. Now, when we come to consider the immense number of steamers running on the Mississippi to supply the wants of those ten millions, we can form some idea of the enormous number of vessels there must be on the Yang-tse-kiang to supply the wants of that vast population of one hundred millions, or more. The Mississippi and its tributaries have in constant employment more than a thousand steamboats, and many of these of very large size: and Mr. Miles justly remarked, that were the same class of steamers introduced on the Yang-tse-kiang that run on the American rivers—vessels drawing from thirteen inches to three feet of water—it would inevitably give an enormous impetus to the traffic of that great river.

When the British squadron ascended the Yang-tse-kiang in 1858, an account of which ascent has been given by Mr. Oliphant, secretary to the Earl of Elgin, the cities were found to be sadly desolated by prolonged civil war. Still they were united in declaring Han-kow, or Han-chu, to be the most central spot in the empire, from whence foreign trade might radiate. It is to be observed that, on this occasion, the *Furious*, Captain Sherard Osborn, drawing *sixteen feet of water*, reached this great and important central mart. The river is navigable much further up, and beyond are caravan routes to Nepaul and India—the ancient commercial line between the extreme east and the central east—before ships went to India by the Cape of Good Hope. If the Yang-tse-kiang is not the longest river in the world, being three thousand miles long; if it does not drain so large an area even as the Amur—one hundred and thrty-six thousand eight hundred to one hundred and forty-five thousand square miles—it is universally admitted to be one of the most important, having so many populous cities containing one hundred millions of people on its banks, and traversing as it does the centre of one of the richest and most productive countries in the world. The trade of Shanghai in exports alone is now about 12,000,000*l.* sterling per annum, paid for by Manchester and Leeds goods, bar silver, and opium. To what extent this trade might be extended in the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang it would be futile to speculate upon, but it opens prospects even far beyond that, and which extend to the very heart of Thibet. If rebellion has devastated the land, and desolation has stalked abroad, any one who has witnessed the celerity with which the indomitable industry of the Chinese has repaired the effects of a conflagration in a large town may well feel sanguine as to the speedy revival of commerce and population as soon as there is renewed safety to property and person. Were the Mantchu dynasty unimpressionable, and the rights of the Chinese to be advocated by European and American powers, or were the Mantchus to leave the pacification of China to the powers, with the opening of the country as a recompense, there cannot be the slightest doubt but that the Yang-tse-kiang would soon again be covered by the Chinaman's argosies:

> Mox reficit rates
> Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

Indeed, a well-known couplet of our own poet might (with slight variation) be applied to the Chinese:

> You break his web of *industry* in vain,
> The creature's at his busy work again.

But to believe with Mr. Crawfurd, because that gentleman once failed on a mission to the Birman court up the Irrawaddy, that any attempt to negotiate with the Mantchu dynasty at Pekin, or to keep up a representative there, will prove a total failure, is almost too grievous an error to entertain for a moment. Such local negotiation must lead to one thing or another—the fall of the dynasty, or the success of the cause of commerce and civilisation. All sinologists—learned men, or eminently practical men intimately acquainted with the country personally—agree that, until we have direct relations with the court of Pekin, based upon a rational footing, we shall always be met by anomalies and contradictions.

It is true that it is only prudent to make a reserve of the extreme difficulty there is in predicting anything of a people whose ways are so diametrically opposite in almost everything to our own; who designate the compass as a "south-pointing needle," and who call the north-west the west-north, and the south-east the east-south; who mount a horse on the off side, and mourn for their relations in a complete suit of white; with whom the left hand is the place of honour, and who keep the head covered out of civility; who begin a book exactly where we end one, and read vertically from top to bottom instead of horizontally from left to right; whose men wear petticoats and necklaces of beads and carry fans, and whose women smoke pipes of tobacco, but do *not* wear crinolines; whose old men fly paper kites while their little boys study philosophy, and who place the seat of the human intellect in the stomach! But still there is much to be hoped for. It surely is not in the ways of Providence that nations should remain always stationary and exclusive. Above all, it is gratifying to find Lord Clyde, who, when Sir Colin Campbell, made an ascent of the Yang-tse-kiang as far as Nankin, endorsing the experienced sinologist Mr. Thom's political axiom in regard to the conduct to be pursued towards the Chinese: "Having once made a demand, we cannot withdraw it without confirming the Chinese in the impression that we are afraid of them. This impression *has* gone abroad over the empire, and such a most fatal and unhappy impression may very likely cause seas of blood at some future day." The only way to avert this is not to ask of the emperor more than it is decent and just that he should grant; but once the demand made, to see that it is carried out, and not to insist upon the reception of an envoy at Pekin, and then back out of it, and say that the residence of such representative at a seaport will suffice. It is one of the great principles in all political relations with Orientals to be moderate, yet firm; every act of forbearance is invariably looked upon as a weakness. The fact of the powers insisting upon the issue of a hatti-scheriff by the Sultan, and then never troubling themselves about its execution, may one day be the cause of the fall of the present dynasty in Turkey in Europe; and the letting off the Hindus from all contributions to the expenses of the late rebellion—albeit they have riches untold hoarded up in remote and obscure places—will do

more to lower the British character, and shake her sway in India, than aught that has occurred since a Briton first put his foot upon the land. This is a point, however, that can only be felt in all its force by one who is intimate with the Oriental character—it is Sanscrit to the anti-English school of politicians.

The policy advocated by Sir John Davis in regard to Canton is precisely that which is best suited to Pekin, and, indeed, to every provincial capital or vice-royalty which the progress of events may require to be no longer monopolised, to the exclusion of commerce and civilisation, by a rabble from the deserts of Tartary, who have no more natural right in the Yellow Empire than the Turks have at Constantinople. At most of the new ports to the northward, Sir John remarked, in a memoir read before the Royal Geographical Society, the power and the moderation of the British were equally demonstrated during the war, until the growing good-feeling of the native population towards their invaders became one of the omens, at least, which induced the imperial government to hasten an accommodation with us. The forbearance, on the other hand, shown to Canton, was attributed, as is usual with all semi-barbarous nations, to wrong motives—a mistake which the experience of the north did not tend to correct, because the immense distances, and the imperfect means of communication, keep the different portions of the empire very much in the dark respecting each other. Hence this very forbearance only tended to promote both the ill-feeling and the arrogance of the Cantonese. It seems a good policy, then, argued Sir John, as regards the Cantonese, and mere justice and humanity towards the better disposed populations, that if a lesson is to be administered, it should be administered in the right quarter. Topical evils require topical remedies.

Now this is precisely the case with Pekin. With Great Britain, France, Russia, the United States, Spain, Prussia, and even Denmark, all pressing on the Celestial borders, it is high time that the question should be decided upon what terms European ambassadors are to be received at the court of China. If government should be weak enough to concede the point of non-residence of a British ambassador, as advocated by some, it is quite certain that other powers would do nothing of the kind. The Romanists have already a church in Pekin; the Russians have their agents, and are about to inaugurate telegraphic communication between the capital and their own territory. This would require a resident staff of engineers. Great Britain would then, by such undignified forbearance, only place itself in an isolated position of weakness and incompetency.

Again, the ancient ceremonial code of the empire can no longer be tolerated. Degradations to which European envoys, in the earlier ages of travel, reluctantly submitted, cannot be imposed any longer. For centuries a struggle has been carried on between the professors of Chinese and Tartar etiquette and the representatives of the West. A French sinologist, of great learning and experience, has recently translated the stipulations of the Tartar government with respect to foreign ministers, and the volume distinctly proves that which has been ignorantly or dishonestly denied by the anti-English faction—the ignominy forced upon such envoys as solicit a personal audience of the emperor at Pekin. Do these illogical defamers of their country, it has been justly asked, know

that, in the state documents of China, England is characterised as a tributary kingdom? Have they heard that the ambassador of Queen Victoria would be compelled to present his letter of credence after three times kneeling and nine times touching the ground with his face prostrate before the jaundiced ape who calls himself Emperor of China? This is a state of things alike degrading to all European nations that have submitted to it, and that must be put an end to for ever.

We have no right, it may be suggested, to force our civilisation upon China; but when the Chinese have contracted solemn engagements and unquestionable obligations, we are justified in acting upon them, and in enforcing penalties for their infraction. The case between England and China is that of a lenient creditor defrauded and outraged by an unscrupulous, an unprincipled, and an ungrateful debtor. Have not the Chinese been for years indebted to British steamers and their crews for the extirpation of piracy? And how have they returned the benefit conferred upon them? Yet in the midst of all their insulting arrogance and contumacious contempt have they not been treated with every conceivable and most mistaken and ill-placed forbearance? Did not Lord Elgin even remit the pecuniary ransom due from them? Was not Pekin spared, when it might have been laid in ruins? Has not Canton been governed, since its occupation, without offence even to the local mandarins? And would it not be the same of every other provincial capital or port, should matters once be settled at Pekin? The envoy of Queen Victoria cannot go to that city in a manner that is inconsistent with the dignity of the crowned head that he represents, still less can British seamen and marines be shot down with impunity by unworthy stratagems. There is no doubt but that Russia and the United States will make great and untiring efforts to prevent a collision taking place between the Mantchu Tartars and Great Britain and France united, or Great Britain acting unsupported, in the apprehension that he who strikes the first blow at a decrepit and fallen monarchy—an illusory power of pasteboard and tinsel—will reap the greatest amount of political or commercial benefits. It is not at all impossible, in this age of truckling, that they may succeed. Their interested motives will, strange to say, meet with supporters in this country. Great Britain will, however, remember that in this instance she has not only her commerce to protect, but that she has also her honour to redeem. Public opinion, with the fractional exceptions before alluded to, and whom that veteran statesman Lord Brougham has denounced and branded, and for ever held up to national ignominy as "fiendish tempters," has clearly expressed itself upon this point. It will not permit a British envoy to crawl like a worm, crouch like a dog, and lick the dust like a slave, before a barbarian chief; nor will it allow the insult to our flag, and the treacherous slaughter of our countrymen, to go unavenged. Come what will out of it, it will honour those who avenge our wrongs, and restore our reputation, tarnished for a moment by an act of perfidy, to its pristine lustre, no matter in countries however remote, however obscure, or however difficult of approach.

AN ILL-OMENED DREAM WORKED OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

A MIDDLE-SIZED comfortable room in a country house was growing dusk and dim in the autumn twilight. The large blazing fire had faded down to red embers, having rendered the atmosphere unpleasantly warm, and a lady seated in a lounging chair had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely though it was, and even in her hands, as they lay, listless, on her lap, there was an air of abandonment.

Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect; the retrospect of only the two months past: they had brought grief to her—as the summer did to the unhappy girl, told of in the "Banks of Allan Water."

You cannot have forgotten her. It was Clara Lake, and this paper will close her history. The world, in its hard, matter-of-fact reality, laughs at such histories; but it has to witness such from its nooks and corners, laugh or not laugh.

Had any one told her, the previous August, when she came over to Guild Farm for a two days' visit, that the visit would not be one of days, but of months, she would have disbelieved them. Nevertheless, things had so turned out, all easily and naturally, as it seemed to look back upon, as it seemed to her, now she was tracing its events.

The two days' visit had passed delightfully, and Mrs. Chester pressed them to remain to the end of the week. A happy idea (or the contrary: the reader must judge) came to Mr. Lake before it was over. They had contemplated making alterations in their house at Katterley: two of the rooms were to be enlarged, and the whole repapered, painted, and embellished. Mr. Lake proposed that it should be set about then, instead of deferred till spring, and that they should remain his sister's guests while it was done, paying her of course, *sub rosa*, for Mrs. Chester had a difficulty in making both ends meet. They would not be above a month about the alterations, if they worked well, was Mr. Lake's opinion, and his wife acquiesced, for Mrs. Chester pressed it eagerly. He knew nothing of workmen; builders, carpenters, decorators: the old saying, "If once you get them into a house, you never get them out," seemed to hold true in this instance; for here was October come, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for their reception as ever.

It would have been a very slight grievance, for Mrs. Chester's house was agreeable, and they had no particular home ties; no children yet awhile; their baby had died. A very slight grievance indeed, under ordinary circumstances: but there was one inhabiting it with them, who was rendering it insupportable to Clara Lake. It was Angeline, Lady Ellis.

Young, good-looking, exacting, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it, provided she got it, she had cast her basilisk eyes, the first hour she met him, on the careless, attractive

Frederick Lake, one of those men, wife or no wife, who are ever ready to meet such admiration more than half way. A flirtation was plunged into, pretty deep on both sides, and for a whole month it never gave Mrs. Lake a care or a thought, for she was accustomed to see her husband's admiration given to others: but never yet had a possibility crossed her mind that he could give more than admiration, for she believed his love was hers; hers only; to be hers for ever.

Imperceptibly, she could not remember when it first arose, a shade of annoyance, of vexation stole upon her, for the flirtation (we have to call it that, for want of a better name) grew into sentiment, if not to passion; and also to concealment—a bad sign, the latter. And now, that October was come in, and passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of wild jealousy, preying upon her very heartstrings. She had loved her husband with all the fervour of a deeply imaginative nature, and she had believed in him with the perfect trustingness of a refined, unsuspicious English girl.

She sat in her chair there, drawn away from the heat of the fire, but what was that heat, compared to the heat, the inward fever that raged within her? "If it could but end!" she murmured, "if we could but go back to our home at Katterley!" Mr. Lake had gone over by the train, that afternoon, to see how it was progressing, and she wondered he was not back. Lady Ellis had disappeared after dinner, Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dressmaker at work, making frocks for her children; for she had to practise various little ins and outs of economy; so that Mrs. Lake had the room to herself.

A young girl came in, Fanny Chester, and Mrs. Lake roused herself, glad perhaps of the interruption to her thoughts. "Is mamma in the nursery still, dear?"

"Yes. She's helping at the skirts, and showing Miss Cooper how she wants the bodies cut. Is Uncle Fred not here?"

"Uncle Fred is not back yet, Fanny."

"Yes he is. I saw him from the window with Lady Ellis, ever so long ago. They were going towards the shrubbery. Will you please reach me one of those old newspapers up there? Mamma sent me for it: she wants to cut a pattern."

Giving the child the newspaper she asked for, and watching her from the room, Mrs. Lake drew to the window and looked out, her heart beating rebelliously. So! he was back, "ever so long ago," and solacing himself with the sweet companionship of Lady Ellis! An impulse, a wild impulse which she could not restrain, led her to open the glass doors and step out into the dusky twilight, willing to see with her own eyes whether the child's information was true. Had she given herself a moment's time for reflection she probably would not have gone, for she was of a highly honourable nature, and the very idea of being a spy, even upon her recreant husband, is abhorrent to such. Had she ever followed them before? No. Though she knew there had been stolen interview upon interview.

It was a raw, foggy evening, and the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the heated room. What cared she? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice, she would not have felt it then.

Well, what did she find, or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking it in

the abstract, but quite enough to fan the jealous indignation of a wife. The shrubbery appeared to be empty, and she had glided half way down it, when from a cross opening, she caught the sound of advancing footsteps and voices. Retreat was not expedient, for she must pass the opening, and might encounter them: and she darted into an alcove, behind the bench which ran along its front. She had not bargained to get so close to them, and almost hoped the earth might open and bury her alive, rather than she should be seen.

He was toying with one of her hands; they were close enough for Mrs. Lake to see that in the dusk; and his tones were low and tender—the same tones which had been given to *her* before their marriage, and which had won her heart for ever. What he was saying, she could not in her agitation tell, but as they were passing her, going from the house, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Frederick, it is getting dark and cold."

Frederick! And his wife listening! It might have made no difference, had Lady Ellis known that.

"The dark won't hurt you," he softly said. "Are you not with me?"

"But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the cold and damp very much."

She spoke in a timid, gentle tone: as different from her natural tones, as different from those she used to any one *but* him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love, to trample upon his wife's feelings, to outrage her affections, was a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves: let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think, Angeline, in the summer-house. Sit you there while I get it."

He actually placed her on the bench close to where his wife was standing: they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth *would* open.

He came swinging back with it: a warm, grey woollen shawl. "All right, Angeline. Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were there: I noticed that you left it. Now be quiet. Have you any pins: I'll wrap you up."

She had risen, and he put the shawl upon her, carrying it over her head, and making her sit down again while he "fixed" it, so that only her face was visible, pinning it under her chin: with such care—oh! with such care.

"You are taking as much trouble as though we were going to stop out till midnight," laughed Lady Ellis. "What will your wife think?"

"She doesn't know I am back. And if she did: what then? There; you can't feel the cold now."

"No, I don't think I can."

"But what am I to have for my pains?"

She did not answer. And Frederick Lake, lifting the handsome face to his, kissed it passionately. "My dearest!" he softly whispered.

They moved away. He with his arm round her: possibly to keep the shawl in its place. And Mrs. Lake stole from her hiding-corner and

hastened to the farm: had any one been near, they might have heard a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the inclement evening air.

Some writer remarks—and I think it is Bulwer, in his "Student"—that, to the vulgar, there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true: but I think the word "vulgar" is there misplaced; unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. *Ultra*-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassioned nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, its workings, can never be betrayed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth, to battle with its sins and its cares: for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealised: the gold too highly refined, remember, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the word, infidelity, is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit, the wandering of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them: and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life, as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. *This* was the infidelity that wrought the misery of Clara Lake: that other infidelity, whether it was, or was not to have place, she barely glanced at: her husband's love had left her for another, and what mattered aught else?

She returned, shivering, to the house, entering by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out: it wanted stirring and replenishing: she never saw it, never noticed it, but crept up-stairs to her own room. We cannot follow her: for you may not doubt that the quarter of an hour she stopped in it, she had *need* to be alone, away from the prying eyes of men.

The warm light came out from the open nursery door as she emerged again, and she went in. Mrs. Chester was running the slate-coloured lining to the skirt of a black frock, and Miss Cooper sat at the same table, equally busy. She was the sister of the young man who had driven the train the night of the accident in August; was, like him, steady and well-conducted, and many ladies employed her at their houses by day.

"Is it you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "I shall be down in an instant. Is tea on the table?"

"I—I don't know. I have been in my room," replied Mrs. Lake, sitting in a low chair close to the fire.

A light, quick footstep was heard on the stairs, and Frederick Lake dashed in, a gay smile on his handsome face. "Pretty housekeepers you are! the fire's out, down stairs."

"The fire out!" uttered Mrs. Chester, in consternation. "Clara, dear, what have you been thinking of? you should have rung. Where's Lady Ellis? what will she say of my housekeeping? Fanny, run, and tell one of them to see to it. So you have got back, Fred," she added to her brother.

"Safe and sound," was his response. "And how are you by this time, Clary?" cried he, as, standing between her and the table, he bent down to the low chair where she sat, and kissed her forehead.

It was a cold kiss—a careless matter-of-course sort of kiss, *à la* matri-

mony. She made no answering response, but the hot crimson dyed her cheeks, as she contrasted it with certain other kisses bestowed by him on somebody else not long before; *they* were passionate enough: rather too much so. Had he noticed, he might have seen his wife press her hand sharply on her bosom: as if she might be trying to hide its tumultuous throbbing.

"And how does the house get on, Fred?" asked Mrs. Chester.

"Slower than ever. You'll have us till Christmas, Penelope, according to the present look-out."

"I hope I shall: although Clara"—turning towards her—"does seem in a fidget to get back."

Clara seemed in a fidget about nothing, just then: she was sitting perfectly still, her face and her eyes cast down. Frederick Lake rattled on, in his own fashion, beginning upon the dressmaker now.

"What's that you are cutting out? a pair of pantaloons for me?"

"It's a pair of sleeves, sir."

"Oh, sleeves: I feared they'd hardly be large enough. By the way, nothing has been done yet about your brother, one way or the other."

"No, sir. It is very hard."

"It is very strange," returned Mr. Lake—"strange there should be this contradiction about the lights. Each side is so positive."

"I am quite certain, sir, that Matthew would not say what was untrue, even to save himself: therefore, when he says it was only the green light that was up, I know it was the green."

"Precisely the same thing that I tell everybody: I have unlimited faith in Cooper."

"And there's Colonel West to bear out what he says, sir, you know. The colonel would not say the green light was up, if it was not."

"No. But then, again, Oliver Jupp and the station people maintain it was the red. For my part, I think there must have been a little conjuring going on. Have you been out for a walk to-day, Clara?"

"No."

"You might have come back and taken her," put in Mrs. Chester. "Lady Ellis did not have her walk to-day, failing you. Have you but just got back? Why, no, of course not: the train must have been in more than an hour ago: and there's no other till eight o'clock."

"Oh, they put a special on for me," returned Mr. Lake.

"Don't be stupid, Fred," retorted Mrs. Chester. "You must have been back some time."

"Have it your own way, Penelope, and perhaps you'll live the longer."

"Uncle Fred, you know you were back a long while ago. You stopped in the shrubbery with Lady Ellis."

He looked over the table at the little speaker, caught hold of her by the waist, and swung her round. "That's the way you see ghosts, is it, Miss Fanny? Take care you don't see them when you are in bed at night. How could you see me in the shrubbery, if I was not there?"

"Be quiet, uncle Fred: put me down. Miss Cooper, the tea is ready in the kitchen, and they are waiting for you. And, mamma, the fire's burning up in the parlour, and the tea's carried in."

In a few moments, the only occupants of the nursery were Frederick Lake and his wife. He began speaking of the progress of their house;

or, rather, the non-progress. Mrs. Lake—the one dreadful certainty giving rise to other suspicions—wondered whether he had bribed the men to retard it. "Seriously speaking, Clara, I do think we shan't get back before Christmas."

She had determined upon saying something: what, she hardly knew. But when she tried to speak, she could not; the violent agitation she was in impeded her utterance. She looked up at him, and opened her lips, but no words came; her throat was heaving, her breath panting.

"Clara, you have turned quite white: are you ill?"

"I—I—feel cold," was all she brought out.

"It's a cold, nasty night. Tea will warm you: I suppose it's ready."

He took one of the candles from the table and went to his own room to wash his hands. His wife was in the same position when he brought it back. "Tea is sure to be ready, Clary; are you coming?"

She rose and followed him down. Mrs. Chester was pouring out the tea, and Lady Ellis, in her black silk dress with its low body and short sleeves, and the ruche of white crape, causing her to look girlish, and younger than she was, sat on the sofa. She had several evening dresses, but they were all black, and all made in the same simple style. Sir George had not been dead twelve months yet, but she had never worn a widow's cap, it would have spoilt her hair, she told them. Very fine, very silky and beautiful did her purple-black hair look that night, and Frederick Lake playfully touched one of the plats, as he sat down beside her.

They began chess after tea, he and Lady Ellis: in one way or other, they generally monopolised each other's evenings. Mrs. Chester was busy with her embroidery, and Clara sat by the fire, reading, or making believe to read. Mrs. Chester's eyes happened to turn upon her, and she burst forth, vehemently.

"Clara! what is the matter?"

Frederick Lake turned quickly round, and looked at his wife. The book had fallen upon her knee, her cheeks were scarlet, her whole frame was shaking. He rose and approached her.

"You are certainly ill, my dear. You must have caught cold. Had you not better take something, and go to bed?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and interrupted sharply. "I shall not go to bed. If I have caught cold, it will be well in the morning. Do not let me disturb your game."

She contrived to repress the shivering, and sat where she was till bed-time, though it was evident, even to herself, that she had caught a violent cold. How *could* she have caught it? wondered Lady Ellis; and Clara bit her tongue to enforce silence, for she could scarcely forbear telling her. Mrs. Chester proposed a host of remedies, but Clara would only consent to try one, a glass of white wine whey, and to have her bed warmed. When the maid quitted the room with the warming-pan, and left the tumbler of whey, she noticed that Mrs. Lake had not begun to undress.

Neither had she when her husband came up. He was surprised. "Why, Clary! I thought you were in bed." She was wrapped in a shawl, and was sitting down, as composedly as though she did not mean to honour the bed for an hour or two. Mr. Lake began to think her manner strange. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Clary, what ails you to-night?"

She shrank from his hand, and replied to his question by asking another. "Why is it that our house is not ready?"

"That's just what I asked the workmen; lazy dogs!"

"We must go back to it as it is. Some of the rooms are habitable. Will you do so?"

"What in the world for? We are very comfortable here, Clara: and, between ourselves, it is a help to Penelope."

"We must go back. I cannot stay."

"But why? Where's the motive?"

She drew her shawl closely round her as if she shivered, and spoke the next words with a jerk, for to get them out required an effort of pain. "What is there between you and Lady Ellis?"

"Between me and Lady Ellis!" echoed Mr. Lake, with all the carelessness in life. "Nothing at all. What should there be?"

She bent towards him, and whispered. "Which is it?—which is it *to be*—I, or she?"

"To be—for what?" uttered Mr. Lake, really at a loss.

"Which is it that you love?" she wailed forth.

"Clara, you are growing foolish."

"Don't put me off in this false way," she vehemently uttered. "Why are you always with her, stealing walks and interviews? why do you give to her your impassioned kisses, and call her by endearing names? *Frederick, you will kill me:* have you forgotten my dream? have you forgotten that my coming to this house, as I did do, seemed to shadow forth my death?"

"That dream again, of all things!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Lake, dropping, either in temper, or by accident, the hair-brush he had taken in his hand. "I think it's time it was done with. And the notion of my kissing Lady Ellis! and calling her—what did you phrase it?—endearing names! That's the best joke I have heard lately."

She fixed her gaze steadfastly upon him: there was something in it which seemed to say she could convict him of falsehood if she chose, and his eyes fell beneath hers.

"Whatever has come over you, Clary? You must be turning jealous! I never knew you so foolish before."

"No," she wailed, in a tone of pain, "never before, never before. I will not descend to explanation or reproach: you may ask your own conscience how much of the latter you merit. I shall go home to-morrow: I dare not stay in this house with that woman: do you understand me, I *dare* not. You can accompany me if—if—— Frederick, you must choose between us: it must be I, or she."

He did not speak for a minute or two: and when he did, it was in a careless tone, as though he wished to make light of the matter altogether.

"Of course if you have made up your mind to return to an uncomfortable home, half pulled down, we must do so. I am sorry for the caprice, for we shall be choked up with paint and dust."

"Very well. We go to-morrow. I will send Elizabeth over early in the morning, to get things straight for us."

She rose as she spoke, and began to undress. His eyes fell upon the

tumbler. "I do believe this is your white wine whey! It is cold; where's the use, Clara, of drinking it like this? it will do you no good."

"Oh, what does it signify?" was her answer, as if that, and all things else, were a matter of indifference to her.

He quitted the room without speaking, and by-and-by came back with another tumbler, hot, and made her drink it.

But the morrow brought no journey for Mrs. Lake: it brought illness instead. She awoke so exceedingly suffering that the nearest doctor was summoned in haste. He pronounced the malady to be inflammation of the chest and lungs, and forbid her to attempt to leave her bed. He inquired if she knew how she had taken it, and she told him, after a pause of hesitation, that she had gone out of doors from a warm room the previous evening, without putting anything on, and the fog must have struck to her.

Yes: it was so. As the sight she had gone out to witness struck a chill to her heart, so did the cold and damp strike a chill to her frame, and for three weeks she never left her bed. A nice time of it those two must have had down stairs! Frederick Lake, genuinely sorry for her illness, in itself, was quite an exemplary attendant, and would pass half an hour together in the sick-chamber, indemnifying himself by several half-hours with somebody else. Mrs. Chester of course saw nothing: nobody on earth could be more conveniently blind, where her interest was concerned, and it would be unprofitable to her to lose or to offend Lady Ellis. Clara lay and *imagined*—all that might be taking place; the sweet words, the pretty endearments, the confidential interchange of feeling and thought: it was not precisely the way to get better.

The first time she went down stairs was a dusky afternoon in November. She did not go down then by orders, quite the contrary. She had sat up for some days in her bedroom, and might venture soon, the doctor said, not just yet. She had been much alone that afternoon: Elizabeth had gone over to Katterley on an errand, Mrs. Chester was busy in her household, and Frederick did not come up. She sat feverishly expecting him, but he never came. Very very dull she felt, very dispirited; when the twilight came on, it made it worse, and she determined to be alone no longer, but to go down.

Wrapping herself up in a thick shawl, as warmly as her husband had wrapped up another that by-gone night, she descended. There was little light in the drawing-room, for the fire was low: but standing over it, talking together, she in her dinner dress, were her husband and Angeline Ellis, his hand round her neck, and resting on her fair shoulder.

"You know, Angeline," he was saying—when at that moment he became conscious that some one had entered to disturb them, and turned his head. Who was it? a muffled-up figure: and Frederick Lake strained his eyes as it came nearer. The next moment he had sprung at least five yards from "Angeline."

"Clara! How could you be so imprudent? You know you ought not to have left your room. Come here, my dear."

Pushing aside Lady Ellis, with, it must be owned, little ceremony, he drew a couch close to the fire in the warmest corner, laid his wife upon it, snatched up a cloth mantle of Mrs. Chester's, which happened to be

lying on a chair, and fenced her in with it from the draught, should there be any; and edging himself on to the same sofa, as if he would also fence the draught from her, he leaned down and looked at her, waiting till she was calm. For her breath was very laboured just then: perhaps with the exertion of coming down, perhaps with mental emotion. Clara Lake possessed eyes, like we all do.

"Now tell me why you ventured down," said he, making a prisoner of one of her hands, and speaking in a tender tone.

"I was dull: I was alone," she panted.

"Alone! dull! where's Penelope? where's Elizabeth? I thought they were with you."

She did not explain, or answer. She lay back quietly as he had placed her, her eyes closed, and her white face motionless. For the first time Frederick Lake thought he saw a look of DEATH upon it, and a strange thrill of anguish darted through him. "What a fool I am!" quoth he to himself, the next moment: "it's the reflexion of that fire."

They went in to dinner: not Clara; her appetite had not come to her. There was a fowl upon the table, and Frederick Lake, leaving his own dinner, took some of it to his wife, though his sister assured him it would be useless. He found her in a perfect paroxysm of tears; she was sobbing wildly: left alone to herself, she had given way. He put down the plate, and bent over her.

"My dearest, this will never do. Why do you grieve so? What is the matter?"

"Oh, you know! you know!" she uttered.

There was a dead pause. She employed it in smothering and choking down her sobs. "I want to go home."

"The very instant that you may go with safety," he readily assented. "If the doctor says you may go to-morrow, Clara, we will do so. I must not have my dear little wife grieve like this."

No response.

"I have brought you a bit of fowl, Clara: try and eat it."

She waved it away, briefly saying she could not touch it, she could not eat; she waved him away. And Frederick Lake carried the plate and the fowl back to the dining-room, not feeling altogether upon the best terms with himself.

"I knew she would not touch it," exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"Is she sulking?" whispered Lady Ellis to Mr. Lake, next to whom she sat, the two little girls being opposite, as she cast her brilliant and fascinating eyes upon him.

He was not quite bad: he cared for his wife, probably as much as he had ever done, although he had become enthralled by another, according to his light and unsteady nature. A haughty flush darkened his brow, and he pointedly turned from her without answering.

What of that? He had forgotten it in a few minutes, and was as deep in the affair as ever. Clara lay on the sofa the whole evening, and they gathered round her, but when tea was over, they, he and Lady Ellis, began their chess again, while Mrs. Chester sat by Clara and talked.

In three days more they left Guild Farm, and returned to Katterley.

Home, at last!

II.

The difference of opinion, touching the lights at the railway station, on the night of the fatal accident, was causing no small sensation. That one party should stand to it the lights were red, and that the other should stand to it they were green, was astonishing from one simple fact; namely, that both sides were worthy of credit. The coroner had significantly remarked upon the "hard swearing somewhere," but, on which side could that reproach attach to? Even allowing that the station-master, the porter, and the switchman, had ventured on some "hard swearing" out of regard to a little private self-whitening (though there was no reason to suppose that they had) it was quite certain that Oliver Jupp would do nothing of the sort, and he bore unequivocal testimony that the danger signals, red, *were* up. On the other hand, the prisoner, Cooper—he was virtually a prisoner, though out on bail—was known to be a most truthful and respectable man, incapable, it was fully believed, of telling a lie: and, to bear him out, was the unimpeachable testimony of Colonel West, who asserted, as he did, that the lights were green. The coroner and jury could arrive at no decision, and the inquest was adjourned time after time, from one three weeks to another, until the county was getting tired of it. Cooper, meanwhile, was suspended from employment, and stood a chance of being reduced to straits, if it lasted much longer. The colonel and Oliver Jupp, who were intimate, made rather merry over it when they met, each accusing the other of having "seen double," but neither would give way an inch. The public were confounded, and knew not which side to believe: neither of the two gentlemen had the slightest personal interest in the matter; they spoke to further the ends of justice alone, and the one was equally worthy of credit with the other.

Affairs were in this state, when a gentleman arrived in the neighbourhood on a visit, a Dr. Macpherson, LL.D. and F.R.S. He was a man who had devoted his whole life to science: nothing came amiss to him; and, amidst other things, he was very learned in phrenology: being as much at home in it as we poor unlearned mortals are, in reading a newspaper; or as Frederick Lake was, in making himself agreeable to a pretty woman.

The moment the puzzling difference of assertion, as to the lights, was mentioned to the professor—as the learned man was familiarly called—he gave it as his opinion that it must be a case of colour blindness: or a deficiency in the organ of colour, either on one side or on the other.

"Then more than one must have been deficient in it," debated his hearer, politely smothering his inclination to laugh. For it is a certain fact that very clever and sensible men do decline to adopt the theory of organs and bumps.

"Undoubtedly," replied the professor. "And where is the wonder? It is a deficiency far more general than is suspected."

He was brought into contact with Colonel West and Oliver Jupp, and his opinion stated to them. Oliver believed he might be right: the colonel was simply astonished at the assertion. "Not know colours?" cried he, "why, what have our eyes been about all our lives, Mr. Profes-

sor ? My sight is keen and clear: and I never heard there was anything amiss with Mr. Oliver Jupp's."

"It has nothing whatever to do with a keen sight—in the way you are thinking of," returned Dr. Macpherson. "Nay, it frequently happens that those who are afflicted with colour blindness possess a remarkably good and clear sight. The defect is not in the vision: it lies in the absence of the organ of colour."

"That's logic," laughed the colonel.

"Look here," said the doctor, endeavouring to make the theory plain to him. "You will allow that men are differently endowed. One man will have the gift of calculation in an eminent degree, and will go through a whole ledger swimmingly, while his friend by his side labours at a single column of it: another will possess the organ of music, so largely that he will probably make you a second Mozart, while his own brother can't tell one tune from another, and could not learn to play if his very life depended on it: one man will draw you, untaught, plans and buildings of wondrous and beautiful design, but another, who has served his stupid apprenticeship to the art, cannot accomplish a pigsty, fit for a civilised pig to lie in—and so I might go on, illustrating examples all day. Now, gentlemen, I ask you why should colour be an exception—I mean the perception, the faculty of distinguishing colour? Believe me, it is not an exception. A great many people do possess it, in fact, the greater portion do, but there are numbers who do not."

The colonel laughed still. "And you think that I and Mr. Jupp do not!"

"Pardon me," said the professor, laughing also, "I never said you both did not: had that been the case, you probably would not have been in opposition to each other. But I have been using my own eyes since we stood here, and I see which of you has the defect. One of you possesses the organ of colour (as we call it) in a full degree; the other does not possess it at all. It lies here."

Dr. Macpherson raised his fingers to his eyebrow and pointed out a spot near its middle. The colonel and Oliver Jupp immediately passed their fingers over their eyebrows, somewhat after the manner of a curious child. Oliver's eyebrows were prominent; the colonel's remarkably flat.

"You can testify by experiment whether I speak right or wrong, Colonel West: but I give it as my opinion that you are not able to distinguish colours."

For some moments the colonel could not find his tongue. "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" cried he. "Do you mean to say that I can see the blue sky" (turning his face upwards), and not know it's blue?"

"You know it is blue, and call it blue, because you have heard it so called all your life," returned the undaunted professor. "But, if half the sky were blue, and half green, you would not be able to say which was the green half and which the blue."

"That caps my wife," said the colonel, good-humouredly. "She has a blue parasol and a green one: if she sends me in-doors for the green, she says I bring her the blue; and if for the blue, I bring her the green. She sets it down to inattention, and lectures me accordingly."

"You could not have given us a better confirmation that my opinion

is right," smiled Dr. Macpherson, glancing at those around him. "But may I ask what you have set it down to?"

"I? Not to anything. It never troubled me."

The professor actually clapped his hands. "What you acknowledge is so true to nature, colonel! Those who, like you, are affected with colour blindness, can rarely be brought to believe in their own defect. It is a fact that the greater portion of them are not conscious of it: they really don't know that they cannot distinguish colours: or if they have an idea that they may not be so quick in that particular as some, they do not think of questioning the cause: to use your own expression, it does not trouble them. I understand you maintain that, the night of the accident, the same light was up, green, which generally is up."

"Yes," replied the colonel.

"Now I will tell you how to account for that. It was not so much that you could be sure the *green* light was up, as that you could not distinguish any difference between the one you saw, and the one you were accustomed to see. You could not discern the difference, I say, and therefore you maintained it to be, as you believed, the same one—the green."

"This seems plausible enough, as you state it," observed the colonel, "but, pray why should it not be my young friend, Jupp, who was mistaken—and not I?"

The professor shook his head. "I am quite sure that this gentleman" —indicating Oliver Jupp—"can never be mistaken in colours or in their shades, so long as he retains his eyesight to see anything: he has the organ very largely developed. I am right, colonel," he added, nodding.

"But what do you say to Cooper, the driver?" returned the colonel. "He says it was green: and everybody agrees that he would only assert what was true."

"What he thought was true," corrected Dr. Macpherson. "There is little doubt, in my mind, that Cooper's case will turn out to be like your own—a fact of colour blindness. He could not distinguish the difference in the light from the ordinary light, and believed it to be the same."

The strange opinion avowed by Dr. Macpherson—strange indeed, was it, to the primitive ears of the country place—obtained weight, and it was determined to test the sight, so far as colour went, of Cooper. Colonel West good-humouredly proposed that his own also should be tested. The instant the professor cast his eyes on Cooper's face—who was sent for to Coombe Dalton—he pronounced him to labour under the defect, even in a greater degree than Colonel West.

Night came, several coloured lamps were provided, and those interested assembled at the station. The professor was constituted master of the ceremonies, and proceeded to his task, by running up a light to the signal post. "What is it?" asked he, addressing the two who were on trial.

"It's green," said the colonel.

"It's red," said Cooper.

And there was a general laugh. For the lamp was blue.

He next ran up two lamps. "What are they?" he asked.

There was a dead silence. *Neither Cooper nor the colonel could tell.*

"I think they are green and white," hazarded Cooper, at length.

"And I say they are red and blue," cried the colonel.

They were white and blue.

Then the four lamps were exhibited, and the mistakes made by both essayists kept the platform in a roar. The colonel did tell which was the white—but it was probably more of a guess than a certainty. They could distinguish "a difference," they said, between two or more colours when exhibited at once, but were unable to state what that difference was. By the time the experiment came to an end, the fact had been fully established that both Colonel West and Matthew Cooper laboured under the defect of colour blindness.

"Cooper," said Oliver Jupp, in a good-natured tone, "they must never make an engine driver of you again."

"Well, I don't know, sir," returned Cooper, who seemed very chapfallen, "if it's true what this strange gentleman says, why—I suppose it is true. But I hope they'll make something else of me: I know I am keen enough at most things. If a man is deficient in one line, he may be all the quicker in another."

"Now you have given utterance to a truism, without perhaps knowing it," interposed the professor, cheerily. "Be assured that where a defect does exist, it is amply made up for by the largeness of some other gift. Never fear that an intelligent man, like you, will want employment, because you are found not suited to the one they placed you on."

"About the worst they could have given him," remarked Oliver, as he walked away with the doctor. "An engine driver ought, of all people, to be able to distinguish colours."

"There are some of our engine drivers who do not, though," replied the doctor, lowering his voice. "Several of our worst accidents have occurred from this very fact."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. It is a more frequent defect than would be thought, this absence of the organ of colour, but it is one that no attention has been hitherto given to; a subject that, with some, excites ridicule. A company, engaging an engine driver, would as soon think of testing his capacity for eating a good dinner as that of being able to distinguish signal lights. Most essentially necessary is it, though, that drivers, present or future, should undergo the examination."

"It seems so to me," said Oliver. "And always will—after this night's experiment."

"And until such examination is made general, I should change the form of the signal lamps," remarked the professor. "Let the green, or safe signal be one form and small; the red or danger signal be as different as it could be made and large: so different that it could not fail to catch the eye. For, look you, a head, deficient in the organ of colour, will usually have that of form very much developed: and if a driver could not see the light, he might the form; and so save his train."

Now, reader, all this is a little bit of truth, a fact from the past, woven into story for you. And if you don't choose to believe it, you must cavil at it. I can tell you that if you would only search out and mark for yourself, you would find that blindness to colour is by no means an uncommon defect: and that it has existed and does exist in some of the engine drivers.

III.

THE winter came on. And how grew Clara Lake? Better? Well, she did not seem to grow much better; at any rate, not well, and the old doctor at Katterley, who had known her constitution from infancy, appeared puzzled. She dressed, as in her days of health, and went about the house: on fine days would go out for a walk in the sunshine: but she remained weak and debilitated, and could not get rid of her cough.

And Mr. Lake? Oh, he was very well, and chiefly divided his leisure between his wife and Lady Ellis: now at home with the one, now at Guild, saying (it must be assumed) soft nothings to the other. Of course he never went for the sake of seeing my lady; certainly not: there was an excuse ever ready. Mrs. Chester had given him this commission, and he must go and report to her; or Mrs. Chester had given him the other: or he went over to escort some of the Jupps: or he had business with his tailor; for he had fallen into a freak to employ one who lived at Guild: an excuse for taking himself to Guild never failed. What could Clara say, or do? could she descend to say to him, You shall not go there? No; she suffered in silence: but it was killing her.

"Clary, I have promised to spend Christmas-day with Penelope."

A sudden rush of colour to her wasted cheeks, and a response that was faint and low. "Have you?"

"She would not take a denial. You will be able to go?"

"I go!" She shook her head.

"My dear, I tell you what it is," he resumed, in a chafed voice. "You will fancy yourself ill and lie by and say you can't go out, till it will end in your being ill."

"Do you think I am well?"

"You are not strong. But if you would rouse yourself and go out and about, and shake off fancies, you would soon become so. You have not been over to Guild since we came home."

"You make up for it then, for you are there often enough," she could not help retorting.

"Something or other happens to take me there," he returned, seizing the poker and knocking the coal. "You will go on Christmas-day, Clary: Penelope is preparing for us."

"No. I am not well enough. And if I were, I should prefer to be at home. Say no more," she added, passionately, interrupting what he was about to urge, "you ought not to wish me to go there."

A long silence. "I shall go. I must. I can't get off it."

She did not speak.

"What is to be done, Clara? It will never do for me to spend Christmas-day there, and you to spend it at home." And he finished the clause by breaking out, half singing, half muttering, into the lines of a popular ditty, that our childhood was familiar with:

> "To-morrow is our wedding-day, and all the world would stare
> If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware.

What's to be done, Clara?"

She sat with her hands folded before her, and did not immediately answer. If *he* could not tell what was to be done, or what ought to be

done, she would not. "You must do as you think right," she said, with a slight stress upon the word. "I am too unwell to be anywhere but at home on Christmas-day."

Mr. Lake went to Guild. Not doing as he thought *right*, for his conscience was giving him a sharp twinge or two, but following the bent of his inclination, which urged him into the sunshine of my lady's smiles. Clara felt worse that morning, but she attended church, and he with her; he quitting, selon les règles, when the service was over, she waiting for the more solemn service that was to follow. When she reached home it was nearly two o'clock, and my lord was walking about, all impatience, for his train started at two. With a farewell to his wife, full of paraded affection, he took himself off to the station, telling her to mind and eat a good dinner, and to drink his health and her own in champagne.

Very considerably astonished was he, to find himself burst in upon at Mrs. Chester's by Mary Anne Jupp. They had dined, all cosily; and Mrs. Chester's children with two of the Clapperton girls, who were guests that day, had retired to another room to make what noise they pleased, leaving Mrs. Chester, my lady, and Frederick Lake at dessert. Mary Anne came in without ceremony and out of breath, having run from Guild station, walked up to him, and spoke:

"Would you see your wife before she dies?"

He rose in consternation; Mrs. Chester rose; *she* sat still, listened and looked. His very lips were white as he asked for an explanation.

It was given in a sharp ringing manner. One of the servants had gone in, and found Mrs. Lake lying on the floor: whether she had fainted, or whether she might have fallen over anything, they could not tell, and as they were raising her up, blood issued from her mouth: a vessel on the chest or lungs had given way. The doctor was summoned, and Elizabeth ran up for Mary Anne Jupp. "Will you go to her?" asked the young lady of Mr. Lake, as she finished her recital. "Or am I to take word back that you will not?"

"Why do you say that to me?" he uttered, with emotion.

"My dear Miss Mary Anne!" struck in Mrs. Chester, in a tone of remonstrance.

Now Mary Anne Jupp was an exceedingly upright-minded, right-feeling young woman; her sisters were the same; and they had, for a long while past, greatly condemned what was going on—the absurd infatuation subsisting between Frederick Lake and Lady Ellis, and his neglect of his wife. *Their* eyes had been open to it, if nobody else's had: and Mary Anne, in her impulsive way, threatened that one day she should "speak out her mind of the lot." That day had come.

"Why do I say it to you!" she replied, in her indignant anger; "it is time some one said it to you. You have been killing her by inches: yes, I speak to all of you," she said, throwing her eyes around, "you have been killing his wife by inches: you, Angeline Ellis, with your false and subtle snares, and you, Penelope Chester, with your complacent winking at sin. He is weak and foolish—look at him, as he stands there in his littleness!—but he would scarcely have been wicked, had not you drawn him to it. You wonder that I can thus speak out"—drowning some interrupting words of Mrs. Chester's—"is it right for me to be silent, a hypocritical glosser over of crime, when she is dying? I am a

gentlewoman, with an English gentlewoman's principles about me, and I hope some Christian ones: it behoves such to speak out sometimes."

"You are mad," gasped Mrs. Chester.

"*You* have been mad, to allow this conduct in your house—folly, frivolity, much that is bad going on under your very eyes. Had your brother been a single man, it might have been deemed excusable by some: never by me: but he had a fair young wife, and you deliberately set to work to injure her. You did, Penelope Chester: to encourage ill by winking at it, is the same thing as committing it. I say nothing more to *you*," she added, turning upon Lady Ellis with ineffable scorn: "you may remember certain words you said to me regarding Mr. Lake and his wife, the first afternoon you came here: I did not understand them then, I do now; and I know that, in that first hour of your meeting, you were laying your toils around him to gain his admiration and sever him from his wife. If you retain a spark of feeling, of conscience, the grave of Clara Lake will be as a sharp iron, ever eating into it."

Lady Ellis rose, her jet-black eyes flashing. "Who are you, that you should dare thus insult me?"

Mary Anne Jupp dropped her tone to one of calmness—mockingly calm it was, considering the scorn that mingled with it. "I have told you who I am: an English gentlewoman: and with such I should think you will never henceforth presume to consort."

Frederick Lake made no comment or retort, good or bad. He took out his watch, saw that he had time, too much of it, to catch the next train, and quitted the room. Up started Mrs. Chester. "If Clara is in this state I ought to go to her. Mary Anne, are you——"

Mary Anne turned short round, and interrupted. "I do not pretend to control your movements; but, were I you, I would at least allow them to be alone in her last hours. You have come between them enough, as it is, Mrs. Chester: neither can the sight of you be pleasant to her."

She left the room, condescending no farewell to either of those she left in it, and followed in the steps of Mr. Lake, taking care not to catch him up. On the platform, as the train was dashing in, he spoke to her.

"Your accusations have been harsh, Mary Anne."

"What has your conduct been?" she sharply retorted. "I loved your wife: and I feel her unhappy fate as keenly as though it had fallen on one of my own sisters. The world may spare you; it may flatter and caress you, for it is wondrously tender to these venial sins of conduct: but you cannot recal her to life, whom you vowed before God to love and to cherish."

"Step in: the train is going."

"Not into that carriage—with you. Others are in it, and I might be saying things that they would stare at. My temper is up, to-day."

"First class, miss? There's only that there one first class on."

And Mary Anne Jupp walked away, and opened the door of another, which was a third: and took her seat in it.

Thus they reached Katterley. Clara Lake was in less immediate danger than Miss Jupp had supposed, for the blood vessel, which had broken, proved to be only a small one on the chest; not the lungs. To her husband it appeared incomprehensible that she should be in any danger at all; he had never admitted the probability of it.

A day or two, and she was up, and in a small adjoining sitting-room,

carried in by him. His love had come back to him, now it was too late—it may be more appropriate perhaps to say his senses had come back to him. Late in the afternoon, he left her comfortably seated in the easy-chair, took his hat, and went out.

His errand was to the doctor's. His wife seemed to assume she should not recover, the servants the same: for all he saw, she might be well in a week or two: and he went to put the question.

"Is she, or is she not, in danger?" he asked. "Tell me the plain truth."

The old man—he was a personal friend of theirs, as well as medical attendant—laid his hand upon Frederick Lake's shoulder. "Will you hear the truth?"

"I am come to hear it."

"Then I must tell you that she is in danger. And I fear that a little time will see the end."

Very rapidly beat his pulses as he listened: repentant pulses: a whole lifetime of repentance seemed, in that moment, to be in every one of them.

"But what is killing her? what is it?"

"The primary cause is of course that cold she caught at Guild. It laid hold of her system. Still, I think she might have rallied: many a time, since she came home, I have deemed her all but well again. You ought to know best, Master Fred, but to me it appears as though she had some grievance on her mind, and that it has been working mischief. I hope you have been a good husband, as Joan says to Hodge," added the doctor, turning from Frederick to take a pinch of snuff, "for your wife has possessed one of those highly sensitive, rarely-refined temperaments, that an unkind blow would do for. I once told you this."

He made no comment, and the old gentleman continued.

"The body was a healthy body; there was no inherent disease, and I cannot see why it should not have recovered; but the mind seemed to pull it back; two powers, one working against the other. Between them they have conquered, and will lay her low."

"Do you call it consumption?" he jerked out.

"Decidedly not. More of a decline: a waste of the system."

"Those declines are got over sometimes."

"Not often: when they fairly set in."

"Oh, doctor," he cried, clasping the old man's hands, and giving vent to some of the anguish that was rending him, "try and save her! Save her for my sake! you don't know the cause I have to ask it."

"I wish I could—for both your sakes. But she is beyond earthly aid."

He returned home. The shades of evening were on the room, but the blaze from the fire played on his wife's wasted face. He drew a chair close to her, and took her hand in his as he sat down.

"I know where you have been, Frederick: and I guess for what purpose."

"Ah."

"Margaret Jupp has been here, and she said she saw you turn in to the doctor's. You went to ask him whether I should get well. He told you No: for he knows I shall not. Was it not so?"

She leaned a little forward to look at him. He suddenly clasped her to his breast with a gush of passionate tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!"

"It must be," she softly whispered. "There is no appeal against it now."

"Clara, if we are indeed to part, at least let perfect confidence be restored between us," he resumed, controlling his emotion with an effort. "What is it that has killed you?"

"Need you ask? If *she* had never come between us I should have been well now."

"I cannot understand it," he wailed. "I have been foolish and wrong, though not perhaps so much so as you may have imagined: but surely, taking it at its worst, it was not sufficient cause to bring you to death."

"Your love left me for another. It was that which seemed to me more than I could bear."

"My love? oh no. It was but a passing——" the word at his tongue's end was "fancy," but he substituted another—"folly. My darling, do not give me more than my share of blame, that will be heavy enough to bear. The old man says, that violent cold was the primary cause of decay: surely that cannot be charged upon me."

She was silent a few moments: but, as he had said, there ought to be full confidence between them now. "I will tell you how I caught that cold. Do you remember the night?"

"Not particularly." He was of a forgetful nature: and it was only one of many such others.

"*Don't* you remember it? When you were walking with—her—in the shrubbery in the raw twilight, and she complained of cold, and you went for her shawl from the summer-house, leaving her seated on a bench? You brought it back, and folded it lovingly round her, and kissed her as you did so, whispering——"

In great astonishment he raised his wife's face to gaze into it. Where had she learnt that little private episode? Had she dreamt it? He did not ask: he only stared at her.

She bent down her head again to its resting-place, and folded his arm round her in forgiveness. "I was standing there, Frederick, behind the bench. I saw and heard all."

Not a word spoke he. He hardly dared to accept the movement of forgiveness, or to press her to him. Had she glanced up she would have seen his face in a glow.

"It was very thoughtless of me to run out from the heated room on that cold, damp night, and without anything on. But oh! I was so unhappy—scarcely, I think, in my senses. I thought you had not returned from Guild: Fanny came in, and said you had been home a long while, and were with *her*. An impulse took me that I would go and see: I had never done such a thing before; never, never; before or since: and I opened the glass doors and went out. I was half way down the shrubbery when I heard you coming into it from a cross walk, and I darted where I tell you, to hide myself, not to spy upon you."

She paused, but was not interrupted.

"So you see that, in a measure, she was the cause of the cold which struck to me. And then I was laid up, and many a time, when you deemed I should fancy you were out shooting, you were with her. I knew it all. And since we came home, you have been ever restless to go to her—leaving me alone—even on Christmas-day!"

Ay: even on Christmas-day. He almost gnashed his teeth, in self-condemnation. She, with her impassioned and entire love for him, with her rare and peculiar temperament that, as the doctor had observed, a rude blow would destroy! He no longer wondered why she was dying.

"It all was to be, Frederick. You remember the dream—how it shadowed forth that I was to meet, in some way, my death through going to Mrs. Chester's."

"Child! can you still dwell upon that dream?"

"Ay. And so will you, when the hearse comes here to take me away. Never was a dream more completely worked out. I have something else to tell you; about it; and her. The very first moment I met her at your sister's, her eyes puzzled me: those strangely jet-black eyes. I could not think where I had seen them. They seemed to be so familiar to my memory, and I thought and thought in vain, even when the weeks went on. On this very same night that I have been telling you of, I alarmed you by my looks. Mrs. Chester called out, and you, who were at chess with—with her, came up to me as I sat by the fire. I was shaking, and my cheeks were scarlet, somebody exclaimed. Frederick, I was shaking with fear, with undefined dread: for, an instant before, as I sat looking at her eyes, it had flashed into my mind whose eyes they were."

"Well? Whose?" he asked, for she paused.

"They were those of the man who drove the hearse in my dream," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone. "The very same: nobody else's. You must recollect my describing them to you when I awoke: 'strangely black eyes, the blackest eyes I ever saw,' though of his face I retained no impression. It was singular it should have flashed upon me then, when I had been for weeks trying to get the thread of the mystery."

"Oh Clara, my darling, these superstitious feelings are very sad!" he remonstrated. "You ought not to indulge them."

"Will you tell me how I could have avoided them? It was not my fault that the dream came to me: or that the eyes of the driver were *her* eyes: or that my death has been induced through going to Mrs. Chester's. You, Mrs. Chester, both, seemed to help me on to it in my dream: and as surely as the man appeared to drive me to the grave in the hearse, so has *she* driven me to it in reality. I wrote out the dream in full at the time, and you will find the paper in my desk. Read it over when I am gone, and reflect how completely it has been fulfilled."

He was silent. A nasty feeling of superstition was beginning to creep over himself.

"Will you let me ask you something?" she whispered, presently.

He bent his tearful face down upon hers. "Ask me anything."

"When—I—am—no longer here, shall you marry her?"

Frederick Lake darted up with a tremendous word, almost flinging his wife's face from him. His anger bubbled over for a few moments: not at his wife's question, but at the idea it suggested.

"Marry *her!* Her! I would rather take a pistol, and shoot myself through the heart. And—sin as it implies—I assert it before my Maker."

Clara opened her arms. "Then you do not love her as you have loved me!"

He flung himself on his knees before her, and sobbed aloud in his re-

pentant anguish. She leaned over him endearingly, stroking his face and his hair.

"I only wanted to know that. The misery is over now, darling. For the little while we have to be together, let us be as happy as we used to be."

Emotion shook him to the very centre as he listened. Scarcely twice in a lifetime can a man give way to such. For the little while they had to be together! Ay. As Mary Anne Jupp had said, he could not recal her back to life: he could not keep her here to make reparation.

Later, when she was lying back in her chair exhausted, and he stood by the mantelpiece, gazing at her with his yearning eyes, hot and feverish after their tears, Elizabeth came to the room and said Mrs. Chester was below, asking if she might come up. Clara said Yes, and Mr. Lake, not caring to meet her, quitted the room. But she had been very quick, and encountered him at the door.

"There's a friend in the drawing-room, Fred, if you would like to see her," was his sister's greeting.

He went down mechanically: his thoughts flew to no one in particular: somebody might have called. In another moment he stood face to face with Angeline Ellis. The exceeding unfitness of her visit, the bad taste which it betrayed, after the public explosion of Mary Anne Jupp, struck upon him with dismay—perhaps the recent interview with his wife also helped the feeling. He bit his angry lips.

She extended to him her delicately gloved hand, lavender, sewn with black, and melted into her sweetest smiles. He glanced at her bold, coal-black eyes, as they flashed in the rays of the lamp, remembered the eyes of his wife's dream, and—shuddered.

"You are indeed a stranger to Guild," she said. "Has that mad woman, Mary Anne Jupp, persuaded you that you will be poisoned if you come?"

He did not choose to see her offered hand. "I can no longer spare time from my wife, Lady Ellis: I have spared too much from her."

His cold words chilled her unpleasantly. "It is really true that she is dying, we hear," she said, in a tone of marked indifference.

"She is dying," he hoarsely answered, "dying through our folly. I beg your pardon, my lady: it had been better, perhaps, that I had said *my* folly. It is a folly that will give me a lifetime of bitter repentance. Take a seat, I beg: Mrs. Chester will not be long, I imagine, before she returns to you."

He quitted the room: and she compressed together her thin lips, which had turned white, for she fully understood that he had quitted her and "the folly" for ever.

In a little time, long before the buds of spring were breaking, a hearse stood at the door of Katterley Lodge, with its plumes of feathers and its array of mutes. Something was shut into it, and the procession started, Frederick Lake gathering himself into the darkest corner of the mourning-coach behind it, his white handkerchief covering his face.

He had searched for the paper in his wife's desk and studied the details of the dream, there written: he had recalled and studied the events which had followed upon it, ending with the hearse that was now pacing before him. Reader, you can turn back to the two papers preceding this, and see whether you come to the conclusion that he did—that the ill-omened dream had been fully borne out, in its strange working.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.*

THE biography of a man of genius is always more or less interesting and useful. It has been repeatedly said that the life of a literary man is contained in his works. The axiom is, however, open to objection. It is true that the sedentary career of the learned and literate cannot present the same incidental variety as the more active and stirring life of the warrior or the traveller; but in these days of universal competition there must be something in a man to achieve a success. There may be drawbacks—foibles and frailties common to a fallen nature—but still there must be something marked and even exemplary before any one can now earn distinction from the common herd.

Take Thomas Campbell as an example. He was not only a poet; he was a scholar, a philosopher, and a metaphysician. He was the originator of the London University, the editor of a magazine, and, above all, the ardent lover of liberty in all matters, whether political or ecclesiastical, and the hearty detester of tyrannies, whether in Church or State. Hence was he also the zealous partisan of oppressed nationalities, be they Greeks or Poles. This was more than enough to counterbalance certain drawbacks—occasional unproductiveness and want of steadiness and application.

Even the muse of Campbell is admitted by his biographer *par excellence*—Mr. Cyrus Redding—to have belonged to that order in genius which is unable to sustain long its intensity of action. The poetical works, upon which his well-earned fame reposes, were published between 1799 and 1809, or in about ten years of a life extended to sixty-seven. The rest of his time was employed in abstract researches in the classics, in solving literary and learned difficulties, in desultory translation, and in exploring the numerous side-paths which branched from the immediate track of study in which he might be engaged. Yet was he always more of a poet than the scholar or philosopher; he sought his ends with an eagle's flight or an eagle's stoop, and if he failed he would be off to other game with so much rapidity that his scholarship and philosophy failed to mature themselves into the same permanent form that was attained by his few sterling poems.

Campbell's success as a student in Glasgow University, where he carried off a prize for a translation of the "Clouds of Aristophanes," no doubt induced him to first publish translations from Plato's divine poet Tyrtæus, and from the Lyrist of Sardis, Alcman or Alcina. After he quitted the university, he was for a short time a tutor in the Isle of Mull, and then a law-clerk in Edinburgh, than which it can be easily imagined nothing could be more averse to his temperament. Accident made him known at this time to Dr. Anderson, who was pleased on perusing some verses he had written, and he was introduced by him to Mundell, an Edinburgh publisher, who offered him twenty guineas to abridge Bryan Edwards's "West Indies." Upon this, Campbell at once

* Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell. By Cyrus Redding. Two Vols. Skeet. 1860.

cast his law copying to the dogs, returned to his native town on foot to complete his task, and only came back to Edinburgh when it was over. It was also at this very time—when, if his prospects for the future were uncertain, he had all the fire and energy of youth to sustain him—that he was also engaged in completing the "Pleasures of Hope," from a sketch he had previously made in Argyleshire. His biographer says:

I once asked Campbell whether it was true that he got but fifty pounds for the copyright of the poem, and he replied that was the correct sum. Upon which I remarked that it was an unlucky adventure in publication; but that no bookseller would have given such a sum to a young stranger for the best tragedy of Shakspeare, were the author unknown in the great world. "Oh," replied the poet, "I did not go to mine unrecommended;" alluding, it is probable, to the recommendation of Dr. Anderson, who must have had considerable influence with Mundell and Co., from their being his own publishers.

Notwithstanding this positive statement, it appears that the poet did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope," but he parted with it for two hundred printed copies, equivalent, according to his biographer's calculation, to fifty-seven pounds ten shillings, that is to say, had the poet been a man of business; but is it at all likely that he was so? The "Pleasures of Hope" appeared in the author's twenty-second year, in the month of May, 1799. It has been justly said that the various and magnificent range of English poetry presents no example of early excellence to equal this poem. "The laborious polish in the verses of the 'Pleasures of Hope' are among the best proofs to what an extent the English is capable of being refined, and how far the capabilities of the language will go in that species of poetical composition which can alone be expected to attain in the eyes of true taste a classical and healthful longevity." And again: "Like a piece of harmonious music which has won some great Apollonian wreath for the owner, that carries in its foliage perfume and colours rich with genius, this poem bears along sense with sound, while the antitheses stamp the sentiment indelibly upon the memory under impressions calculated to exalt eminently the pride of the lyre. The defect of the poem, according to some, is an over-sweetness, which clogs in poetry as in condiment. If it be really too sweet for some palates, let it be taken like virgin honey, a portion at a time, and let them be the more happy in protracting their enjoyment."

Only a few months after he had completed his arrangement with Mundell for the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," Campbell quitted Scotland for Germany. "What were his pecuniary resources," his biographer remarks, "to meet a sojourn of nearly thirteen months on the Continent, no inconsiderable portion of the time being spent in travelling, does not readily appear, except they arose from his correspondence with a London paper, the *Morning Chronicle*."

At Hamburg Campbell visited Klopstock, and elsewhere he made the acquaintance of Augustus William Schlegel, and a friendship sprang up between the two which lasted for their lives. Whenever Schlegel visited this country he was the guest of the poet.

In one place he crossed a battle-field in a clumsy German carriage, but he did not say exactly where, perhaps near Landshut. On emerging from a pine-wood he came upon open ground, where the ravages of war were horribly visible in

the bodies of men and horses strewed on the blood-stained ground. Nothing impeded his route, yet he perceived the vehicle stop, and missed the postilion, who left him full three-quarters of an hour alone. "I had enough around me to meditate upon," observed Campbell to myself; "that is, if the weather had not been unbearably chill. I had lost all patience, when the Bavarian scoundrel came up loaded with horses' tails. He had been cutting off the tails of the horses that lay dead around, then piling up a goodly number of them behind the carriage, he resumed his tardy pace."

On his return home his papers were seized, and he himself placed in arrest. The treason in his papers was, according to his biographer, comprised in the draught of "Ye Mariners of England." But he had been, according to the same authority, in correspondence with the *Morning Chronicle*; and as all the poet's ideas were in advance of his age, he may have otherwise committed himself. The affair, however, came to nothing, and Campbell was more than indemnified by being made the "lion" of every place he resided in, more especially Edinburgh.

"The last time I saw you," said a lady of advanced age, to the poet, "was in Edinburgh, when you were swaggering about in a Suwarrow jacket."

"Yes," replied Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy."

"But that was thirty years ago and more," she remarked.

"Whist, whist!" said Campbell, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

The next year he was in London, having made the acquaintance at Liverpool, on his way, of Dr. Currie, and of the "noble-hearted Roscoe." On coming to town Campbell commenced writing for the newspapers, under the auspices of Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle;* but we are told that, with the exception of the poetical pieces inserted in that paper, he was not very successful. "A knowledge of the political topics of the time, and the art of rapid composition, those essentials in writing for the mass, were not the qualities with which Campbell was endowed." His biographer is also puzzled to think what the poet's pecuniary means were at this time; yet this same year he married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair.

At this time we are also told that he (Campbell) wrote papers in the *Edinburgh Review;* "but what articles they comprised is uncertain. Jeffrey was known to have complained more than once of the poet's idleness." Campbell, who had first taken up his residence in Pimlico, removed to Sydenham after his marriage, and finished there his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens." This is a work almost unknown. "The poet was not gifted with talent of the order necessary to success in that kind of literature, and the 'Annals' were little more than a dry catalogue of events chronologically arranged."

His mode of life at Sydenham was mostly uniform with that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it his constant residence. He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined a couple or three hours after noon, and then made calls in the village, oftentimes remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire again to his study, often until a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present.

His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. In those days he took his wine freely at times, when he had company. When he had no company, he generally left the table directly after dinner was over.

There lived at that time at Sydenham Mr. Thomas Hill, a well-known character in some circles in London for more than half a century.

At the table of this odd personage at Sydenham, there used to meet occasionally a number of literary men and choice spirits of the age. Colman, John and Leigh Hunt, Dubois, James and Horace Smith, Mathews, Barnes, afterwards editor of the *Times* paper, Barron Field, and others. There was to be found Theodore Hook, giving full swing to his jests at the expense of everything held cheap or dear in social life, or under conventional rule. The poet living hard by, could not, in the common course of things, miss being among those who congregated at Hill's. Repartee and pun passed about in a mode vainly to be looked for in these degenerate days at the most convivial tables. Some practical jokes too were played off there, which, for a long time afterwards, formed the burden of after-dinner conversations. Campbell was behind none of the party in spirits. He entered with full zest into the pleasantries of the hour. Upon one occasion, some of the party leaving Sydenham to return home by Dulwich, to which they were obliged to walk for want of a conveyance, those who were to remain behind in Sydenham escorted their friends to the top of the hill to take leave, in doing which the poet's residence had to be passed. But he scorned to leave his friends. All went on to the parting-place on the hill summit, exchanging jokes, or manufacturing indifferent puns. When they separated it was with hats off and three boisterous cheers; Campbell, snatching off his hat, "not wisely but too well," pulled off his wig with it, and thence to enhance the merriment upon the occasion, flung both up in the air amidst unbridled laughter. Thus in spirits as in everything besides, he displayed his natural character, the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all.

Campbell had now composed his nobler odes, the "Battle of the Baltic," and the naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England," which, with "Hohenlinden," stand unrivalled in the varied and extensive range of British poetry. In 1811 he met Lord Byron at dinner at the classical table of Rogers; Moore was also of the party. Four names standing so high for poetical celebrity hardly ever before met in such a manner. The same year he engaged to give lectures at the Royal Institution, at twenty guineas each lecture; and his biographer gives a brief analysis of their nature. Euripides was the subject of Campbell's tenth and last lecture; and here a singular instance of the poet's absence of mind or inattention, so often alluded to, occurred in the fact that he proceeded to the conclusion of what he called his "twelfth lecture" in the manuscript, without observing that he had delivered only ten.

Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is, we are told, taken generally, correct regarding the poet to about 1834, hardly later than the last year. "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him—so does his new wig. He really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." In 1819, Campbell got one thousand guineas for his "Specimens of the British Poets"—a truly magnificent honorarium from the prince of bibliopolists—old John Murray. The "Essay on English Poetry," which constitutes part of the foregoing work, we are told by his biographer, might be denominated the poet's masterpiece in prose composition, "did it not here and there exhibit in the style touches of affectation."

Mr. Redding gives a clear and succinct sketch of the celebrated controversy on the so-called "invariable principles of poetry" which arose on the publication of this essay, and in which Bowles, Byron, Roscoe, Bentham, Gilchrist, and the *Quarterly Review* were all mixed up, but in which Campbell, its originator, was, we are told, too idle to take an active and continuous part. It is not with poetry as it is with painting, and Moore was in the right when he said he was disposed to agree with neither of the extreme opinions. Mr. Redding is, however, surely in error when he says that, under Bowles's principles, "the Venus de Medicis could not be natural, because that statue is composed of perfect portions of the female form, too perfect for existing nature, therefore, too, it could not be poetical." What Mr. Redding meant to say was, no doubt, "almost too perfect;" for, however much art may idealise, it cannot be more perfect than nature. A statue that should excel humanity would no longer be the representation of anything human.

The contest about the invariable principles of poetry began in 1819, and in the following year Campbell received an offer of the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was twenty-one years since he had published the "Pleasures of Hope," and he was then in his forty-third year.

Upon the acceptance of the duty he had deliberated. He had as yet no experience whatever in active periodical literature. All he had undertaken had been executed at his own leisure, in the retirement of his study, unconnected with other individuals. The continual contact with strangers, the necessity of saying "No," where he could wish to give an affirmative answer; the punctuality required in handing over to the printer the last copy for the requisite number on the appointed day, and the annoyance of a correspondence, were matters of serious consideration to one who was by nature apt to "make mountains of mole-hills." Sensitive as the poet was to the slightest annoyance, he felt that it was a duty he owed to himself, notwithstanding he was unacquainted with periodical literature, and had conflicting doubts about the trouble his task would cost him—he felt it was a duty, in his pecuniary circumstances, to accept the office.

Campbell was to perform the usual duties of an editor, and to receive a salary of 500*l.* per annum; and in order the more effectively to carry these out, he removed to lodgings in Margaret-street, retaining, however, his house at Sydenham. Many examples of the poet's unfitness for his task are recorded.

He was an utter stranger, as before observed, to the details of his new duties, and had kept no communion with literary men associated for a common purpose. When not employed in literary composition, he had continually followed up studies, the subjects of which had been generally abstruse, and were, consequently, of small moment in aid of his new labour, which rather required a knowledge of present things and the topics of the passing hour. He had read deeply upon what caught his attention in languages, metaphysics, and political economy. He knew much of what few could reciprocate with him, and less upon subjects about which numbers were well informed. From habit he demanded retirement, even for the perusal of a book. A trifle threw his mind out of its equilibrium, and distracted him from his immediate pursuit. The result of long habit is the impossibility of change when change is imperiously required. The habit of the student that becomes the means to his absorbing subject, is unalterable. The racer might as well part with his legs as the solitary man of letters separate himself from what has become necessary to the more facile pursuit of his studies, even if it have no advantage in the sight of others.

The poet was not one who secured confidence from strangers on a slight acquaintance, or communicated it; not from want of heart or coldness of feeling, but from a retiring sensitiveness that never put itself forward, and had to be overcome before confidence was formed. It was easy to perceive, coming to the poet in those days if not as a stranger, still with only a slight acquaintance, how reserved he was in talking upon the commonest literary subjects where they involved giving an opinion. No more of his peculiarities had then been known to the present writer than any one might gather from a few casual interviews. Campbell's manner at this time was affable, but somewhat formal to strangers; he was extremely careful not to be guilty of saying anything to hurt the feelings of those whom he met on literary business; even when he thought meanly of them, bearing towards them a uniform urbanity, though his temper had been often tried in this way by persons who intruded on his privacy at Sydenham.

He did not even inquire or think about the politics of the work of which he had undertaken to be editor, nor even directed what might be the tone. He left this department solely in the hands of Mr. Redding. Among the other early helps which the Magazine obtained under the new control were Blanco-White, Henry Mathews, Henry Roscoe, Ugo Foscolo, Talfourd, Johns, Shiel, Curran, Banim, Grattan, Sullivan, and Emerson Tennant, besides a host of others. But still Mr. Redding complains of many deficiencies. There was a want of decision and character in the publication. Too much was sacrificed to the fashion and feelings of the day, and, above all, Campbell was not the man to lead in anything bold or novel, either in literary or political writing.

There seems to be some discrepancy between Henry Roscoe and Cyrus Redding as to when the introduction of the elder Roscoe to Scott, which took place at Campbell's lodgings, really occurred. Mr. Redding says upon this:

The presence of Scott at Campbell's first lodgings in Margaret-street I well remember. However this may be, the great novelist was in good spirits, and told an entertaining story about a horse going off and leaving a bridle on his arm, Mrs. Campbell not controlling her laughter. The particular points I cannot recal. Campbell was in good spirits. I took coffee there, and during our chat, Campbell said: "I have a mind to try an impromptu." "I fancy that such things are not so much your forte as Theodore Hook's," I observed. "Well, I will try. Leave me alone for a few minutes." I took up a book. Campbell quickly repeated the following lines:

> "Quoth the South to the North, 'In your comfortless sky
> Not a nightingale sings:'—'True,' the North made reply;
> 'But your nightingales' warblings I envy you not,
> When I think of the strains of my Burns and my Scott!'"

Campbell and a few friends had been invited to meet Augustus William Schlegel at Colburn's, in Conduit-street, on the occasion of a visit made by the former to England. The conversation happened to turn upon the accessions which Schlegel said the English language had received from all parts of the world, as we import merchandise, and he remarked that even the Cossack "hourra" had been naturalised in England.

"Stay, my friend," said Campbell, "hurrah is an old English exclamation."
"Not so very old," replied Schlegel.
"Oh yes," said several voices at once.

"It is not as old as Shakspeare's time," said Schlegel; "it is not as old as Elizabeth."

Blaquiere, in his thoughtless way, said he was certain it was older. Campbell declared the same. Bodin was silent.

"Might it not mean originally a noise, a storm, and be from the French ouragan?"

"We never borrowed the word from the cut-throat Cossacks," said Campbell; "we have only just heard of the existence of the savages—it is a word of long usage in this country."

"Borrowed or not of the Cossacks," rejoined Schlegel, "you will not find it in your old writers, neither in Shakspeare, nor in Shakspeare's time. It must have been introduced since. I am better qualified than any one present to judge of such minutiæ in the poet. I know every word he has used. His translation into German cost me years of hard study."

Some one remarked that the word "huzza" was in Shakspeare, and that "hurrah" was, perhaps, originally a provincial corruption of the word as old as Elizabeth.

"Huzza is not in Shakspeare either," said Schlegel, with emphasis.

Campbell, rather stimulated by Schlegel's positiveness, and without a wary consideration of the question, acting, too, as he always did, under the impulse of momentary bias rather than cool reflection, said to Schlegel:

"My friend, you are wrong. I am quite clear the word is in Shakspeare. We never borrowed it of those Russians. We were never enough in their good company to steal it of them. Besides, I recollect the word in a number of old songs."

"That may be," replied Schlegel, with pertinacious confidence; "I do not believe the word was in use as early as Shakspeare's time, because he never used it, and he had every use for the familiar words of his native tongue."

"It cannot be so," said Campbell, supported in his opinion by the rest of the company.

"You are all wrong," rejoined Schlegel, with renewed confidence; "I am a foreigner, and much more likely to have noticed such niceties in the language than you are, who are fellow natives with the poet."

Campbell still insisted upon his opinion being correct, others offered the never-failing resource of their countrymen in such dilemmas, to settle the question, right or wrong, by a bet. Schlegel took it up, offering to wager a breakfast at Brunet's hotel, where he was staying, that he was correct, and his offer was accepted.

It is needless to say this distinguished critic was right, and all the rest of the party wrong. Neither "hurrah" nor "huzza" occur in Shakspeare; tolerable evidence the words came in after the era of Elizabeth.

Visiting Cheltenham, some poetry came from Mrs. Hemans, in Wales. Campbell wrote with the verses, "Though Mrs. H. is a very pretty writer, we must not have too many pieces by the same hand for fear of monotony." Mrs. Hemans's little foibles—a poet's foibles—are well known. One evening, when indulging in an almost unwonten amount of affectation, a gentleman present got up a corrective in the shape of a pun, launched at hap-hazard, and then mothered upon the lioness of the party. The indignation of the latter was something awful. Mrs. Hemans had not written long for the *New Monthly* before she characteristically requested that her name should be prefixed at full length to the titles of her pieces, under the ingenious plea that some one, for whose perpetrations she did not at all wish to answer, had adopted the initials she had been in the habit of using.

At this very time, when Campbell was in Cheltenham for the benefit of the waters—for he was almost always a valetudinarian—he invited Cyrus Redding down to take walks together, and more especially to visit Malvern. Mrs. Campbell laughed at the idea when Redding communicated to her the intelligence of his departure.

When I had concluded, she said, with her slight northern patois, "Don't believe all that; you will get him out once or twice; he will be tired, and go no more. He does not mind fine prospects, if he is to walk any distance to obtain them. We were in Scotland once, at the Duke of Argyle's, and one of the Ladies Campbell was desirous of showing him a fine view from a good way up a steep hill. We set out on foot, and my husband had walked enough for his liking the day before. He went on grumbling softly to me all the way, to where we saw a very fine view indeed. He showed none of the admiration for it the ladies expected, but whispered me, 'What the devil did they bring us all this way for!' He will quickly be tired of walking about the neighbourhood of Cheltenham."

And so it turned out; the poet became restless and discontented, and returned to town, leaving Cyrus Redding to visit Malvern by himself.

A propos of Mrs. Campbell, though one of the best souls that ever lived, and one of the best of wives—even if her conversation was limited to the topics of the day, still she had a woman's foible.

"I wish you would make my husband write novels like Sir Walter Scott," said Mrs. Campbell to myself.

"Why, Mrs. Campbell? I do not think he would make a good hand at that kind of writing."

"Because you know that Lady Scott says to her husband when she wants a new dress—'Watty, my dear, you must write a new novel, for I want another dress!'"

"Scott is rich, my dear; I am but a poor poet, here lies the difference," Campbell replied.

"Why, then, my dear, you must write a new poem in place of a novel."

Campbell's philo-Hellenism and his partisanship with oppressed nationalities brought him a good deal into contact with foreigners. Among his earlier acquaintances of this description was a gallant and a gifted man, Count Santa Rosa, who fell fighting for the Greek cause at old Navarino. Campbell took great delight in the count's society and unaffected manners, declaring that he found in his varied stores of information a solution of many of the apparent contradictions in the conduct of the southern liberals in Europe for which he could not before account.

He would listen attentively to the count's relation of the Machiavellisms of the European governments in their dealings with each other, and express astonishment at the meanness of the conduct of the rulers of states, and the shallowness of their diplomatic resources. "If business between man and man," said the poet, "were to be conducted like that between diplomatists, in what a state of scoundrelism would society exist!"

Campbell was once not a little surprised by a visit from the son of Brant, or Brandt, the Indian chief, whom the poet had denounced as the destroyer of the village of Wyoming, upon the banks of the Susquehanna, and who came to this country with incontestable proofs of his father's innocence. Certainly no one would have dreamt of such an

event, and Campbell hastened to do the *amende honorable*, and in doing so, observed how different were the circumstances of the case to those of ordinarily hostile criticism. The veteran editor, Cyrus Redding, falls foul upon this on the critics of the present day:

Who are the critics of the hour, but men nine times out of ten utterly incapable themselves of exhibiting a tithe of the merit upon which they assume to sit in judgment? If Racine read his verses to an old woman, it was only that he might avail himself of obvious objections that would strike plain minds before a theatrical audience, and afford him the means of considering those meriting alteration. Such is the corruption of what is miscalled criticism in modern times, that interest, party feeling, private dislike, or the reverse, govern notices of new works, since criticisms they cannot be called, where no analysation of such works takes place—where the critic, self-styled, rarely gives the work he treats upon even a decent perusal.

We can conscientiously join in this so far as to say that we have too often risen from the perusal of a leading critical hebdomadal anything but a happier or a wiser man. It has not been that any one case of ill-nature or covert malevolence has jarred upon the feelings so much as the effect of a steady, constant, undeviating spirit of detraction, in making one unhappy and dispirited, shaking confidence indeed in a world which the Great Creator, when he made it, also saw that it was good.

There is a curious discussion, anent a claim on Campbell's part to priority of idea to Byron of the image of a sun quenched suddenly in eternal night, and of one man existing when all his race beside was no more. Mr. Redding says justly, he felt sure he had seen the first idea years before either had written upon it. We wonder he did not think where. It is in the Revelations: "Black as sackcloth of hair." Foscolo said, rightly enough, that original ideas are few, whilst the modes of putting them are countless. The idea of a quenched sun has now taken its place among the scientific speculations of the day. Campbell, we have before remarked, was latitudinarian in his theology.

Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher, called upon him one day, for what purpose he could not conjecture, as he thought that strange being never quite *compos mentis*, while all London was running after his rabid sermons.

"What can he want with me," said Campbell; "a discussion upon divinity with a backslider like myself would be as idle as talking of fluxions to Sir William Curtis."

The renowned preacher had merely called to inquire for the address of a friend whom Campbell knew—at least, such was Irving's statement to Mrs. Campbell. I called just at the same time.

"Were you not alarmed, Mrs. Campbell, to see the wild-looking being come into the drawing-room? He might make a convert of your husband."

"Oh no," she replied, "he is inconvertible."

And again:

He once heard a lady arguing strongly against the commonly received belief as to the divinity of the second person of the Trinity.

"She only argues as she feels," said the poet; "anthropomorphism is natural where mortal man is most in estimation."

Yet were his principles—if what the world might call latitudinarian—liberal in the highest sense of the word—liberal so as to be truly tolerant—which cannot always be said of the orthodox or the heterodox, everybody being heterodox to another person's orthodoxy.

An English lady resident in Florence, paying a visit to her own country, and violently abusing the crucifixes and *reposoirs* everywhere seen in Catholic countries, Campbell said, when she had concluded:

"I trust, madam, you believe in Moses and the prophets?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Campbell."

"Then do you not remember where Moses says, 'You shall not blaspheme the gods of the nations where ye go to dwell?'"

"Very true, Mr. Campbell, but these were not the gods Moses meant."

"True, madam," said the poet, "crucifixes were unknown in Egypt, and in the Desert, where the Israelites wandered, they worshipped calves and beetles there."

"And then, Mr. Campbell; theirs is not the true faith like ours."

"No; our true faith is not their true faith."

"I don't understand, Mr. Campbell, there can be only one true faith."

"Only one," answered the poet; "ours to us and theirs to them. We must not, therefore, abuse each other's gods."

And again:

The writer of some observations on Paley, expressing his belief that the doctor had subscribed the Church articles without too narrowly examining them, Campbell remarked that it was hard upon the clergy, they were compelled to swear to do and believe so many things neither they nor anybody else could do or believe. None but the clergy here, and the Jesuits abroad, were allowed to swear with reservations that a gentleman dare not make even upon his bare word. The ecclesiastical law was a many-headed hydra, every head ready to devour its brother.

Campbell, staunch as he was to sound political principles, was, according to his biographer, too earnest and warm for a politician. His views were liberal, high-minded, and sound, but he would have been a poor statesman from these very virtues. Not a very complimentary idea of statesmanship, and yet one which is corroborated by one of Campbell's own remarks elsewhere recorded.

When a certain minister received his appointment, Campbell said, "You don't know the most shining talents necessary he should possess. He will ever be the most distinguished in his post as a statesman, who knows how to take advantage of the talents of other people after duly balancing them. He need have none himself."

Mr. Redding is not much more complimentary to novelists than he is to statesmen, when he remarks that many fell off from the magazine in consequence of the more lucrative and facile employment of novel writing.

A magazine requires a continual change of subject, and consequently a large and various stock of information, to qualify an habitual contributor. The articles must be concise in order to occupy as small a space as possible, and this to such a degree that there is frequently not sufficient development for many important subjects that therefore must be excluded. The novel admits of the diffuse treatment of a single prime incident, out of which collateral events flow naturally. Every writer knows the difference between following up one imaginary subject through a single or through successive volumes, continually aided by the association of ideas, and, on the other hand, having to write in a narrow compass, upon a hundred topics, each wholly different. Nothing is so easy as to write, and nothing is so difficult as to write to the purpose, whatever commonplace people may think of the matter.

Mr. Redding's connexion with the *New Monthly* ceased with the October number, 1830, and, in December, Campbell resigned his ten years' editorship. The relation that existed between editor and proprietor cannot have been of a very agreeable kind, if we are to judge by a "few words with the public," written on the retirement of Mr. Campbell, when the proprietor, in a familiar mood, gossiped on the subject, observing:

Whether we take a new bookbinder or porter on our establishment, or reject one for returning too redolent of Meux or Barclay, is, we apprehend, a matter of infinitely small importance. Should we ship off a lazy official, or other person paid for doing nothing, we take it for granted that no comet with a fiery tail could set fire to our establishment.

Whereupon Mr. Redding indignantly remarks: "What a trading, huxtering, mercenary, insolent, sordid specimen of money-grubbing sensibility towards an eminent man of genius!"

The co-editors were once more together on the *Metropolitan*, but it was but for a very brief time. The history of the misadventures of that periodical are, indeed, very amusing. From the period when the poet left the *New Monthly Magazine*, he survived fourteen years, which were, perhaps, as eventful as any portion of his life, for he had lost his wife and home, and had changed his habits and even his society for the worse. His biographer kindly explains away, however, many exaggerated statements that have obtained currency upon this point.

At one time he determined to dine at two o'clock, to have the longer afternoon for his Polish labours. Regardless of appearances, he would snatch his dinner in haste, and repair again to the Sussex Chambers, where the business was transacted. Once or twice a week he would call between two or three o'clock at the Club, after his hurried dinner, to read the paper, ordering a glass of brandy-and-water at the same time; and some persons said he came there "to drink before dinner; how unseemly it was!" I told the poet so one day, and he replied,

"*You* believe I have dined?"

"Most assuredly, but the good-natured world does not know it."

"Pooh! I don't care for the world."

Campbell—hypochondriacal and absent as he was by nature—was fond of a joke, and even of a pun, although his biographer does not give him credit for success in the humorous in any sense. Still he once played off a practical joke on Mr. Redding himself. The occasion was a breakfast party, at which, among a number of literary characters, was one Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of Canada.

I did not then know that the doctor was an archdeacon, or of the Church of England, but supposed he was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland. Campbell, perceiving this, slyly ran me deep into my error. The Church of England came upon the carpet, in consequence of an allusion to some flagrant circumstances that had occurred in the cloth about that time in relation to cases of great looseness of morals in certain Church clergymen. I forget now what they were, nor does it matter, as it merely set the subject going. I began to dilate upon the greater care exercised in respect to moral character in choosing clergymen in Scotland than in England—addressing myself now and then to Dr. Strachan directly. Thence I proceeded to other points, in which I conceived the Church of Scotland had an advantage over that of England. Campbell now and then said something to me in a low tone, for no other end save to prolong the deception I was under. At length I paid the Church of Scotland so

many compliments, as being more simple in form. I do not know whether I did not speak of apostolic fishermen and purple thrones and mitres being irreconcilable to primitive Christianity. I fairly galled the good archdeacon, who soon withdrew solus to the drawing-room. Campbell could contain no longer. He stated to all present that Dr. Strachan was of the Church of England, Archdeacon of Toronto, in Canada, a very good man, and an old friend of his.

"You have done your own business now," said Campbell to me.

"Why, I saw you did not disapprove of what I said."

"Oh no," he replied, "the doctor is very good-natured, and to punish one of the orthodox who put faith in prelacy is a virtue in the eyes of a John Knoxer, as of course I am."

I felt annoyed; I would not willingly give any one offence, and feared I had hurt the archdeacon's feelings.

Many good things said or done by the poet are strung together in the concluding chapter, from which we take the following:

When Hazlitt published "The New Pigmalion," which he afterwards endeavoured to suppress, wholly unworthy of his talent as it was, Campbell said, "'Pigmalion,' indeed! the title should be 'Hogmalion!'"

His talent for punning, I have before observed, was not great.

"I have not a sixpence," I said to him one day; "my money is in my writing-desk, and I have lost the key."

"Never mind, Redding," said Campbell, jestingly, "if nothing better turns up, you are sure of a post among the *lackkeys*."

One day at the dinner-table, Colonel Jones of the Guards, Lord Denman, and others being present, the colonel complained that there were too many men in the Guards recruited from the metropolis and its vicinity, and among them many attorneys' clerks, the greatest rascals in existence.

"No, not exactly," said the poet; "you might have had their masters."

He would play upon an old pun of his own, and yet it did not appear threadbare from his mouth.

He wrote Horace Smith from Algiers, that it was the land of *dates*, for he had seen a camel carrying a load on his back. But he had long before said that the East was the site in which to write works on chronology, "because it was the country of dates."

Enough has been said and enough extracted, however, to establish the proposition with which we started, that the biography of a man of genius, written in a fair and impartial, yet amiable, spirit, cannot fail to be interesting and useful. Campbell was not the very best subject for an exemplar biography, yet has Mr. Redding so accomplished his task, as to carry out the best purposes of a branch of literature with which biography more especially concerns itself—the beneficial example derivable from the virtues and foibles of a man of genius by others who may follow in his footsteps.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By Sir Nathaniel.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.
D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!
Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,
Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XXIV.—Arnold of Brescia.

Madame de Stael has been complimented on drawing with a single stroke the character of Rienzi, Crescentius, and Arnold of Brescia, the fond restorers of Roman liberty, *qui ont pris les souvenirs pour les espérances.** Could Tacitus, asks Mr. Hallam, have excelled this?

Mr. Hallam's own account of Arnold and his age is marked by his wonted soberness and discrimination. Faithfully it depicts the internal state of Rome at the period in question, when there still remained enough, in the wreck of that vast inheritance, to swell the bosoms of her citizens with a consciousness of their dignity. It reminds us how they bore the venerable name, and contemplated the monuments of art and empire, and forgot, in the illusions of national pride, that the tutelar gods of the buildings were departed for ever. "About the middle of the twelfth century, these recollections were heightened by the eloquence of Arnold of Brescia, a political heretic who preached against the temporal jurisdiction of the hierarchy. In a temporary intoxication of fancy, they were led to make a ridiculous show of self-importance towards Frederick Barbarossa, when he came to receive the imperial crown; but the Germans sternly chided their ostentation, and chastised their resistance. With the popes they could deal more securely,"†—more than one Holy Father being expelled from Rome during that age by the seditious citizens, and one in particular, Lucius II., dying of hurts received in a tumult.

A characteristic paragraph of Gibbon's opens with the sententious sneer, that as the Jews had rejected Messias when He appeared among them in a plebeian character, so the Romans might plead their ignorance of His vicar when he assumed the pomp and pride of a temporal sovereign. The trumpet of Roman liberty, Gibbon goes on to say, was first

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* Corinne, t. i. p. 159.

† Hallam's State of Europe during the Middle Ages, vol. i. Italy, ch. iii.

sounded by Arnold of Brescia, whose promotion in the Church was confined to the lowest rank, and who wore the monastic habit rather as a garb of poverty than as a uniform of obedience. His adversaries, continues the historian, could not deny the wit and eloquence which they severely felt; they confess with reluctance the specious purity of his morals; and his errors were recommended to the public by a mixture of important and beneficial truths. "In his theological studies, he had been the disciple of the famous and unfortunate Abelard, who was likewise involved in the suspicion of heresy; but the lover of Eloisa was of a soft and flexible nature; and his ecclesiastical judges were edified and disarmed by the humility of his prostrations. From this master, Arnold most probably imbibed some metaphysical definitions of the Trinity, repugnant to the taste of the times; his ideas of baptism and the eucharist are loosely censured; but a *political* heresy was the source of his fame and misfortunes. He presumed not to quote the declaration of Christ, that His kingdom is not of this world; he boldly maintained, that the sword and the sceptre were entrusted to the civil magistrate; that temporal honours and possessions were lawfully vested in secular persons; that the abbots, the bishops, and the pope himself must renounce either their state or their salvation; and that after the loss of their revenues, the voluntary tithes and oblations of the faithful would suffice, not indeed for luxury and avarice, but for a frugal life in the exercise of spiritual labours.

"During a short time, the preacher was revered as a patriot; and the discontent, or revolt, of Brescia against her bishop was the first-fruits of his dangerous lessons. But the favour of the people is less permanent than the resentment of the priest; and after the heresy of Arnold had been condemned by Innocent the Second,* in the general council of the Lateran, the magistrates themselves were urged by prejudice and fear to execute the sentence of the Church. Italy could no longer afford a refuge, and the disciple of Abelard escaped beyond the Alps, till he found a safe and hospitable shelter in Zurich, now the first of the Swiss cantons."

Here the "precursor of Zuinglius," in an "age less ripe for reformation," was, however, heard with applause; a brave and simple people, as the dweller at Lausanne calls them, imbibed and long retained the colour of Arnold's opinions; and his "art, or merit,"—true Gibbonian alternative,—is said to have seduced the Bishop of Constance, and even the Pope's Legate, who forgot, for his sake, the interest of their master and their order. "Their tardy zeal was quickened by the fierce exhortations of Saint Bernard; and the enemy of the Church was driven, by persecution, to the desperate measure of erecting his standard in Rome itself, in the face of the successor of Saint Peter."† Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, though bonds and imprisonment might await him, he would see, must see Rome also, nor shun to declare within its consecrated walls what he took to be the whole counsel of God.

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* "——Damnatus ab illo
Præsule, qui numeros vetitum contingere nostros
Nomen ab *innocuâ* ducit laudabile vitâ."

We may applaud, with Gibbon, the dexterity and correctness of Ligurinus, who "turns the unpoetical name of Innocent II. into a compliment."

† Gibbon, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. lxix.

The allegories of Dante made popular and, as it were, visible (M. Villemain's expression), those ideas of civil independence which the genius of the great Popes of the eleventh century was bent on utterly destroying, but which, from the twelfth century downwards, appeared, with more or less boldness, in the writings even of theologians. "Proclaimed with audacity by Arnold of Brescia, they are to be found expressed with reserve in the writings of John Gerson and some few doctors of the University of Paris."* This man, says Menzel, of Arnold, preached a universal reform, the reduction of the Church to its primitive state of simplicity and poverty, and in the restoration in the State of the freedom and equality of the ancient Greek and Roman republics, at the same time that St. Bernard was raising a crusade, in which the religious enthusiasm of the age was carried to its highest pitch. "And thus did the adverse opinions of so many centuries meet, as it were, in the persons of these two men. Arnold expelled the pope from Rome, and restored the ancient republican form of government. A Roman, Jordanus, was elected consul."† This, of course, refers to the time prior to Arnold's expulsion from Rome by the returned pontiff, and his sojourn in Constance and Zurich.

It was during the interval between his two memorable visits to Rome that he defended his master, Abelard, against a charge of heresy, before the Council of Sens. A warm apologist he made, in behalf of one whose influence on his own intellectual culture, religious growth, and political aspirations, was avowedly so great. And yet, as Mr. Maurice has observed, it is not easy at once to conceive how the speculations on dialectics, or even on theology, in which Abelard indulged, can have borne fruit in a scheme for restoring a Senate and Tribunes to Rome, and for making the ecclesiastical world give place to the classical. And any theories, the same thoughtful divine remarks, about the links between the two sets of thoughts are nearly sure to be hasty and unsatisfactory in proportion to their ingenuity. "Much might be said of the way in which a spirit of inquiry when it has commenced in one direction, spreads into another. But though Abelard was a vigorous and even a restless inquirer, one does not perceive how his investigations should have led any one to disturb the peace of cities, far less to organise a society by restoring older forms than those which were displaced. It is only in connexion with the general movements of the time that one can understand how Abelard drew such audiences to his lectures on Universals at Paris, and it is only by attention to the same movements that one can understand how the acts of an enthusiast like Arnold should have become serious in the eyes of Popes and Emperors, and should have reacted on the philosophy of the schools.

"Arnold sought the assistance of Frederick Barbarossa in support of his popular movement against the Pope, or rather offered to fraternise with him. Though his proposals were received with little respect, they proved that there was a new element at work in the world, and that henceforth the conflict would not be merely between the civil and ecclesiastical heads of the Roman empire. The memorable struggles between

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* Villemain, Cours de Litt. du Moyen Age, XII.
† Menzel, Hist. of Germany, XI. § 148.

the Italian cities which brought the Popedom into the new and curious position of a champion of freedom against the German despotism, revealed still more clearly the existence of this third power, and showed that it would have an increasing influence on the destinies of Europe."*

The Church, or high Roman, view taken of Arnold and his cause, is fairly enough exemplified in M. Capefigue. That truly ecclesiastical historian tells us that in Rome, during the Middle Ages, together with the Church there survived the municipal spirit of ante-Christian and anti-Christian times—*souvenir* of the turbulent commotions of the plebs, when that fussy body testified its noisy approval of the magistrates it elected as patricians, consuls, or tribunes: the titles survived the power, the purple often invests that which no longer breathes any but a factitious and feverish life. But "the last thing to perish in the heart of man," according to M. Capefigue, is the spirit of sedition, wrath, turbulence. Now the custom of speechifying and "stump-oratory" continued to flourish in Rome; the multitude listened as of yore to their pet orators in the Forum. Hence M. Capefigue deduces the "ephemeral successes of Crescentius, and of Arnold of Brescia, who, under the pretence of restoring her glory and freedom to Rome, were desirous of separating her from the Papacy, without which Rome would be nothing but an empty sepulchre: to awaken the memories of the ancient Roman republic, was an enterprise similar to that of Julian the Apostate when he tried to revive paganism in its tomb."† Later again in M. Capefigue's history we meet with a passage to this effect. Under Adrian IV. breaks out the agitation of Arnold of Brescia—a political and religious sedition combined—the spirit of the proletariat manifesting itself in the proclamation of poverty, abnegation, communism. Arnold preaches the revolt of mind and body by heresy, while the foundation of the mendicant orders by Saint Francis realises the reform of abuses in property, by pure and catholic means. Saint Francis of Assise effected within the Church, and by the legitimate authority of the Popes, what Arnold of Brescia tried to effect in revolt against her. Hence the vast favour accorded to the mendicant orders. There is little popularity without cause to show for it, little success without merit or without necessity. Adrian IV., forced to quite Rome, had recourse to the alliance of Frederick Barbarossa and the Germans. The Roman people, caught for an instant by the doctrines of Arnold of Brescia, found it impossible to endure the gloomy aspect of the holy city under an interdict: the churches remained empty or shut up; the sacraments were refused to the living, and sepulture to the dead. Amid these scenes of disorder, while palaces and monasteries were being pillaged, the popularity of Arnold of Brescia became an extinct thing; and everywhere the cry was raised, to have the Pope back, and the tribune punished. The prefect of Rome presided at Arnold's execution; his ashes were flung abroad to the winds, or sowed in the waves of Tiber. Heresy and revolt, two ideas that are not unfrequently found in conjunction, were equally put down by the Church: those who are true Catholics obey the spirit of authority,—all revolt whatsoever being in their eyes a crime.

* Mediæval Philosophy. By Frederick Denison Maurice. Ch. iv. § 47 *sq.*

† L'Eglise au Moyen Age, du XIII^e^ au XV^e^ Siècle. Par M. Capefigue. T. ii. ch. xiii.

Such is, almost literally, M. Capefigue's report on the career and doom and deserts of Arnold of Brescia, whose ability and worth he accuses the "modern school" of "exaggerating," and whom, therefore, he scrutinises through no magnifying glass, but the reverse,—no great matter if the glass somewhat distort the features, as well as diminish the dimensions.—Frederick Schlegel was high Romanist enough too, though of broader sympathies than the voluminous Frenchman; but his estimate of the troublesome heretic is conceived in a more generous spirit. He sees in Arnold of Brescia's life-labours the first effort made to convulse all Christendom by the power of philosophy, and to overthrow the existing Christian constitution of Church and State. "Arnold met the fate which all must meet who attempt a premature revolution, and fail. Yet the purity of his intention is not to be mistaken, and the far deeper and more enthusiastic tone of philosophy from which he started, places him far above later antagonists of the Church, who were more fortunate than himself."* The reformer's language in reference to the papal throne was perilously explicit—the trumpet he put to his lips gave no uncertain sound; with many such blasts, and from other trumpeters, the walls of the great city bade fair to fall. Arnold took upon himself, as once did Paul in the case even of Peter, to withstand Adrian to the face, because he was to be blamed.

> Art thou Pope or King?
> The latter name was never heard in Rome;
> And if thou be Christ's vicar, thou shouldst know
> His crown was but of thorns.†

Adrian—it is the fourth pope of that name, our own Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever sat in the pontifical chair,—cold, proud, and far-seeing, may taunt the impassioned monk with rushing from the Alps on Rome, wakening the echoes of her ruined walls with empty breath of names not understood—for he blended in the same discourse the texts of Livy and St. Paul, uniting (in Gibbon's phrase) the motives of gospel, and of classic, enthusiasm‡—and may haughtily remind his refractory subject, that

> I alone
> Speak words the world repeats.

"But," interposes the unflinching reformer,

> But they were ne'er
> Of liberty. The Church, which stands between
> The people and their tyrants, ever shows
> Harsh to the weak, and cringing to the strong:
> And till this day, man hath been pressed to death,
> I' the stern embrace Cæsars and priests exchange.

And then follows the indignantly reproachful apostrophe—

> O supreme Pastors! ye behold earth's kings
> Make sport of human life; and o'er the nights
> Of sanguinary force, and o'er the crimes
> Which heathen tyranny had never dared,
> Spread the wide papal robe, and all is night.

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* Schlegel's Lectures on Modern History, VIII.
† Niccolini's Arnold of Brescia, a Tragedy. (Garrow's translation.)
‡ Roman Empire, ch. lxix.

Mosheim, who designates Arnold "a man of extensive erudition and remarkable austerity, but also of a turbulent and impetuous spirit," calls him, however, an "unhappy man" who seems not to have adopted any doctrines inconsistent with the spirit of true religion, and judges the principles upon which he acted to have been "chiefly reprehensible from their being carried too far," applied without discretion, and executed with "a degree of vehemence which was as criminal as it was imprudent." Having perceived (thus the learned heavy-laden Chancellor of

the U-
-niversity of Gottingen

represents the state of affairs) the discords and animosities, the calamities and disorders that sprang from the overgrown opulence of the pontiffs and bishops, Arnold was persuaded that the interests of the Church, and the happiness of nations in general, required that the clergy should be divested of all their worldly possessions, of all their temporal rights and prerogatives. He therefore maintained, publicly, that the treasures and revenues of popes, bishops, and monasteries, ought to be solemnly resigned and transferred to the supreme ruler of each state, and that nothing was to be left to the ministers of the gospel but a spiritual authority and a subsistence drawn from tithes, and from the voluntary oblations and contributions of the people. "This violent reformer, in whose character and manners there were several things worthy of esteem"—a qualification worthy of cautious, almost dry-as-dust Doctor John Lawrence Mosheim—"drew after him a great number of disciples, who derived from him the denomination of Arnoldists, and who, in succeeding times, discovered the spirit and intrepidity of their leader, as often as any favourable opportunities of reforming the Church were offered to their zeal."* Arnold had left the world assurance of a man who could beard prelacy in its palaces, and brand the papacy on its holy seat, and speak a word in season to them that were weary of both, and words (it might seem) out of season against the corruptions which had eaten into the hierarchy far and wide.

> Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
> And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;
> You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
> Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
> Who will be served by others on their knees,
> Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
> Pastors who neither take nor point the way
> To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
> Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
> And speak the word—(Alas! of fearful things
> 'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
> Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
> And taught the general voice to prophesy
> Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low).†

Sir Bulwer Lytton "apprehends" that if ever the life of Cola di Rienzi shall be written by a hand worthy of the task, it will be shown that a strong religious feeling was blended with the political enthusiasm of the

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* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Cent. XII. Pt. ii. ch. v. § 10.
† Wordsworth, Ecclesiastical Sonnets, XVIII.

people—the religious feeling of a "premature and crude reformation, the legacy of Arnold of Brescia."* And a passage midway in his romance of the Last of the Tribunes runs thus: "But that which constituted the most singular feature of his [Rienzi's] character, and which still wraps around him a certain mystery, was his religious enthusiasm. The daring but wild doctrines of Arnold of Brescia, who, two centuries anterior, had preached reform, but inculcated mysticism, still lingered in Rome, and had in earlier youth deeply coloured the mind of Rienzi; and as I have before observed, his youthful propensity to dreamy thought, the melancholy death of his brother, his own various but successful fortunes, had all contributed to nurse the more zealous and solemn aspirations of this remarkable man. Like Arnold of Brescia, his faith bore a strong resemblance to the intense fanaticism of our own Puritans of the Civil War, as if similar political circumstances conduced to similar religious sentiments."† (Elsewhere again Sir Edward observes that "the Good Estate," *Buono Stato*, of Rienzi reminds one a little of the Good Cause of General Cromwell. But that not much.)

We have seen, or rather seemed to overhear, M. Capefigue's complacent chuckle at the apparent completeness with which Arnold was eventually put down. Put out, would perhaps be a better term to use, so effectual an extinguisher was set on this agitator, after being duly set fire to, and burnt at an orthodox rate and for a canonical time. And Arnold of Brescia is, indeed, one of the very instances nominated by Mr. J. S. Mill, in contradiction of certain prevalent views as to the validity and vitality of truth *versus* persecution. The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, is declared by this philosophic thinker, to be one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into common-places, but which all experience refutes. He declares history to teem with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed for ever, it may, he says, be thrown back for centuries. Thus, in the province only of religious opinions, he reminds us that the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. That Arnold of Brescia was put down. That Fra Dolcino was put down. That Savonarola was put down. That the Albigeois were put down. That the Vaudois were put down. That the Lollards were put down. That the Hussites were put down. That even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, he continues, and Italy, and Flanders, and the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. "Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social

* See note to ch. vi. book ii. of "Rienzi." † Ibid. book iv. ch. iii.

penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either."* The real advantage which truth has, according to Mr. Stuart Mill, consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times; but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to rediscover it, until some one of its reappearances falls on a time when from favourable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.

In his eloquent description of the great intellectual movement which began to awaken the slumbering mind of Europe in the eleventh century, Dean Milman, after saying that "Their own or after ages have felt and recognised the power of Anselm, Abelard, Bernard of Clairvaux, and Arnold of Brescia," goes on to remark that the religious republicanism of Arnold, the least intellectual impulse, was that which produced the most immediate but the least enduring effects. "He was crushed by the uncongenial times. The strong arm of the temporal and ecclesiastical power combined to put down the rebel against both. To all outward appearance the doctrines of Arnold perished with him on his funeral pyre. They may have lurked among the more odious hidden tenets of some among the heretical sects which were persecuted so violently during the next century; kindred principles are so congenial to human nature, and so sure to be provoked into being by the inordinate wealth and ambition of the Church, that no doubt they were latent and brooding in many hearts: but Arnold founded no sect, left no writings, had no avowed followers. Those who in later times advanced similar tenets, Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola, may never have heard of their premature ancestor."†

Of the purely intellectual movement, the intellectual struggle for emancipation, Abelard was the representative and the victim. Of the other, "far more popular, immediate, and, while it lasted, perilous,"—that which rose up against the whole hierarchical system of Christendom, Arnold was the champion and the martyr. This last "was for a time successful; combining with the inextinguishable republican spirit of the Roman populace, it curbed and subjugated the great head of the hierarchy in the very seat of his power. It required a league between a powerful Emperor and an able Pope to crush Arnold of Brescia; but in the ashes of Arnold of Brescia's funeral pile smouldered for centuries the fire, which was at length to blaze out in irresistible violence."‡

The modern Italian poet, Niccolini, has made his hero console as well as chasten himself with convictions of this nature, when taken by his enemies, and awaiting his last and (literally) fiery trial. Arnold supplicates Heaven to defend its own cause,

> ——that it may rise again,
> And overcome blind error with my blood;
> And let old falsehood perish at the foot
> Of the eternal truth . . . yet will it bear
> No fruit till quickened by the wings of time;
> And in the hope which deemed them nigh at hand
> I may have erred . . . better to err than pause. . . .

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* Essay on Liberty, by John Stuart Mill, ch. ii.
† History of Latin Christianity, vol. iii. book viii. ch. i.
‡ Ibid. ch. v.

Death is so near him now that it awakes "fond memories and painful" in his heart. *Moriens,* or at least *moriturus, dulces reminiscitur Argos.* With his latest thoughts he turns to seek the native soil which he was forced to leave.

> Dear Brescia, I forgive thee for mine exile. . . .
> Thy pastor only sinned. Thou pleasant nest
> Of valiant hearts and just! thou shalt pursue
> Milan's example, and right largely share
> In all Italia's glories.

Then he musingly and tenderly recals how oft in youth he wandered on Benaco's side,

> ——when all full of God,
> Pure, limpid, quivering lay my soul, as lie
> The waters of thy lake! Ah, ne'er forget,
> Brescia, thy hapless son! In after times
> Grant that some courteous spirit may restore
> My fame, which will too surely be laid low,
> Beneath the blows of the false court of Rome,
> Harlot of monarchs! Oh, this earth's a place
> Of calumny and of oblivion! . . . .

Anon he feels upraised above himself, the future already fills his breast, and labours there. "God makes of him a prophet." Like the seer of old, which heard the word of God, and saw the vision, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open,—he gazes down the vista of ages, and beholds as in a glass, *not* darkly, the things that shall come to pass in the latter days.

> God makes of me a prophet: I behold
> The Lombard towns in federation joined,
> And, amid blood and ashes from the walls
> Of twenty cities, riseth up to Heaven
> One single banner! . . . Lo! the deadly band
> Fall to the earth in prayer to the Most High:
> From lips intrepid mounts to Heaven that oath
> Which pales the tyrant's cheek: the haughty chief
> Beholds his troops fall off, his standard vanish,
> Snatched by a valiant hand; then, to the earth
> Which once upbore his triumphs, down he springs,
> By the first onset overcome, and hides
> Amid the general slaughter of his troops.*

Quite absolute, indeed, is the reformer's faith, expressed in the first act of the tragedy, that should Italy rise

> As it were one man, with united will,
> No swords would she require to drive the Austrian

from the land where his "proud coursers" trample, "with iron-shod hoof," on the flowers it teems withal, as the garden of Europe, and very cynosure of neighbouring nations' eyes.

The poetry of these aspirations is not disregardful of facts or confirmatory phases in Arnold's life-history—for his youth ripened amid the "advancing political republicanism of the Lombard cities." Of his boyhood and education nothing is known. The starting-point of his course

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* Niccolini, Arnold of Brescia (1843).

may be fixed at the time when, "with the inquisitive and aspiring youth from all parts of Europe," he travelled to France, to attend the instructions of the great teacher, Peter Abelard, of whom he was to be one day styled the "standard-bearer," and in whose alleged heterodoxies he had the discredit of sharing. For Arnold was naturally enough identified with his master in speculative details; and when he came denouncing this, that, and the other in Church and State, jealous and undiscerning authority would just classify the condemned culprit with those who, to apply Glorious John's phrase,

> ——rack even Scripture to confess their cause,
> And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.*

But while others delighted in Abelard's logical subtleties, and, as Dr. Milman says, "with him endeavoured to tear away the veil which hung over the sacred mysteries of the faith," what Arnold seized on, of the Paraclete teachings, was the practical tendency they involved, as bearing on matters social and political. On all the high mysterious doctrines of the Church, the orthodoxy of Arnold was, the Dean of St. Paul's explicitly affirms, "unimpeachable;" his personal life was that of the sternest monk; he had the most earnest sympathy with the popular religion. If his opinions on the Sacraments were questioned, this seems to have been on account of the connexion of the Sacraments with sacerdotal power. Arnold's Utopia was "a great Christian republic, exactly the reverse of that of Gregory VII. As religious and as ambitious as Hildebrand, Arnold employed the terrors of the other world, with as little scruple to depose the pontiff as to exalt the authority of the clergy. Salvation was impossible to a priest holding property, a bishop exercising temporal power, a monk retaining any possession whatever. This he grounded not on the questionable authority of the Church, but on the plain Gospel of Christ: to this he appealed with intrepid consequence.

"It was the whole feudal system, imperial as well as pontifical, which was to vanish away. The temporal sovereign was to be the fountain of honour, of wealth, of power; to that sovereign were to revert all the possessions of the Church, the estates of the monasteries, the royalties of the Pope and the bishops. But the sovereign was a popular assembly. Like other fond republicans, Arnold hoped to find, in a democratic senate, chosen out of and chosen by the unchristian as well as the Christian part of the community, that Christianity for which he looked in vain in the regal and pontifical autocracies, in the episcopal and feudal oligarchies of the time.† This, which the most sanguine in the nineteenth century look upon as visionary, or, after a long discipline of religious and social education, but remotely possible, Arnold hoped to raise as if by enchantment, among the rude, ignorant, oppressed lower classes of the twelfth. The alliance of the imperial and pontifical power, which in the end was so fatal to Arnold, was grounded on no idle fear or wanton tyranny, it was an alliance to crush a common enemy."‡

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* Dryden, The Medal.

† "Omnia principiis terrenis subdita, tantum
Committenda viris popularibus atque regenda."
Gunther, III. 277.

‡ Milman's Latin Christianity, vol. iii. pp. 384 *sq.*

But if the State lent its mailed hand to grind to powder this aggressive democrat,—if the Emperor aided and abetted in extinguishing this perturbing spirit,—the Church it was that took the lead in running him down, for the Church it was that most sorely and most offensively he had aggrieved. Not by poetical licence, but with historical vouchers, does the Italian poet* represent Arnold lifting up his voice amid the seven hills, for

> Liberty and God.
> A voice from the east,
> A voice from the west,
> A voice from the deserts,
> A voice from the echoes of the open sepulchres,
> Harlot, accuses thee.

St. Bernard was the man who hunted the transgressor home. Good man as St. Bernard was, he was a still better Church man. It was his mission, he believed, to rid Christendom of such pests as that Goliath, Abelard, and his standard-bearer, Arnold of Brescia. St. Bernard it was who "traced the fugitive Arnold into the diocese of Constance. He wrote in the most vehement language to the bishop denouncing Arnold as the author of tumult and sedition, of insurrection against the clergy, even against bishops, of arraying the laity against the spiritual power." No terms, says Dr. Milman, are too harsh; besides the maledictory language of the Psalms, "His mouth is full of cursing and bitterness, and his feet swift to shed blood," Bernard calls him the enemy of the Cross of Christ, the fomenter of discord, the fabricator of schism. He urges the bishop to seize and imprison this wandering disturber of the peace. Arnold's time was not yet come; but he had not St. Bernard to thank for that.

Years glided on, and now the time of both Saint and schismatic was come. St. Bernard died too soon to see with his eyes the destruction of Arnold, but in due time that destruction was accomplished, to the satisfaction of the faithful. The mild measures of Pope Eugenius, we are told, had undermined Arnold's power; Adrian IV. had the courage to confront him with open hostility. The approaching coronation of Frederick Barbarossa (1155) was "fatal to the bold reformer, who had offended, though not in an equal degree, the heads of the church and state." In their interview at Viterbo, as Gibbon reports it, the Pope represented to the Emperor the furious ungovernable spirit of the Romans; the insults, the injuries, the fears, to which his person and his clergy were continually exposed; and the pernicious tendency of the heresy of Arnold, which must subvert the principles of civil, as well as ecclesiastical, subordination. "Frederick was convinced by these arguments, or tempted by the desire of the imperial crown; in the balance of ambition, the innocence or life of an individual is of small account, and their common enemy was sacrificed to a moment of political concord."† Menzel's remark is, that the Emperor little foresaw of what a powerful weapon he wlifully deprived

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* Niccolini. Of course his *Arnaldo da Brescia* had the honour of being an interdicted play, and the more sought after on that account. His *Giovanno da Procida* has the same story to tell,—straitly prohibited, and eagerly in request.

† Gibbon's Roman Empire, ch. lxix.

himself, by persecuting Arnold, "a man as truly great as he was unfortunate," instead of aiding him to the utmost in carrying out his plans for the complete reformation of the Church. But "the enthusiasm created by Arnold of Brescia appeared to him [Frederick] merely an Italian comedy, the contemptible shadow of a temporal republic, instead of, as in fact it was, the germ of a great ecclesiastical reform."* Arnold had fled from Rome, but Rome soon had him safe back again, now that things were "made comfortable" between Emperor and Pope. The execution was hurried on, and took place at daybreak, before folks were stirring—lest, in fact, folks should stir with a vengeance, and impair the harmony of the proceedings. Arnold's own friends in Rome must not come there and "spoil the roast." So Arnold was roasted in peace and quietness, no man forbidding it. And lest the ignoble vulgar should worship the relict ashes of the martyr of their liberties, those ashes were cast into the Tiber. The Tiber, no doubt, carried them to the sea; and what the sea did with them may be suggested by the late Professor Blunt's ingenious comment on a decree of the Council of Constance, for Wickliffe's bones to be exhumed, burned, and cast into the brook. But the Swift (such is its name) bore them to the Avon, that to the Severn, the Severn to the sea, to be dispersed unto all lands: *which things are an allegory.*†

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

By W. Charles Kent.

X.—MILTON AT CRIPPLEGATE.

An atmosphere of golden harmonies
Around him floating, fills the haunted room.
Loved chamber, often hallowed thus at eve
By consecrating sunbeams! Ever then
Thrilled through and through with grand concordant tones:
Now swelling like an anthem—and anon
In sighs of dulcet sadness dying down
To murmurs hushed as echoes of a prayer.

His frail white hands along the keys in love
Stray slowly in long chords of mellow sound.
His slippered feet, alternately relaxed
In pressure, draw such lengthened notes
From deepest diapason of the reeds,
That, vibrating, the open casement jars
Responding palpitations. On the sill
A heliotrope, half-blackened into bud,

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* Menzel, Hist. of Germany, part xi. § cl.
† Blunt's Reformation in England, ch. v.

Pales in its lilac flowering, whence in gusts
The balmy breath of evening spreads abroad
The honeyed fragrance lurking in its leaves.
Enthroned before the soaring organ pipes,
All bathed in crimson blushes of the west,
The old Musician sings—his feeblest touch
Waking the thunderous music latent there
In serried tubes like tromps of gold: his voice
Of silver sweetness thridding all the maze
Of winding strains melodious. From his lip,
Like balm, the psalmody of Israel's king,
In Hebrew streaming, floods his soul with joy;
As though the solemn warbling Bird of Night
Sang peace while every cadence of its song
Dropp'd, manna-like, its life's own nutriment.
And as the nightingale, of russet plumage, sings,
Alone in darkness sown with stars of God,
So sings, 'mid shadows deeper than the night,
Sown like the night with visions grand as stars,
The Philomel of Ages. Clothed in grey
(His robe a threadbare, homely garb of serge),
He sits enraptured 'mid the choral clang;
Sits breathing music from his mouth and hands:
Hands—outspread, as if in benediction!
Mouth—whose gentlest sighs search space though trembling,
As, thrilled with awe, emotion, grief, and years,
Love wafts them e'en beyond the porch of heaven!

Upturned towards the instrument thus made
The altar of thy worship, Seer and Bard!
With looks celestial as thy song, thy face
Reflects eve's sacred radiance. From calm brows
The hyacinthine ringlets parting—trailed
Like Adam's in thy bloom (brown-gilded coils
Luxuriant)—scantly now, and silvering, droop
Dishevelled on thy shoulders. While those eyes—
Seraphic eyes, whence gazed thy soul serene—
Ah! quenched their mournful beauty now, and blank
As sculptured orbs in monumental stone:
Of all their azure splendour quite bereft,
As—dead, yet living—light in darkness drowned.
Not now for them the ruddy sunset showers
Its slant of swarming gold-dust by the fall
Of faded silken curtains, erst as green
As emerald of the meadow grass, when sight
Was fainting out, while pangs of anguish lured
Dim shades around, in presage of thy doom.
Not now for thee those darkling lattice buds
Purple to clustering blossoms: not for thee
The reflex in the mirror on the wall
Of this dear inner chamber—home of home—
With ripe harmonious colours mimick'd there;
The old familiar patterns on the floor;
Old books of studious boyhood; fluted pomps
Of tarnished gold cylindric, where aloft
The glory of the darling organ rears
The symbol of its resonance; and beneath,

Repeated in the shadowy disc—the soul
And source of all those rolling melodies—
Thyself! with saintly features and bowed frame,
There softly chanting still the holy psalm,
Eve's parting halo like an aureole
Around thy shining hair——
When suddenly,
As with a sob, thy plaintive lay of prayer
Dies inarticulate: the commingling notes,
Strewn by thy hands, resolving into one—
One fading soon to silence! While that verse,
Last syllabled in tremulous tones, again
Seems echoed back by memory: "Lord!"
It cries, "my heart is sad, strength spent, the light
Hath left mine eyes"*—and falters then in tears,
Meek tears, submissive, not repining. Eve,
Sweet Novice, shorn of golden tresses, dons
The darkening veil of twilight as a Nun
That tells the stars for beads, Heaven's purple arch
Her cloister, and the moon swung silvering there
The sacred lamp lighting God's sanctuary.
Half-veiled as yet in deepening folds, she beams
The holy effluence of her presence round
The sorrow-silenced chamber where alone
The blind old bard yet breathes dumb orisons,
His heart-strings trembling with hushed music still,
As thrill æolian chords inaudibly
When warbling winds have flown. Thus anguish-torn,
'Mid fluctuating sheen that long contends
With glimmering portents of approaching night,
Thus silently, 'mid rolling thunder thoughts,
Unseeing, though with spirit gaze as keen
As lightning glance of seraphim, thou sitt'st
Before that builded throne of symphonies,
Thyself a fragile instrument of strains
Immortal, that long ages, ages hence,
Though thou art dust, shall mourn from Earth to Heaven,
With voice sublime, the doom of Paradise.

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* Ps. xxxvii. v. 10. In the Latin Vulgate: "Cor meum conturbatum est, dereliquit me virtus mea: et lumen oculorum meorum et ipsum non est mecum."

SCHILLER AND HIS TIMES.

The 10th of November, 1859, will be long remembered by Germans, in connexion with the festivities held in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of their great poet, Schiller. The most cordial unanimity prevailed among Germans, and every town in which they dwell (and where do they not?) gave honest testimony of their loving admiration for the poet. When we bear in mind the exemplary defeat the Scotch endured in their celebration of Burns, the Schiller festival held at the same place reads us an instructive lesson for the future, and shows that we might take a lesson from our cousins German, whenever we desire to consecrate the memory of our great men in a manner worthy of the nation. We were, therefore, sorry to see some of our daily contemporaries run down the Crystal Palace solemnity, and attempt to prove that the poet was not equal to the veneration paid him. Who among us is there who can form a fair estimate of Schiller's powers? However well we may be read in German, we cannot assume that peculiarly German tendency to sentimentalism (we use the word in its better sense) which enables them to appreciate passages in the poetry of their predilection which to us appear, some common-place, others obscure and stilted. To form a criterion of the place Schiller occupies among the world's poets, we must carefully study what the most eminent of his fellow-citizens have written about him. As a step, then, in the right direction, we purpose, in the present paper, to analyse a recently published work by a trustworthy authority, and lay before our readers the appreciation the Teutonic mind has formed of the national poet.*

The misfortune is that no German can begin writing about Schiller without instituting odious comparisons between him and Goethe. Mr. Schmidt has not escaped this calamity, but has managed to treat it more artistically than many of his collaborateurs. His work commences in 1779, when Duke Carl of Weimar and Goethe, returning from their Swiss tour, paid a visit to Stuttgard. Of course the greatest curiosity the Duke of Würtemberg could display to them was his recently-founded military academy, the Carl's Schule. The distribution of the prizes appeared a suitable opportunity for the visit; and here Goethe saw, for the first time, Friedrich Schiller, who had gained three medical prizes. Each time that a prize was presented to him he had to step up to his royal master and gratefully kiss his coat; for was he not a bourgeois, and could a ducal hand be touched by aught but noble lips? The appearance of the young student afforded a striking contrast to that of Goethe, who was then the spoiled child of fortune and the most rising man of the day. Schiller is described to us as marvellously tall and thin, awkward in his movements, pale, freckled, and red-haired, with eyes constantly red, and a carelessness of attire which almost broke the heart of the drill sergeant, who was wont to describe him as "a good Christian, but not over cleanly." The two poets met and parted without speaking, for Schiller had a special dislike for Goethe, whom he christened the "arrogant genius;" nor did they meet again for nine years.

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* Schiller und seine Zeitgenossen. Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig.

The poor lad was utterly miserable at the Carl's Schule. Naturally ambitious, the surly despotism of his royal master gnawed at his heart, and his own low social position seemed, to his distempered mind, a wrong nature had inflicted on him. He found vent for his feelings in writing "The Robbers," which play was eventually brought out at Mannheim, and met with extraordinary success. This was the turning-point in the young man's career. Believing in the glozing words of the theatrical director at Mannheim, the Baron von Dalberg, he determined to fly his fatherland, and throw himself on the world for support. To this step other motives urged him: he had been put under a fortnight's arrest for visiting Mannheim without leave, and, greater grievance still, the Duke of Würtemberg forbade his young chirurgeon writing "comedies and such stuff." The flight was accomplished on the 17th September, 1782, and Schiller reached Mannheim penniless in pocket but all the richer in hope.

But Dalberg was not the man to offend a regnant duke by encouraging his runaway army surgeon, and, in fact, treated him very cruelly—so cruelly, indeed, that Schiller had no resource but to seek shelter at Bauerbach, in Thuringia, with Frau von Wolzogen, who had two sons at the Carl's Schule. Here the young poet remained in a sad state of mind, and allowing gloomy thoughts to prey on him. There was a good deal of the Chatterton element about him, and he railed at the world because it did not appreciate him at his own price. But his feelings will be best studied in the following excerpt from one of his letters to his patroness: "There was a time when the hope of eternal renown tickled me as much as a grand dress does a girl. Now all matters are indifferent to me, and I will present you with my literary laurels in the first dish of bœuf à la mode. How small is the extremest magnitude of a poet compared with the thought of living happily. All is over with my old plan, dearest friend, and, woe is me! if the same fate should await my present plan. Of course I shall remain with you, and, if possible, be buried at Bauerbach. The only question is how I shall permanently establish my felicity with you, but I will do so or cease to live."

Fortunately for the world the Fates decreed otherwise. Dalberg required some one to trim his plays for him, and applied to Schiller, who accepted the appointment for a year. "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love" were produced during that period, but then Schiller fell ill, and could work no more. Besides, a theatre, with its miserable intrigues, was not the place for Schiller: he had nothing in common with his surroundings, and the consequence was that he broke with Dalberg. First, he thought of taking to medicine again, but at last applied himself to journalism to gain his daily bread. In 1784 the "Rhenish Thalia" appeared, but did not excite the slightest sensation among the public. Hence Schiller decided to shake off the dust of the ungrateful city and migrated to Leipzig, where he had a hearty friend in Körner. Here he spent two tolerably happy years, but he had a fierce longing to be independent, and so, when Frau von Kalb, whose acquaintance Schiller had formed at Mannheim, and who had kept up a correspondence with him, invited him to Weimar in 1787, he quickly obeyed the summons. This lady is historically remarkable as the prototype of *Elizabeth* in "Don Carlos," a play Schiller had begun so far back as 1782. The first act, completed

two years later, was read to the Duke of Weimar, and procured the author the barren honour of a title as councillor, and was afterwards published fragment-wise in the "Thalia." It was terminated in Weimar, and the poet began casting about for purchasers. We find him receiving a hundred thalers from one house, twelve Louis d'or from another, twenty-one from a third, for the right of performing the tragedy, which the author himself adapted from the original printed play of twenty-six sheets. It however met with but little success on the stage: the audience did not understand it, and it possessed the unpardonable fault of being too lengthy.

It was Schiller's harsh fate to be always undeceived by persons of whom he had formed too flattering an estimate before he made their personal acquaintance. Thus it was at Weimar: he approached that German Athens with feelings of reverence for the great men he was to meet there, and we find from his earliest letters how thoroughly he was disillusionised. His descriptions of Wieland and Herder bear quite a satirical tinge, but we may possibly explain this by the fact that Herder had never read a line of his writings. Here is a specimen: "Of the great spirits here, more and more absurd things reach my ear daily. Herder and his wife live in an egotistic solitude, and form a species of sacred duality, from which they exclude every son of earth. But, as both are violent and proud, the two divinities fall out at times. When this takes place, they live apart on separate floors, and letters fly up and down stairs, until at length the wife makes up her mind to invade her husband's room, where she recites a passage from his writings with the words, 'The man who wrote this must be a god, and no one can be angry with him.' Then the conquered Herder falls on her neck, and the quarrel is at end." In the mean while Schiller was engaged on his "Ghost-seer," and filling up his time at the feet of Caroline von Kalb, with whom he fancied he was madly in love. In this delusion his friend Körner encouraged him, for he thought that a *grande passion* would do the poet no harm. But the time had arrived for Schiller to discover what love really meant. During Caroline's temporary absence from Weimar he accepted an invitation from the Baroness von Wolzogen, and made at her house the acquaintance of Lotte, the younger daughter of Frau von Lengefeld. Here it was, too, that he learned to know William von Humboldt, who was engaged to the daughter of Frau von Wolzogen. In such delightful company the hours passed too rapidly, and Caroline was in a fair way of being forgotten. He was working hard, too, at his history of the rebellion of the Netherlands, and the afternoon was devoted to the perusal of classical works, such as Voss's "Homer." Even when absent from the sisters, Schiller could not refrain from writing to them, and his correspondence furnishes admirable reading. Poor Caroline was the victim of the master passion: she had dearly loved a man, and received the usual punishment in ingratitude. Schiller returned her all her letters in 1790, and they parted for ever, he to the enjoyment of a wedded life, she to penury and an aching heart. Her passion was one of those pleasant vices of which the gods make implements to scourge us.

On the 22nd of February, 1790, Schiller was married, and he describes his feelings in a characteristic letter to Körner: "The change has taken place so quietly and imperceptibly that I felt surprised at it, because in

marriage I was always afraid of the ceremony. I am still in a strange state of confusion, and feel very happy in it. I have attended to my business as before, and with greater self-satisfaction. Life is very different by the side of a beloved wife, from what it is when all desolate and alone, even in summer. Now I enjoy fair nature." What the poet hoped was perfectly fulfilled: Lotte was a good and faithful wife, in weal and woe the real confidante of his mind, his ideas, and his sorrows. She was far from an unimportant member of the chain that surrounded the poet—Goethe, Humboldt, and Körner—and she formed the joy of his existence. The childish part of Schiller's temperament was aroused once more into activity by her, his despondency soothed, and poetry connected with actual life. There is nothing more charming in German literature than the notes the loving couple interchanged during any temporary parting.

The poet's time was well filled up during this period. In the previous year he had been appointed, through Goethe's intercession, professor of history to the University of Jena, and found he had to work hard to keep himself on a level with his subject. At the same time he was writing the "History of the Thirty Years' War," which met with unexampled success, for seven thousand copies were sold within the first two months. It took him four months to write, and he received eighty Louis d'or for it. The reader of this work will notice the care the author devoted to the character of Wallenstein, and there is little doubt that this study was a preparation for his future masterpiece.

Only the year after his marriage Schiller's troubles began again: he had placed one foot on the ladder of success, and was mercilessly hurled back by an illness, which caused his life almost to be despaired of. The Duke of Augustenburg nobly stepped forward to secure him a provision for life; and thus ensured against starvation, the poet proceeded to revisit his parents, with whom he stayed for several months. At Stuttgard he formed the acquaintance of Cotta the publisher, and arranged with him to bring out a periodical, *Die Horen*, which eventually brought him into closer contact with Goethe. The new periodical was designed to collect, beneath the banner of Idealism, all literary men of importance, and by their aid gradually raise the German nation to that stage of humanity whence it could rival the ancient Greeks. The natural result was that the literati, ere long, fell out among one another; and when Goethe and Schiller maliciously opened a corner for the "Xenia," a collection of smart epigrams, attacking everybody not of their way of thinking, a storm broke out, beneath which Schiller eventually succumbed. The first to desert the banner was Herder, and Schiller's correspondence tells us how deeply he felt his apostacy. Next came the turn of Schlegel; at first everything he wrote was admirable, and Schiller regarded him as an acquisition. Unfortunately, his brother Frederick was a literary critic, and wrote some very harsh remarks on "Jean Paul;" Schiller at once took up the cudgels, and a smart epigram appeared in the "Xenia," under the title "Latest Specimens of Criticism." This blow Frederick Schlegel returned by a very bitter criticism of the *Horen*, in Reichardt's journal, which annoyed Schiller so much that he declined any more of August W. Schlegel's contributions. In short, there was hardly one of his writers with whom Schiller, through his unhappy temperament, did not come into collision; but always excepting Goethe. This is how he

writes about his friend, in a letter to the Countess Schimmelmann: "I may say that, during the six years I lived with him, I never once erred as to his character. He has in his nature a lofty truth and integrity, and the utmost seriousness for what is right and good; hence, chatterers, hypocrites, and sophists, have ever felt uncomfortable in his vicinity. They hate him, because they fear him; and as he heartily despises what is false and shallow in life and science, and detests all false glitter, he must, necessarily, be at odds with many in the present social and literary world. You will ask, though, how it comes, that, influenced by such feelings, he can have any connexion with such people as the Schlegel brothers. This connexion is merely literary, and not friendly, as persons judge it from a distance. Goethe treasures everything good, wherever he may find it; and thus he does justice to the talent of the elder Schlegel. And the fact that the two brothers and their partisans exaggerate the principles of the new philosophy and art, and render them ridiculous or odious by a bad application, does not invalidate the claims of those principles to recognition. Goethe is himself innocent of the absurd reverence the two Schlegels pay him; he has not encouraged them to it, but rather suffers from it, and sees very clearly that the sources of this veneration are not the purest, for these vain men employ his name solely as a defence against their foes, and, in reality, only care for themselves. This opinion I write here from Goethe's own lips, and in this way he and I discuss the merits of the Schlegels."

During all these pestilent squabbles Schiller was hard at work on his splendid trilogy of "Wallenstein," which produced an extraordinary sensation when first acted. This was soon followed by "Maria Stuart" and "The Maid of Orleans." Next came "The Bride of Messina," an attempt to restore the classical drama to the stage, and, necessarily, a comparative failure; and, lastly, his "William Tell," his ripest and most successful play. The enthusiasm with which it was received throughout Germany did the poet's heart good; and he needed something to cheer him, for he was already attacked by his fatal malady. He was working at intervals on his "Demetrius," when death summoned him away, on the 9th of May, 1805.

The judgment formed as to the poet's true position has varied wonderfully: at one moment he has been the first, at another, almost the last of Germany's great writers. After the completion of "Wallenstein" he was considered by the masses the greatest poet of Germany. This veneration was increased by the sympathy felt at his early death; it was fostered by the young playwrights, who had all carefully studied Schiller, and was finally raised to intensity by the patriotic song-writers, who, during the War of Liberation, summoned the youth of Germany to arms by imitations of the Horseman's song in "Wallenstein." But all this while the reaction was silently at work, which, when the restoration paralysed all the free impulses of the national mind, became the spirit of the age. To the partisans of this tendency Schiller appeared commonplace, and unworthy the name of a poet, because he did homage to the instincts of the masses. When the revolution of July produced a consequent change of the literature of the day, the same feeling was kept up, though under a different shape. If the old party entertained serious doubts as to the demagogue Marquis Posa, the younger school now

shrugged their shoulders at the pedantic moralist Max Piccolomini; the poet was declared to be too thoroughly imbued with the prejudices of a past age, and lacked that amiable frivolity so much admired in the French school, and of which such evident traces are found in Goethe's writings. With 1848 there was another decided change. There was a good deal talked about liberty, virtue, and fatherland, attention was drawn to the fact that Goethe had been the servitor of princes, and that he had done but little to arouse the people during the War of Liberation. The very things for which Schiller had formerly been reproached, now became the foundation of his fame. Authors of the most various hues, such as Menzel, Börne, and others, were agreed on this point, and so the people were at length forced into the belief that Schiller was the poet of liberty, virtue, and the fatherland.

It is very curious how such a belief should have been formed about a man whose poems every schoolboy in Germany knows by heart. He was anything but a blind enthusiast for liberty and virtue—he was, in fact, a man fashioned by adversity. More than that, he possessed a very powerful nature, which, like that of the Greek heroes, was strengthened by every calamity that befel him. He was not merely an amiable idealist but a great poet, whose grandeur, however, is not to be found where it is generally sought. It is a very distorted view to try to separate the poet from the man, as is too often done. We can find Goethe and Schiller's poetry in their actual life, and the impression they produced on their contemporaries is the same as a perusal of their works arouses in us.

Schiller's personal appearance excited no feeling of affection, but that feeling was gradually aroused by a sense of respect and reverence; when Goethe made his appearance, there was a rich store of love awaiting him as well as friendship; characters most varying threw themselves on his neck. Schiller possessed only three real friends, Körner, Humboldt, and Goethe, and respect preceded affection with each of them. It must not be forgotten, however, that Goethe made or broke a friendship with regal equanimity, while with Schiller friendship was a sacred bond of union. It was not by accident that Goethe described women so splendidly, for, in this respect, there was something feminine in his character. In Schiller's life, even at the wildest periods, we can ever trace the noble and good man, but his mind was always deficient in grace, and that is what we love. From the earliest period Schiller devoted himself entirely to his profession, partly through compulsion, but also because he felt an irresistible impulse to create. He never could climb high enough: his motto was thoroughly "Excelsior!" Goethe, it is true, also studied and worked very earnestly, but a certain ease is always traceable in his writings: it appears as if work to him were only sport. He devoted the greater part of his life to fancies and hobby-horses, which, however, only a talent of the first class could have selected. Schiller, on the contrary, devoted his whole mind to the subject he had before him, and did not leave it till he had mastered it.

Schiller gave himself up exclusively to his art, and the earnestness of purpose he displayed eventually gained him the affection of the nation, enchained Goethe's admiration, and then his friendship. It was a heavy misfortune that he was carried off by death at the moment when his mind

was thoroughly purified, and yet the history of his last years is an affecting and instructive picture. Every day warned him of the rapidly approaching end; but he only felt it in so far as it impeded his labours, or agitated his wife and children. He had to create his plays, and the care of his health he left to the physician. His productions in this last period bear no trace of self-sacrifice or resignation, but rather of joyousness of heart —a feeling of pride that the mind had triumphed over the body. In the letters written towards the close of life, it is easy to see that he was happy, and had created this happiness by his own energy.

The influence Schiller exerted over German literature can hardly be over-estimated; the only regret is that he wandered too long on the wrong path, while devoting himself to classical productions. This must be ascribed in great measure, however, to his peculiar temperament. In "Wallenstein" and "Tell" he repeatedly declared that the matter was repugnant to him, to which he could only impart a charm by his masterly treatment, while he threw his whole soul into "The Maid of Orleans" and "The Bride of Messina;" and yet the two last works produced but slight sensation on the audience. The truth is, there is nothing specially human in the Greek oracles, or in the strange visions of the Maid. They are magnificently executed works of art, which do not affect the heart; while in "Tell" and "Wallenstein" our entire sympathy is gained. In one case the matter emanated from the form, in the other the form from the matter.

But his successors fell into a still greater error, when, in the hope of being really patriotic and German, they glorified the superstition and barbarity of the middle ages. When Schiller, in "The Gods of Greece," spoke too flatteringly of the pagan mythology, it was but an error of the mind; but when the romantic school, wishing to be thoroughly Christian, threw a false poetic halo round the accursed bigotry of Spanish Christianity, it evidenced corruption of the heart. Had Schiller treated "Maria Stuart" in the same way as he did "Wallenstein," and descended into the rich mines of history, in order to develop the result of a religious crisis, instead of converting it into a mere intrigue, the effect would have been the same, had the piece been produced in England or in Germany, for every nation comprehends what is thoroughly human.

Schiller's life has been often quoted as a proof that genius is always down-trodden by coarse reality; but it ought to teach us something very different from this. It is true that from the outset of his life he had to contend with much difficulty, but by the strength of his genius he not only overcame it, but this conquest strengthened the power and nobility of his mind. His memory should not be summoned up for the purpose of complaining about the poet's lot in life; we ought rather to derive renewed hope from his example. It is very improbable that such another life will have to be chronicled, and we therefore earnestly recommend our readers to study it more fully than is possible in our sketch. And they cannot do so better than by perusing "Palleske's Life of Schiller," an excellent translation of which has just been produced by Lady Wallace.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.*

The influence of females is felt and acknowledged in all civilised and Christian countries. But in a different way. In this country, for instance, where we have bright examples of female influence in the highest position in the land, as well as in society, and even in public life, still it is in the domestic circle that woman shines most. She is there in what we accept to be her legitimate province, and she reigns with a soft, silken, and unchallenged sway. An English home, even a French writer has admitted, is all that there is that is most complete, most delicate, and most touching in the temple dedicated to the family and to private virtues. In France, again, woman is more given to affairs than in England. Owing to the conscription of most able-bodied men in the lower classes, she does the work of the other sex; owing to the peculiar habits of life of the men of the middle classes, she is also more frequently at the head of an establishment than in this country; and owing also to peculiarities in the system of matrimonial alliances among the higher classes—generally speaking mere matters of convenience—and to the influence of adopted manners and customs, ladies of rank or fashion live far more in public than with us. Hence it has happened that the fortuitous union of many qualities in one person—the happy combination of beauty, talents, accomplishments, and wealth—have given at times an amount of influence to a lady which has become so great as almost to affect the social system, to gather together all the different shades of politics, all the talent and genius of the metropolis, the nobles and titled of the land, and to give umbrage even to the ruling powers. Such were the Princesse de Lieven, Madame de Staël, and still more especially Madame Récamier. It is scarcely possible to conceive in this country the influence which such ladies' salons have had in France. The Hôtel de Longueville centred the intrigues of the Regency, and that of Rambouillet was the acknowledged cradle of the French language. Molière certainly indulged his comic vein at the expense of the *précieuses* of Madame de Rambouillet's salon, but among them were Colbert and Corneille. In more modern times, the salon of Madame Lebrun took precedence before the Revolution, whilst after the Revolution the fragments of the Directory gathered together in the salon of Madame Gay. The Empire was represented by Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès, the wife of Junot, and significantly enough: the descendant of the family of the Comneni perished in a garret. The Restoration was represented by Madame de Récamier, and the advent of the younger dynasty by a host of pretenders, among whom Madame Emile de Girardin, Madame Delphine, and others, none of whom achieved the success of the great ladies, the Duchesse de Duras, the Comtesse Baraguay d'Hilliers, and others of the Restoration. The salon is indeed now a thing of the past. It has broken down under the new régime of equality. The Hôtels de Longueville and Rambouillet have given way to the imperial fusion of the Louvre

* Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des Papiers de Madame Récamier. Two Vols.

and the Tuileries. They were in the now extinct Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, with the hôtel of Madame de Chevreuse, "Chevreuse aux yeux noyés," between them. The observer will still stay his course for a while to ponder over the lustre of bygone days, as he thoughtfully contemplates that modest-looking house which adjoins the old and mysterious church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where Gérard held his brilliant assemblies; the hôtel remains, but the fire that blazed on the hearth in the Rue Saint-Dominique is extinct; but to no spot in Paris do more interesting reminiscences of modern times perhaps attach themselves than to that house on whose terrace a few trees still survive the lovely hand that cherished them—the Abbaye-aux-Bois—the last nestling-place of the beautiful Juliette, the queen of Parisian feminine conquerors, Madame Récamier.

Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard was born at Lyons on the 4th of December, 1777. Her father was a notary in that city, and both her parents were remarkable for personal advantages. In 1784 M. Bernard removed to Paris, under the patronage of the minister De Calonne, who gave him an appointment. Little Juliette, as she was then called, was sent for a short time to her aunt's, at Villefranche, and then to the convent of the Desert, at Lyons.

When Juliette left school to join her parents in Paris, she already gave evidence of so much beauty, that her mother, especially fond of dress, devoted a great portion of her time to setting her off to advantage, so much so that she was distinguished by the especial notice of royalty at one of the last public entertainments given by Louis XVI. at Versailles. Juliette was not, however, a mere doll. She was proficient in her studies, and especially in music, playing both on the piano and the harp, and she learnt to sing under Boïeldieu. The first-named instrument continued to be a solace to her in her old age, when Providence had afflicted her with blindness.

Among those who frequented her father's house was M. Jacques Récamier, a banker of Paris. Struck with Juliette's beauty, he asked her in marriage. Juliette made no difficulties, although at that time M. Récamier was forty-two years of age and she only fifteen. They were married on the 24th of April, 1793, at the most sinister epoch of the Revolution—the same year, indeed, that the king and queen were put to death. "Madame Récamier," her biographer assures us, "only received his name from her husband. This may excite surprise, but I am not bound to explain the fact; all I can do is to attest to it, as all those who were in the intimacy of M. and Madame Récamier could do." One of M. Récamier's eccentricities was at this time to go every day to witness the executions. His excuse was that he did not know what day his turn would come, so he wished to familiarise himself with the spectacle. He was in reality not only clever, wealthy, and business-like, but he was generous to excess, and very thoughtless. He escaped the revolutionary knife through the friendship of De Barrère; and when the Reign of Terror was over, people breathed once more in security, and the emigrants began to reappear, the Récamiers, like the rest of French society, incorrigible in its frivolities, threw themselves headlong into a vortex of gaiety. Her biographer thus describes Madame Récamier at this epoch, when she was eighteen years of age:

Her beauty had continued to unfold itself during the past few years, and she had passed, as it were, from childhood to the splendour of youth. She was at once graceful and exquisitely modelled, her neck was admirable in form and proportion, her mouth small and vermilion, her teeth pearly, her arms charming, albeit somewhat spare, her chesnut hair curled naturally, her nose was delicate and regular, especially French; an incomparable brilliancy of colour eclipsed all, her physiognomy was at once replete with candour, and had yet an expression of shrewdness, which smiles of kindness rendered perfectly irresistible. Her head was well fixed, with something in it at once of indolence and haughtiness. It was truly of her that might have been said what Saint-Simon wrote of the Duchess of Bourgogne, that her walk was that of a goddess on the clouds. Such was Madame Récamier at eighteen years of age.

The appearance of a young person so pre-eminently beautiful in public caused, as may be imagined, a prodigious sensation. In the calm that succeeded to the tempest of the Revolution, social meetings were disregarded, every one rushed forth from the theatre to subscription balls and to gardens. Madame Récamier's beauty became thus so notorious that she caused a tumult by holding the plate at church, and at Longchamp—at that time in full vogue—she was declared *la plus belle à l'unanimité.* She excelled likewise in dancing. Her favourite figure—the "shawl dance"—furnished Madame de Staël with the model of the dance which she attributes to Corinne.

Madame Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who was her contemporary, and who, when young, prided herself upon her beauty, used to say in her old age that others might be more beautiful than Juliette, but none produced so great an effect. "I was at a party where I charmed and captivated all, but Madame Récamier came in; the brilliancy of her eyes, which yet were not large, and the inconceivable whiteness of her shoulders, crushed every one, eclipsed all: she was resplendent. True, however, that the first burst of admiration over, *les vrais amateurs* used to come back to me."

When Bonaparte returned from Italy, a festival was held by the Directory at the Luxembourg. Madame Récamier was so anxious to see the young hero, that being badly placed she rose for that purpose; but her beauty attracting by so doing a spontaneous burst of admiration, the general did not like this competition, and looked her down with a terrible frown. This was in 1799. M. Récamier had purchased M. Necker's hôtel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin the year previous; and this first brought Madame de Staël into relationship with Madame Récamier. It was furnished after drawings by the architect Berthaut, and hence everything in it was in perfect keeping. But Madame Récamier used to spend the summer at the Château de Clichy, whose beautiful park stretched down to the banks of the Seine. She was fond of flowers—a simple, innocent taste unknown to the French at that epoch. M. Récamier used to dine there, but invariably slept in Paris. Lucien Bonaparte met her at this period at M. Sapey's, at Bagatelle, and was struck with her beauty. He asked permission to visit her at Clichy, and it was granted. The consequence may easily be foreseen. Lucien—at that time only twenty-four years of age—became, although married, passionately enamoured of the greatest beauty of her time, and did not scruple to declare his passion. Madame Récamier appealed to her husband, and requested that Lucien should be shown the door. M. Récamier observed thereupon that to

break openly with the brother of General Bonaparte might compromise him and ruin his bank, and concluded "qu'il fallait ne point le désespérer et ne rien lui accorder." Madame Récamier did not like Lucien, so she acceded to the arrangement, and would sometimes laugh at his anguish, while at others she was terrified at his impetuosity. This stormy kind of relationship lasted for a year, when Lucien, weary with the ineffectual pursuit, gave it up. Madame Récamier's reputation did not, however, fail to suffer from these assiduities; they were the cause of her first sorrows, but they at the same time served to give firmness to her character. Her biographer has preserved one answer, penned by Madame Récamier to Lucien, who used to write to her as Romeo to Juliet, which, he says, bears unanswerable testimony to her virtue:

"To be ridiculous is worse than a crime, more especially when a public man, upon whom criticism exercises its malignant influence with so much pleasure, is concerned.

"Fly then from Juliette—avoid being ridiculous—soften your misfortune by an appeal to your philosophy."

Although Lucien withdrew discomfited, his admiration did not the less continue during the gay winter of 1799-1800. Madame Récamier used to frequent his house, and it was there she met Napoleon Bonaparte, and spoke to him for the first and only time. Mistaking him for Joseph Bonaparte, she was the first to bow, and when she found out her mistake was not a little confused. Napoleon sent Fouché to her, however, with a message calculated to allay her trouble. It was to the effect that "Le premier consul vous trouve charmante." Lucien having shortly afterwards joined her, Napoleon remarked out loud, "Et moi aussi, j'aimerais bien aller à Clichy." If meant as a compliment, it was not a very refined one. Dinner being announced, Napoleon walked off first and alone, not offering his arm to any one of the ladies present. But when Cambacérès, the Second Consul, took his seat near Madame Récamier, he remarked aloud, "Ah! ah! citoyen consul, auprès de la plus belle!" Dinner over, he addressed himself to Juliette, and, after inquiring if she had been cold, he said: "Why did you not take a seat near me?" "I should not have presumed to do such a thing," Juliette replied. "It was your place," observed the First Consul, who would not stoop to woo, but must be wooed. The concert over, Napoleon once more addressed himself to Madame Récamier, whom he had been looking at with an unpleasant fixidity. "You seem to be very fond of music, madame?" And he was about to continue the conversation, when Lucien came up, and the First Consul withdrew.

To form an idea of the position of Madame Récamier at this period of her life, and of the place which she occupied in French society, we must picture her to ourselves as grouping around her in her youth and beauty not only the dispersed elements of the old aristocracy, but also the new men, whose talents, energy, or military glory had given them rank in the new society that was then growing up. Thus among the frequenters of her soirées were the restored emigrants—the Duc de Guignes, Adrien and Mathieu de Montmorency, Christian de Lamoignon, M. de Narbonne; and with them Madame de Staël, Camille Jordan, Barrère, Lucien Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, generals of the Revolution; members of the Assembly; literary men—M.

de la Harpe, Lemontey, Legouvé, Emmanuel Dupaty; and all distinguished strangers. No doubt M. Récamier's position as a wealthy banker, and a neutral in politics, contributed largely to making his conversaziones the most popular in Paris; but French gallantry will have it that the beauty of his young and brilliant wife, who superadded to "the luxury of a great fortune, elegance of manners and language, the flavour of virtue and modesty, and the habits of good company," contributed most to such a marked success.

Among the crowd of her admirers, Madame Récamier particularly distinguished Duke Mathieu de Montmorency. If we are to give credit to her biographer, the duke, as a young man, had been as vain and as thoughtless as other young aristocrats; but the death of his brother, the Abbé de Laval, who fell under the revolutionary axe, and the exhortations of Madame de Staël, had converted him into an austere and fervent Christian. He saw at once all the dangers to which a beautiful young woman like Madame Récamier, fond of admiration, surrounded by flatterers, and without the support of any intimate domestic relations, was exposed, and he acted towards her as a brother, carefully tending her, with all the more delicacy from the admiration which he felt for her, and yet jealously solicitous in regard to any sentiments that might be awakened in her bosom, and that might not be consistent with the most spotless purity and innocence. There cannot be the slightest doubt from M. de Montmorency's letters, as given in this biography, that he ever acted towards Madame Récamier the part of a sincere and even pious friend.

Among other persons particularly distinguished by Madame Récamier was the great literary critic, M. de la Harpe. She used even to attend his lectures at the Athenæum, where a chair was allotted to her in close proximity to the professor. M. Récamier, optimist as he was, had a partiality to marrying people; and although his arrangements were not always felicitous, still he persevered nevertheless. He was the means of marrying M. de la Harpe, at that time advanced in years, to a Mademoiselle de Longuerue, in order to settle the latter, but she was so disappointed in her husband that she asked to be divorced before three weeks had elapsed. What rendered the blow still more affecting to M. de la Harpe was, that this scandal took place at the very time that the edict of 18 Fructidor came to deprive him of his chair. He withdrew to Corbeil, where, we are told, Juliette went to see him *once*. It is evident from his letters that the veteran critic passed under the same yoke as so many others. In one he says: "There is no great merit in going to Clichy to see you, but there was a time when I should have found it dangerous to see you, no matter where." And then he adds: "I love you as one loves an angel, so I hope there can be no danger." We can fancy the fair and malicious Juliette laughingly responding "No!"

Madame Récamier had, however, her days of suffering as well as of triumph. In 1802 her father, M. Bernard, who held a high position in the Post-office, was suddenly cast into gaol for aiding and abetting the correspondence of the royalists. Madame Bacciocchi, Napoleon's sister, was dining that very day with Madame Récamier, and Juliette not only wept at her knees for her father's safety, but followed her to her box at the theatre to plead his cause, when luckily General Bernadotte, struck by her beauty, interceded in her favour, and relieved a manifestly heart-

less woman from an intercession with the First Consul, which would have led to no good results, for there was no interest in the cause for which she was asked to plead. This painful incident in Madame Récamier's early career is related in her own words among the few fragments left by her, and collected at one time for the autobiography, which she had neither the application nor the perseverance to carry out. In the Memorial of St. Helena, Madame Récamier is made to solicit personally, not only the pardon, but the restitution of her father to his place. Juliette denies this. It was, she says, Bernadotte who interceded; nor did she or her party, as is asserted in the said Memorial, ever complain of M. Bernard's dismissal, which was looked upon as inevitable.

There is no doubt, however, that Madame Récamier's sympathies were, like her father's, more with the royalists than with the new order of things. The restored emigrants were in higher favour at her réunions than the new men of the time. The banishment of Madame de Staël, in 1803, by the First Consul, came to decide the balance of her partisanship. "The arbitrary and cruel act," she says, in the fragments of her Memoirs that have been preserved, "that separated us, exhibited despotism to me in its most odious aspect. The man who could banish a woman—and such a woman!—could only be in my mind a pitiless, merciless despot; and from that time all my feelings were enlisted against him, against his advent to empire, and against the establishment of unlimited power." Madame Récamier was confirmed in this hostility to Napoleon by Bernadotte, and together they endeavoured to gain over Moreau to their views, but without effect.

Madame Récamier sat for her portrait, in 1800, to David and to Gerard. The painting by the first artist, which is the least satisfactory, was purchased for six thousand francs for the Louvre. During the brief interval of the peace of Amiens she paid a visit to this country. M. de Chateaubriand has related several incidents connected with the trip. She had received many English in her "salons," and she was well received in England in return. Her chief supports were the Duchess of Devonshire and the Marquis of Douglas, afterwards Duke of Hamilton. The Prince of Wales was also profuse in his attentions.

On her return to France, Madame Récamier was present at the trial of her friend Moreau, implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Cadoudal, but she declares him to have been utterly innocent. She was provided with a seat during the trial by the well-known Brillat-Savarin. When Napoleon heard that she had been present, he exclaimed, "What did Madame Récamier go to do there?" Twenty of the accused were condemned to death; ten perished on the scaffold with Georges. Moreau was banished. But the excitement was very great. "In our times," Juliette wrote, "when events are long gone by, and the name of Bonaparte fills up every page, it is little known on how slender a thread his power hung at that moment." Bernadotte was exceedingly afraid of being implicated, and he attached himself more closely to the person of the Emperor. "I had not," he said to Juliette, "any choice left me; I have not promised him my friendship, but a loyal adhesion, and I will keep my word!" "The enmity between the two, however," Juliette adds, "never ceased, and Bonaparte found means to show it even in the favours that he bestowed upon him."

Madame Récamier also, with all her hostility to the Emperor, kept her salons open to his friends and relatives. The unsympathising Madame Bacciocchi, and her sister Caroline Bonaparte, Madame Murat, and even Fouché, at that time minister of police, used to frequent her réunions. The latter, as may be supposed, did not go there without an object in view. Napoleon, who had attained the summit of power, wished to attach the celebrities of the capital to his court. After a time Fouché asked for a private interview, and it was granted. He contented himself, however, at this first interview with warning the fair Juliette that the Consul had been very indulgent to M. Bernard, and that acts of overt hostility on her part would irritate him. At a second interview, however, he urged Madame Récamier to solicit an appointment at court, and assured her it would be granted forthwith. Notwithstanding Juliette's repugnance, the negotiation was prolonged for some time, till at length it went so far that she was obliged to inform her husband of it. This time M. de Récamier countenanced her refusal, in which she was further strengthened by the counsels of M. de Montmorency, and the Duke of Otranto withdrew in a great passion altogether from Clichy, attributing the failure of his negotiations to M. de Montmorency, who, he said, had got up this outrage upon the Emperor.

Madame Récamier sought for solace, amidst these disgraceful persecutions, to which her beauty, her reputation, the peculiarity of her position, and the habits of French society exposed her for a time, in works of charity. Assisted by M. and Madame de Gerando, she founded a girls' school in the parish of Saint Sulpice, which soon became so popular, that private funds could no longer support it, and it was deemed necessary to open a public subscription. But these pleasant labours met with a sudden and unexpected check in the embarrassment of M. Récamier. Everything depended now upon the aid of the Emperor, who was but too glad of the opportunity afforded to him for revenging himself of the rebuff he had met with at the hands of the fair Juliette. The advance asked from government was rudely refused, and the bank had to stop payment. The blow fell with peculiar severity upon a young woman of twenty-five, who had as yet never even learnt to appreciate the value of money. She knew, however, whence the refusal came, and she met the disaster with that calm resolution which never abandoned her in the most trying events of her life. Every fraction of property was made over to the creditors; Juliette parted even with her last jewel. The sympathy manifested both for M. and Madame Récamier was, however, almost universal. Madame de Staël wrote a letter, which does infinite honour to her heart. It has already been published in the "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe." Junot ventured even to take the part of the oppressed in the presence of the Emperor. "Why, no one would show half so much sympathy for the widow of a marshal of France who had perished on the battle-field!" spitefully remarked the magnate. Bernadotte also wrote, but his epistle breathes more of unbridled passion than of more chastened sympathy. The same reverses served also to cement much more closely the ties of friendship which before bound Juliette to Madame de Boigne, a beautiful young lady, who, like her, was only nominally wedded, and who did not live under the same roof with her husband—an adventurer who had realised a great fortune in India, and spent his latter days in

enriching his native town of Chambery. Her intimacy with De Barante, the historian, dates also from the same epoch. The philosopher had never been near her during her days of prosperity. As to Madame Bernard, a confirmed valetudinarian before, she actually broke down under the shock, and died three months after M. Récamier's bankruptcy.

Juliette passed the first six months of mourning almost in seclusion, and it was summer before she made up her mind to yield to Madame de Staël's solicitations and join her at Coppet, near Geneva. Incidents such as characterised her whole life awaited her even there. Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great, made prisoner at the battle of Saalfeld, was at that time at Geneva. Only twenty-four years of age, he fell at once a victim to the fascination of this pretty vanquisher of poets, philosophers, warriors, princes, and emperors. The prince proposed a divorce and a marriage. Madame Récamier, prompted by Madame de Staël, who advocated the prince's cause, gave, it is said, a hesitating consent. She even wrote to M. Récamier to ask his consent to the proposed arrangement. He replied that he had no objections if such was her will, but he appealed to her better feelings, to days gone by; and he even expressed his regrets at having respected susceptibilities and repugnances without which a closer bond would not have permitted the idea of separation. Juliette felt the remonstrance; she remembered how indulgent M. Récamier had ever been to her; she saw that it was impossible to abandon him thus in his misfortune, and she returned to Paris to avoid fulfilling her engagement with the prince.

The latter, however, persevered in his correspondence, which, with a woman who was always under the surveillance of the police, was carried on under feigned names; but the occupation of the prince, on the one hand, added to the impossibility of his entering the territory of France; and the indifference of Juliette, on the other, disliking as she did a foreign soil, and the religion of the prince, caused the affair to go on for four long years before she agreed to meet him once more at Schaffhausen. The proposed meeting was, however, put a peremptory stop to by those who were quite aware of her projects, and who at once placed her in arrest at some distance from Paris.

The Prince of Prussia, albeit thus discomfited, did not cease his correspondence till he came to Paris with the allies in 1815. He met her again at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, upon which occasion her portrait as Corinne was ordered by him of Gérard. David had been first applied to, but he asked eighteen months to accomplish it, and 40,000 francs. The prince met her once more in her retreat of L'Abbaye-aux-Bois in 1825, and three months before his death he wrote: "The ring that you gave me will follow me to the tomb." Napoleon is made to speak of this incident in the "Mémorial," where he alludes to a correspondence, duly perused by the police, between Madame Récamier and *a prince* of Prussia! He might have known what prince, since it was he who silenced the nine fortresses between the Meuse and the Sambre. Napoleon, however, gave Madame Récamier credit for having always been opposed to such an unequal match.

Madame Récamier occupied for some time after her reverses a small house, No. 32, Rue Basse du Rempart, with her husband, her father, and her father's friend, M. Simonard. She passed her time between that

humble dwelling, Coppet's, Madame de Staël's, and Angervilliers, the seat of the Marquise de Catellan, Madame de Staël having removed, upon the completion of her work "De l'Allemagne," to the old château of Chaumont-sur-Loire, once tenanted by the Cardinal d'Amboise, by Diana of Poictiers, by Catherine de Médicis, and by Nostradamus (for she was not permitted to come within forty leagues of Paris). M. de Nesselrode provided the fair Juliette with a carriage with which to visit her distinguished friend. It is a great feature in Madame Récamier's life, and it speaks volumes in her favour, that no matter what circumstances she was placed in, she was never in want of powerful friends, both male and female. All her influence failed, however, to save Madame de Staël from the blow that awaited her on the publication of her work, and which hurried her back to Coppet on her way to a most distant exile.

Madame Récamier had at this epoch adopted a daughter of one of her husband's married sisters. It was a period when France lay prostrate and gloomy at the foot of an all-powerful despot. The towns and strong places were full of English, Spanish, and others detained as prisoners. The Pope himself was dragged a state captive through France, abashed and terrified. M. de Montmorency, the friend of Madame de Staël and of Madame Récamier, was an exile, and the same lot soon fell to the fair Juliette herself. An umbrageous despotism could not tolerate even hostile beauty, for Madame Récamier did not write much, whatever licence she may have permitted to her tongue; and Juliette was, like Madame de Staël, ordered not to approach Paris within forty leagues. Her first resting-place under this new reverse was La Pomme d'Or, a simple auberge at Châlons-sur-Marne. Madame de Catellan visited her there, and the prefect manifested to her great regard, but the greater number contented themselves with expressing their sympathy in tedious commonplace epistles, the burden of all of which was the same: "I told you so! Why did you not take my advice!" The Duke of Abrantès also remained faithful to his fair friend, but she, in her indignation, insisted that no personal application should be made in her favour, and that her name should not be mentioned to the Emperor.

After a short time, Madame Récamier removed to a quiet lodging in the Rue du Cloître, and, having no other resources, she made acquaintance with the parish organist, and obtained permission to play during the performance of the masses. She had her adopted child Amelia with her, and she was soon afterwards joined by M. Récamier and her father. She had also many visitors, amongst whom M. de Montmorency, Auguste de Staël, Madame de Dalmassy, and others. After spending eight months in this dull place, she left in June, 1812, for Lyons, where her husband's family had numerous connexions. Among these was a Madame Delphin, sister to M. Récamier, a female Saint Vincent de Paul, and whom Juliette looked up to as a mother. There were also victims like herself of an imperial despotism, and among them the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who, like Madame Récamier, had first irritated the Emperor by repelling his advances, and then capped the offence by refusing to become the gaoler of the Spanish royal family. But Madame de Chevreuse, even more a Parisian than Madame Récamier, deemed it better to die than not to live in the capital, and she was sinking under accumulated

ennui and annoyance. With Madame de Chevreuse was the Duchesse de Luynes, her mother-in-law, a great oddity in dress, in voice, and in manners, yet replete with knowledge, and of great natural abilities. Among her many eccentricities was that of printing. She practised the art of a compositor to perfection, and books which issued from her private press at Dampierre are in great demand with bibliophilists. Madame de Sermésy, an affluent, gifted widow lady, opened her salons to the banished of 1812; and they met there with the élite of Lyons, among whom were Camille Jordan, and M. Pierre Simon Ballanche, printer and author, and who, from the first day that he met the fair Juliette, became her slave. M. Ballanche was more favoured by gifts of intellect than by external advantages. Naturally ugly, his ugliness had been considerably increased by a quack, who had used such violent remedies for a headache as to have necessitated the removal of part of his jaw and a portion of his cranium. He was a character too, and calling, the next day of his introduction, upon Madame Récamier, the latter declared that the smell of his shoes inconvenienced her, whereupon he apologised, and, adjourning into the passage, he returned to continue his conversation without them. These meetings, thus inauspiciously inaugurated, were afterwards continued daily till two months afterwards, when Juliette was starting for Italy. M. Ballanche declared himself as a brother, who only waited for the moment when he could sacrifice everything for her sake. "I would seek," he said, "your happiness at the expense of mine; and that is quite reasonable, for you are worth more than I am." While at Lyons, Madame Récamier was struck with a little English girl, who had been taken away from her parents by some itinerant showmen; she saved the child from their clutches, and had her brought up in a convent, where the poor deserted girl finally embraced the Romish faith, and took the veil.

Madame Récamier started from Lyons—with the concurrence of M. de Montmorency, for she never took a step without his advice—for Italy. This was early in the spring of 1811. She was accompanied by her adopted daughter and a maid. Arrived at Turin, M. Auguste Pasquier, to whom she had letters of introduction, did not consider this sufficient protection, and he added as a companion a M. Marshall, a German savant of a certain age and great goodness of character, and who was one of the very few who were able to extend their protection to the fair Juliette without becoming enamoured of her person—a circumstance, we are assured, for which that person was very grateful, and if we are told so what right have we to doubt it? The result was, however, that Madame Récamier used to weep sometimes, and then the little Amelia would comfort her, while M. Marshall preserved a discreet silence.

At the time when Madame Récamier visited Rome, its pontiff was an exile, and the capital of the Christian world—as the Romanists grandiloquently style the Eternal City, ignoring thereby a population of some hundred millions of Greeks and two hundred millions of Protestants in the Old and New Worlds—was simply the chief city of the department of the Tiber. She was well received by old Torlonia—Torlonia, banker in the morning, Duc de Bracciano in the evening—and was introduced by him to Madame Torlonia, who used to say of her husband, with a peculiarly Italian mixture of devotion and gallantry, "Oh, how astonished he will be at the final judgment!" Madame Récamier opened her

salons in the Palazzo Fiano. Among the frequenters of these meetings was M. Forbin, who had been sent on his travels for having paid too overt attentions to the Princess Pauline Borghèse, sister to the Emperor. What remained of social France, corrupted by the luxuries and vanities of the later Bourbons, vilified by the Revolution, and bereft of every particle of pride and principle by an iron despotism, was everywhere the same, whether in Paris or Lyons, in Florence or in Rome. It has only one step lower to fall, and that is being gradually achieved. The meetings were also attended, as a matter of course, by a spy—a M. Norvins, described as a "fonctionnaire chargé de la police," and, at the same time, endowed with sufficient taste and capacity to feel an interest in the society with which he mingled as a matter of business. But is it possible to carry moral and intellectual abasement further than to tolerate the presence of an acknowledged spy at every private soirée or friendly gathering? Among others frequenting the Palazzo Fiano most worthy of notice were Canova and his brother the Abbé Cancellieri, both of whom at once submitted to a thraldom so universally exercised; as to the abbé, as long as Madame Récamier remained in Rome, he penned a daily sonnet to la bellissima Zulièta. M. Ballanche, the victim of Lyons, also followed in the trail of his subduer to Rome. The first night of his arrival Juliette took him to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Suddenly she remarked, as he was walking to and fro absorbed in his emotions, that he had no hat on. "Monsieur Ballanche," she inquired, "where is your hat?" "Oh," he answered, "I lost it at Alessandria." Eleven years afterwards M. Ballanche was once more in Rome with her to whom he had so entirely devoted himself. D'Agincourt, the author of the "History of Art by its Monuments," was also at Rome, but he was an aged man, and as he could not visit Juliette she went to see him at his modest but picturesque abode at Trinité du Mont, called after Salvator Rosa. During the hot season, Madame Récamier availed herself of Canova's placing an apartment in the Locanda di Emiliano, at Albano, at her disposal. Bassi has commemorated the circumstance in a picture which portrays at once the humble furniture of the locanda and the magnificence of the prospect. Juliette is seated at the window with a book on her knees. Madame Récamier wished to go to Naples, but she felt doubtful how she might be received by the king, Joachim, and his queen, Caroline, whom she had known as Monsieur and Madame Murat. A mutual friend, Prince de Rohan-Chabot, one of those rare members of the aristocracy of good address, but "d'une nuance de fatuité assez prononcée," whom Napoleon had succeeded in attaching to his person, paved the way, and having assured Juliette of a kind reception, she started, in company of an English antiquary, Sir John Coghill. On her way she was overtaken by Fouché, Duke of Otranto, who did not disguise his annoyance on finding that she, an exile, was in favour at the court of Naples. "Madame," he said, "remember that one must be meek when one is weak." "Yes," was the reply, "and others ought to be just when they are strong." Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindliness of the reception which the fair Juliette met with at the court of Naples. Apart from all kinds and descriptions of favours and attentions conferred upon her, precedence was also given to her even over all the ladies of the court. That fatuous young personage, M. de Rohan-Chabot, was also high in

favour with the queen, but we are assured that "il ne profita de cet avantage que dans une mesure très innocente." Indeed, he died penitent and in the odour of sanctity, which was the highest flight attempted by his limited intelligence.

Murat's position at this moment was one of exceeding perplexity. The battle of Leipzig had shaken the soil from under Napoleon's feet. Murat owed his position to the Emperor, but he felt that at his downfal he could only hold it by permission of the allies. To save his crown, Murat, pressed by England and Austria, signed his adhesion to the coalition on the 11th of January, 1814. That very day, whilst still under the influence of conflicting interests, he went into the queen's apartment, and found Madame Récamier there. Hoping to obtain comfort from her, he appealed to her as to what she would do under similar circumstances? "You are a Frenchman, sire," she said; "and, above all things, you must remain faithful to France." Murat turned pale, and throwing open with some violence a window that led out upon a balcony overlooking the sea, "Am I a traitor, then?" he exclaimed, pointing at the same time to the English fleet that was entering the harbour of Naples all sails set; and then casting himself upon a sofa he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Alas, how little do the masses think of what those in high places have often to suffer and to put up with!—in our own times more than in any other, when it seems as if the ties of high-principled courtesy which formerly invariably attached themselves to international relations were being sapped in their very existence—altogether cast to the dogs. In this case it was a tried and gallant old soldier, who became as weak as a child before the just decisions of an all-wise Providence; the next, it may be the pride and arrogance of a fortunate adventurer that may tumble from the giddy pinnacle of an unsafe pre-eminence.

The fall of Napoleon once more opened the gates of Paris to Madame Récamier, and she was far too much of a Parisian to sacrifice a moment at Naples, Rome, or Florence, that could be spent among her friends in the capital of the civilised world. On her way back, however, she was present at the restoration of the Pope—an act effected amidst the almost delirious enthusiasm of a frivolous and inconsistent population; and with her characteristic consideration she visited General Miollis—in command of the French army of occupation when she was last in Rome—now secluded in a villa, with a single attendant. At Lyons she also visited M. Ballanche and Camille Jordan; in her own country the fair exile was now the object of ovations wherever she went.

This restoration of hereditary monarchy and of the monarchy of beauty at the same time was followed by a brief but pleasant era in Madame Récamier's existence. She had lost nothing either in the perfection of her charms or the brilliancy of her beauty, and she now superadded to these the attraction of a beautiful and innocent person long persecuted by the fallen powers. To use the words of her zealous biographer at this period of her life, "L'élite de la société Européene lui décerna *l'empire* incontesté de la mode et de la beauté." It was only a restoration of a monarchy, then, so far as the king was concerned; it was that of *an empire* in the case of the fair Juliette. M. Récamier had likewise begun to reinstate himself once more in business. He could afford a carriage to Juliette, all the more necessary, as we are told, "qu'elle ne savait pas

marcher à pied dans la rue." And she had her Opera-box. Madame de Staël, being at Coppet, had got back to Paris before her; M. de Montmorency was also now high in favour at court; Madame Récamier's influence over this renowned family was remarkable. Three generations frequented her salons. There was the old duke still alive, Adrien de Montmorency; the Prince of Laval, his son; and Henri de Montmorency, grandson, who entertained the same passionate admiration for the fair Juliette as did all the other members of the family. Adrien de Montmorency used to smile at these impressions to which all the members of the family had succumbed. "They did not all die of it," he used to say, "but they were all victims." With all the great names of the monarchy of old, those who had emigrated, or those who had served under the Empire, there came also to the same salons representatives of the Revolution, among whom were Madame Bernadotte, who could not stand the climate of her husband's kingdom, and who preferred fashionable life in Paris to a throne in Sweden.

It was at this epoch that the beautiful Juliette first met the Duke of Wellington at Madame de Staël's. She left behind her a summary of what she intended to leave to posterity as the account of her relations with the English general:

Enthusiasm of Madame de Staël for the Duke of Wellington.—I see him, for the first time, at her house.—Conversation during dinner.—Visit he paid me the day after; Madame de Staël met him at my house.—Conversation about him after his departure.—The visits of Lord Wellington become numerous.—His opinion on popularity.—I present him to Queen Hortense.—Party at the Duchesse de Luynes's.—Conversation with the Duke of Wellington before a glass without quicksilver.—M. de Talleyrand and the Duchess of Courland.—Admiration of M. de Talleyrand for me.—Aversion which I have always felt for him.—Madame de Boigne stops me at the moment when I am going out with the Duke of Wellington.—Continuation of his visits.—Madame de Staël desires that I should exercise influence over him.—He writes me little insignificant notes, one like another.—I lend him the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, which have not come out.—His opinion of those letters.—He leaves Paris.—I see him again after the Battle of Waterloo.—He comes to see me the day after his return.—I do not expect him: the agitation which his visit causes me. He comes again in the evening, and finds my door shut.—I refuse also to see him the next day.—He writes to Madame de Staël to complain of me.—I do not see him more.—His situation and success in French society.—They say that he is engrossed with a young English lady, the wife of one of his aides-de-camp.—Return of Madame de Staël to Paris.—Dinner at the Queen of Sweden's with her and the Duke of Wellington, whom I see again.—His coldness to me, his occupation with the young English lady.—I am placed at dinner betwixt him and the Duke de Broglie.—He is moody at the beginning of dinner, but gradually warms up and ends by becoming very amiable.—I am aware of the mortification which the young English lady opposite feels.—I cease to talk with him, and occupy myself exclusively with the Duc de Broglie.—From that time I see the Duke of Wellington but very rarely.—He made me a visit at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, when he came last to Paris.

A note of the Duke's is very superciliously qualified by the biographer as "insignificant;" whereas, compared with many of the sneaking, sickening, sentimental letters and effusions that help to fill up these two cumbrous tomes, it is really quite a relief. There is politeness, but there is neither obsequiousness nor servility in it. We will give it in the duke's own French:

Paris, le 20 Octobre 1814.

J'étais tout hier à la chasse, madame, et je n'ai reçu votre billet et les livres qu'à la nuit, quand c'était trop tard pour vous répondre. J'espérais que mon jugement serait guidé par le vôtre dans ma lecture des lettres de Mademoiselle Espinasse, et je désespère de pouvoir le former moi-même. Je vous suis bien obligé pour la pamphlete de Madame de Staël.

Votre très obéissant et fidel serviteur,

WELLINGTON.

The fragments left by Madame Récamier would seem to show that the Duke was enticed into the same society as others, partly by the wiles of the lady, partly by its being the fashion of the day to frequent her salons. That Madame Récamier exerted all her various arts to charm the warrior, the assiduous transmission of books is quite sufficient to attest; that the influence gained was of the most superficial character is again sufficiently shown by the "insignificance" of the "notes," and the spite vented by the fair Juliette, at first in declining to receive the victor of Waterloo, and then in outbidding, by her social charms, the young wife of the British aide-de-camp.

According to Madame Ancelot, a contemporary rival, and whose opinions, therefore, if open to question on the point of misrepresentation, are still of high value, as those of one clever and aspiring woman of another, attributes all Madame Récamier's successes to the instinct which had revealed to her that pride and vanity are always the vulnerable points by which the human species can be dominated:

From the first to the last, author or artist, all have heard from Madame Récamier's mouth that same laudatory formula when they came for the first time. She would say to them, with a weak and trembling voice:

"The emotion which I feel at the sight of a person of eminence does not permit me to express to you as I would all the admiration—the sympathy with which I am penetrated. But you can guess—you can understand. My emotion speaks of itself——"

This laudatory formula, a kind of calculated hesitation, broken phrases, and soft and troubled looks, made those who were thus received believe in the reality of this pretended emotion.

It was to this artifice of universal flattery that Madame Récamier was indebted for her great success, and the advantage of gathering around her the most eminent men of her epoch.

It must be noticed that all this was done in almost a whisper, so that it was never heard except by the person to whom it was addressed, and that she used to display infinite grace in the manner in which she uttered it; for Madame Récamier, who was not possessed of the art of conversation, possessed in the highest degree the skill and address by which to effect her combinations, so that she should arrive at the end which she proposed to herself; when she had made up her mind that such and such a remarkable man should be one at her salon, the imperceptible threads that, spider-like, she cast out in his way, were so cleverly wove that it was impossible he should escape.

The salons of Madame Récamier were, according to Madame Ancelot, like those of the Viscount d'Arlincourt—"soirées de vanité;" but this is going too far. That there was vanity in them—that indeed they were based upon vanity—there cannot be the slightest doubt; but there was also much that is curious and interesting to study in the peculiar gifts of one who could assemble around her all that was distinguished in birth

or position, in talent or genius, that existed in or even visited the metropolis, and that, too, under different forms of government and different régimes.

There is still a second Restoration to deal with: the so-called seclusion in the Abbaye-aux-Bois—the dominant influence of M. de Chateaubriand—another residence in Italy—the fall of the ministère Polignac—Madame Récamier's relations with the then Prince Louis Napoleon—the blindness of the once fair Juliette—the gradual disappearance one after another of all her old ties, and her own final exit from the theatre of her triumphs and successes. We may, possibly, return to some of these picturesque sketches of a life full of social charms as well as of social vanities, and so highly characteristic of the times, the breath of which is as yet scarcely wafted away from the utilitarianism that has succeeded to them, without either fragrance or beauty to redeem or indemnify its cold and egotistical austerity.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN THE YEARS 1775—1813.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRIMELSEA."

X.

HOPE RESTORED.

"POOR Weimar! could you be the town I had left? Had a few short hours been able to work such ruin?" Alas! yes; house-doors were open, furniture and valuables lay broken in the street; smouldering ruins showed where a house had been; shops were shut, windows smashed, drunken soldiers reeled about, and here and there a dead body lay unheeded in the general confusion, showing but too plainly that war was the bitter, merciless worker of all this devastation.

And this ruined town was the peaceful little capital of the grand-duke, my native place—the German Athens—Weimar! and the ambition of one man had caused all this cruel desolation. My blood boiled at the thought, but I was sick at heart. "Are they safe?" was my first inquiry. I went to the house in the Frauenplan, the street-door was open, I entered; confusion and disorder met my gaze at every step: a French soldier lay in a drunken sleep upon the floor. I stepped over his body, and went further in. There was not a thing that was not displaced or overturned; the neat rooms my aunt took such pride in were not recognisable; I heard voices in the rooms above, but they were the harsh voices of men speaking in a foreign tongue. Not a trace of those I sought was to be found. "Where could they be?" I sat down weary and dispirited upon a chair that happened to be standing upright and entire, and cast my eyes leisurely around to see if there were anything to guide

me. A portrait of my aunt hung on the wall; the drunken soldiery had stuck a knife through the face, but they had left a piece of paper that had been placed between the canvas and the frame. I was not slow in remarking this, and, starting forward, took it down. "Gone to the palace," were the words written upon it in the handwriting of my aunt. Overjoyed at this discovery, I immediately bent my steps in the direction it indicated, and sure enough I found that they had taken refuge there by leave of the grand-duchess, to whom we all owe so much, for to her courage must be ascribed the salvation of what little remained in the town. Ida was kneeling at my mother's feet, her head buried in her lap, when I was ushered into the room they occupied, but on seeing me she started up, and almost flew across the room to meet me, her countenance beaming with hope. I took both her hands in mine, but averted my head. I could not look her in the face; I was weak and weary with overwork, and exhausted from hunger.

"Have you seen him?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes, oh joy!" was her wild exclamation. But she had scarcely uttered the words when the momentary joy faded. "If you have seen him, he must be wounded—ill. Speak, and tell me all; you have not surely left him a prisoner?"

I shook my head. "He is not a prisoner."

"Where is he, then?" she gasped, thoroughly alarmed by my manner.

"He is at peace," I murmured, as my head dropped upon my chest.

Oh, the piteous shriek that rang in my ears then; how it palsied every limb, benumbed my senses, and turned my heart to stone! I stood erect, Ida lay unconscious at my feet, and I could not stoop to raise her.

She knew not what was passing in the world; she was to be envied; she felt no crushing sense of woe. Why shorten the brief moment of oblivion Heaven had sent to prevent her tender heart from breaking? I would not, could not, and Ida, the youthful widow, returned to the consciousness of life by nature's means, and was soothed by my mother's voice as the recollection of her woe burst upon her once again in all its fearful reality.

We went home, the danger was passed, the soldiers were restrained from further pillage, and it was time, for famine and want stared us in the face. We had money to buy food, but there was none to be had, and the inhabitants went about hungry and heavy-hearted.

The French quitted Weimar, we were freed from the presence of the enemy, but tales of atrocities committed were rife in the town, and sorrow clouded every brow. I had much to do, and my powers were almost overtasked; I got no sleep at night, but wandered about and listened to poor Ida's low moans, as she too lay awake, thinking of her sad fate.

When we went in search of poor Rosenthal's body it had been removed, and we were, therefore, deprived of the satisfaction of giving his last remains decent burial; but the assurance that he had been interred with many other brave men in the place which is now marked by a monument recording the battle of Jena, was a great consolation to us, and more especially to his bereaved widow.

We greeted a letter from Halle with a joy that can only follow a

season of great anxiety, for we had heard nothing of Veronica or her husband. War divided friend from friend, relation from relation; the usual conveyances did not run, and those who were forced to travel did so under the greatest disadvantages, whilst the stayers at home were obliged to be content with the scanty news they might by chance receive from their friends.

The letter was from Schlosser, who gave a full description of all that had befallen them, and of the contest that had taken place near the town. He said no one had for a moment imagined Halle would be near the scene of action, and that they were taken completely by surprise when the Duke of Würtemberg entered the city with his corps of reserve. They had not heard of the battle of Saalfeld when he wrote to me, and their first news of the bloody conflict near Jena was the false report that the Prussians had gained a great victory. Every one was panic-struck when the true intelligence came of the overthrow of the army, and a French prisoner, who happened to be brought into the town at the time, was nearly torn in pieces by the mob. Then he went on to relate the circumstances of Napoleon's entry, and how the students had stared at him without removing their caps, which so exasperated the tyrant upstart, that, in order to take petty vengeance, he had dissolved the university and seized the funds, which threw the professors into a deplorable condition of poverty. Veronica was quite well, he said, and they had fortunately lost nothing of any value, their house having escaped the plundering bands of the *avant-garde*. He also bemoaned the state into which Germany had fallen, and the sad exposure of the rotten condition of the Prussian government, which he dared not have done had not his letter been given into the charge of a trusty friend who was journeying to Weimar.

How shall I relate all the humiliating scenes and fearful tragedies which crushed Germany in the dust? The nation was thunderstruck, untrue to itself and to the fatherland. We lost everything—honour, hope, and freedom. The inhabitants of Berlin forgot who and what they were, and cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" on Napoleon's entry into the city. Towns surrendered without hazarding a blow, and the King of Prussia, with his noble consort, after fruitless endeavours to join with Russia in stemming the torrent of misfortunes which poured upon them, retired to Königsberg, and there actually suffered from want.

We sat calmly in our homes, with our hands before us, listening to the tale of universal degradation, and chafed silently at our uselessness, but could do naught, for we were but individuals, and the mass suffered and was still. These were indeed terrible times. To have fought and died would have been glorious, but to remain quiet, to accept of foreign dictation as if it came from the mouth of our own princes, this was almost more than could be borne. I fumed in my little circle, longing that it might expand and fill all Germany with one mind, one desire, one determination to be free. What were our great men doing? They sat still, occupied with their studies, and tried to forget what was enacting without. Shame to them! they did not see that our nationality was passing from us; they stooped to receive the patronage of a foreigner, and were content to regard literature not as a national, but as a thing common to all nations, and to make it their world.

"Germany will pass away from the earth," I said to my mother one day, in a fit of despondency, on learning how the peace of Tilsit had been concluded; "it will live but in a few hearts, whose hands are powerless to stir in its cause—and why? Because nature has given us each but two hands, and because there is no leader, no head, no one mind to guide the whole. We have forgotten what unity, what *one* is. We are many, and have no unity. Each man fights for his own; in it he sees all that he wants, but forgets that nationality is disappearing, and will be lost."

Ida remained with us till the beginning of the year 1807, and then went to her former home with her child. I felt as if we had lost one who had a right to be in the house; my mother missed her, and so did I at all times, but more especially when I came home at night. Her place was vacant at meals; her sad, quiet face was wanting everywhere, and little Ernst too, who had cheered us in the dark days that had passed over our heads, he was missed, and by none more than by my old housekeeper.

"A fine child," she would say, "and he will make a handsome man; may he live a happy life. But these are hard times, there is no knowing what will happen. I am glad my dear husband was gone to a better land before it all came upon us."

On the 10th of April the Duchess Amalia died, and in October of the following year, as if in mockery of the universal degradation and misery, there were grand rejoicings at the palace on the visit of the Emperor Alexander. "Don Carlos" was represented at the theatre, and a splendid ball given, which the Emperor opened with the Duchess of Baden. I could scarcely endure to hear of all this, and shut myself up as much as I could during the time of festivity, refusing even to look at the royal personages in the street.

We heard, through Veronica, that the French officers had given several balls in Halle, and that she and her husband had been forced to attend one, for, she said, the invitation appeared more like a command than a mere act of politeness.

In another letter, she told us that two German ladies of the town had married French officers.

"If we do not resent the injuries inflicted on ourselves, who will?" I asked myself, bitterly. "Germany stoops to wear a foreign yoke, and tries to forget that it could be free."

But no, I was wrong; for a time things remained quiet, the public mind was palsied; but no sooner did it regain its powers of thought and feeling than a true spirit began to manifest itself—we were awakening from our sleep, and awakening not again to rest till we had chased the enemy from our country, and placed Napoleon's vassals, our king and princes, in full possession of all that was their own.

We heard of the noble endeavours of Friedrich Perthes in the far north, of his steady purpose and determination; and there was hope in such signs. What I had wished fondly, but dared not expect, was coming to pass. Germany was each day growing more united; it was as if it had of a sudden discovered that it was possible to regain freedom by a united effort, and no sooner did this burst upon the nation at large than the war of liberation began in earnest. The patriotic songs of Körner, Arndt, and Fouqué, were sung, and their stirring notes roused all hearts into action.

TREUER TOD.

Der Ritter muss zum blut' gen Kampf hinaus,
Für Freiheit, Ruhm und Vaterland zu streiten,
Da zieht er noch vor seines Liebchens Haus,
Nicht ohne Abschied will er von ihr scheiden.
"O weine nicht die Aeuglein roth,
Als ob nicht Trost und Hoffnung, bliebe!
Bleib' ich doch treu bis in den Tod
Dem Vaterland und meiner Liebe!"

Und als er ihr das Lebewohl gebracht,
Sprengt er zurück zum Haufen der Getreuen,
Er sammelt sich zu seines Kaisers Macht,
Und muthig blickt er auf der Feinde Reihen.
"Mich schreckt es nicht, was uns bedroht,
Und wenn ich auf der Wahlstatt bliebe!
Denn freudig geh ich in den Tod
Für Vaterland und meine Liebe!"

Und furchtbar stürzt er in des Kampfes Gluth,
Und Tausend fallen unter seinen Streichen,
Den Sieg verdankt man seinem Helden muth,
Doch auch den Sieger zählt man zu den Seichen.
"Ström' hin, mein Blut, so purpur roth,
Dich rächten meines Schwertes Heibe;
Ich hielt den Schwur, treu bis zum Tod,
Dem Vaterland und meiner Liebe."

THEODORE KÖRNER.

Music has always had a powerful effect, and it added its influence now to swell the cry for revenge and freedom.

Volunteer corps were formed, and all strove in their different stations to aid the war to the best of their ability. A commander was wanted to lead the army, and he was ready, in the person of the lion-hearted Blücher, who had been steeled to meet all hardships by long years of active service. After the defeat of the allies at the battle of Lutzen, Hamburg fell once more into the hands of the French, and the cruelties inflicted by Marshal Davoust have with justice rendered the French name hateful to the Germans.

Students formed themselves into bands, and their teachers led them on; thus, high and low, rich and poor, hastened to join the standard of the fallen, but beloved, King of Prussia. Whilst those who could do nothing but offer their best and heartfelt wishes, listened, talked, and looked on with breathless expectation.

"I have had a visit from Ida," my mother said to me one evening in the beginning of the momentous year 1813.

"Well, mother, and is that so very extraordinary an occurrence?"

"No, Hans; but what she came to communicate will surprise you as much as it did me."

"Indeed," said I, already interested. "What may that be?"

"She has put little Ernst to school, and, after much consideration, has determined to join a society of ladies who have undertaken to nurse the wounded soldiers and tend upon the sick."

"Such an act is worthy of her," I said, enthusiastically.

One would have thought I had been a boy, instead of a man of eight-and-thirty, I felt such intense pleasure on hearing this, for I loved Ida still.

"I am glad you like the scheme," my mother said.

"It is noble," I rejoined; "an act of self-devotion on the part of the German ladies which will be most beneficial." And, without waiting an instant, I went to Ida's house to assure her how heartily I approved the plan.

What occupied my thoughts as I wended my way along the streets? Reader, you may not be able to guess, but it was—love. Love that had smouldered in my breast, and when I thought it extinct, had of a sudden burnt up brightly, then smouldered again. Love for my playmate, my friend, and now love for one whom I still hoped to win. Ida had been a widow nearly seven years; she had mourned her husband with a grief many never feel: but now that was wearing away, and though life was saddened to her, it was not the dull blank it had been. That she still loved me, I did not doubt, for I judged by my own heart, and that I knew had always remained true to her. Hers had been a forced marriage; affection for her husband sprang up as time advanced, but her love was mine, had always been, and was so still. I felt sure of this, and as I turned to enter her house, I made a resolve, which I kept; what it was the following conversation will soon show:

"I thought you would like it," she said, quite simply, in reply to my strong commendation of the plan she proposed to take. "I heard you speaking on the subject a few days ago."

"And do my wishes influence you?" I asked, fervently, with a strange sensation at my heart which I had not experienced for many a long, cold year.

"They always have," she rejoined, looking at me openly, as if perfectly innocent of what I was about to say.

"Oh, Ida, if you only knew how faithfully I have loved you these many years, you would listen patiently to what I long to say. Tell me, may I speak on a subject which many years ago was dear to us both?"

"Hush!" said she, averting her face. "You must not; it is wrong."

"Wrong!" I exclaimed; "and what makes it wrong? Why should true love be wrong? You do love me, Ida: I feel it. Why, then, should we be parted, when one home, one heart, would be bliss to both?" She did not speak, and I continued: "We loved each other in childhood, in youth, and why not in old age? No barrier comes between us now."

"Do not speak so," said she, interrupting me. "I cannot hear it. I do love you, Hans, but——"

"But! I will have no more *buts*. You say you love me, and I have waited to hear this seventeen long years. At least you must allow that I have been constant; will you not, then, reward me?"

She stood immovable, her head still turned away.

"Wait," she said—"wait till I return."

"You shall go where duty points," I rejoined, eagerly. "I never meant to deter you from this good work, but tell me that when you do return it will be to become my wife."

She heaved a deep, almost hysterical sigh as I pronounced the word, and, turning her eyes so that they beamed full into mine, she said,

"Hans, I am so changed since last we talked together thus, I do not feel deserving of your love, my heart has grown so cold."

"It will warm to mine," I said, confidently. "Consent to what I say, and nothing shall prevent our gliding smoothly and happily down the steep hill of life together. I will support and comfort you, and thus we will pass upwards hand in hand."

For a few minutes she said nothing, but gazed at me wonderingly. Then, taking my hand, she murmured, and the words seemed to come from the depths of her soul,

"Would it might be so, but every day of our life tells us that no one ever quits this world in company with those he loves. Hans, I am yours till death. I can never repay your long years of patience, but to do so will be my fondest endeavour."

To say we were happy is not to express what we felt—nothing can; and therefore I will entrust our nameless bliss to the kind fancy of those who have followed our history thus far.

Ida went home with me, that we might confer with my mother, who heard our recital with streaming eyes (kind, sympathising mother that she had always been!), and then she took our hands and joined them, saying, in her soft voice, "Bless you! bless you!" And was not I blessed with life's choicest blessing?

XI.

CONCLUSION.

GERMANY fought its way up and was rewarded. Napoleon's name was no longer feared; we were free from foreign foes; what our friends would prove was yet to be seen; but that is neither here nor there; it does not relate to my narrow circle, of which naught but death could now disturb the peace, nay, almost heavenly happiness. Ida is my wife; we have two children; and Ernst, who has grown to be quite a big boy, comes home regularly for his holidays. My mother still lives with us, and is happy amongst her grandchildren, whom—low be it spoken—Ida sometimes thinks she is inclined to spoil. My old housekeeper, the doctor's widow, lies beside her husband in the churchyard. Schlosser and his wife—my little sister Veronica—are sailing on Time's swift vessel; so, indeed, are we all, but we heed not its course, for the rapids are passed, and eternity stretches beyond—that bright eternity I used to despair of in my student days, when reason was my god, and faith an impossibility.

There is a shrine to which I must float back ere I close this record of my life; need I say that it is the shrine of my nameless friend of the cathedral tower? If it be permitted for the spirits of the departed to gaze on the work they have done in this dark world, may he look down from his bright abode, and receive the heartfelt thanks of one whom he taught how to find the sweet-scented flowers of peace, and whose words of kindness paved the way to melt the hard frost of my "life-landscape."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher.*

EVALLA.

By W. Beilby Bateman.

XXI.

"THINGS" ARE FEVERISH.

Learn hence of mortal *things* how vain the boast,
Learn to despise the low degenerate host,
And see their wealth how poor; how mean their pride!
Not all the mines below the wandering moon,
Not all the sun beholds at highest noon
Can for a moment bid the fray subside!

Divina Commedia.

When Mr. Spankie rusticated at the place in Berks, it was the custom of his head clerk to run down thither daily by one train, and return by the next, during which interval of an hour and a half employed at the breakfast-table, "things" were duly discussed, and provided for. On these occasions Job Earlibird (the clerk aforesaid) rose sooner than usual, and there was considerable excitement in Cumming-street, Pentonville. Job Earlibird's house, a tall, thin, faded slice of dreary brick, was bounded on one side by pigsties and a cow-house, and on the other by a bookbinder, who—as if he were knocking nails into a coffin—began a mysterious tapping at four in the morning, which caused a depression of spirits in the surrounding neighbourhood. Behind was a garden with a musty grass-plot, which was very bald in some places, and very tufty in others, and by collecting the soot from the chimneys and the dust from the road, had become measly in its aspect. Here moped a melancholy jackdaw with a dilapidated tail, which bird called up rural reflections in Job's mind, and saved him the expense of going out of town during his annual holiday. One end of Cumming-street, Pentonville, was shut in with grim railings, and thus asserted its gentility against a vagrant population beyond, the small children whereof were usually impaling themselves on the bars, the female portion of which chiefly passed their time in drinking rum and tea, and gossiping out of window, while the male department was a good deal occupied in answering charges of assault and battery, and generally converged at night-time—particularly on Saturday after wages had been paid—to a favourite focus—the lock-up at Battle-bridge. The other end of Cumming-street, Pentonville, was cheered by a chapel-of-ease, where half a score of people slept with great comfort through the discourses of Mr. Gruel, and woke up refreshed and appetised for mutton and turnips at two. The situation was airy; the society was select; the omnibuses crawled by every three minutes; the churchyard, only raised above the surface of the pavement about three or four feet by the press of its mouldering tenantry, was never *unpleasant* except from April to October, or during a thaw; Copenhagen-fields were near—*rus in urbe;* what could a lover of nature expect more?

His white neckerchief was rather washed out; his black suit was a little tarnished by time; otherwise Job Earlibird was quite of the Spick-and-Spankie mould; not too ambitious an imitation, but sufficiently as-

serted to flatter the great original. With solemn dignity he now mounted the box of the omnibus. The driver looked on his fare as a great authority on City matters, and had a vague idea that he would one day divulge some secret connected with "things" that would make his fortune, and enable him to retire into a sporting public-house upon which he had his eye down at Fulham. In the mean time he practised a prudential reserve, and merely ventured to remark, as he threw the apron over, that the day was fine; to which Job assented, but with the qualification that it was dusty, and the driver cogitated over that as if it might have some hidden meaning, until they reached the corner of Moorgate-street, and Job descended, gave him a nod, and walked away very seriously to the Stock Exchange. Indeed, the habitual gravity, which is considered becoming in commerce, had settled in Job's countenance from long usage and increasing intensity into a sepulchral glare. There was in his face a certain tendency to peel away like a fresh fig, which had left the complexion colourless, or rather of a dull putty hue, from the midst of which started two eyes of yellowish green, like half-boiled plums from an underdone suet-pudding. His hands, too, had the rattlesnake characteristic of perpetually shedding their skin, and were consequently concealed in the strict retirement of black cotton gloves, with the fingers cut off for the better convenience of writing. And thus, with the stale, dull tint of a Stilton cheese ripening in a cellar, he entered the great menagerie of Bulls and Bears.

The bulls bellowed with unusual bluster, the bears growled with more than ordinary ferocity, for there was a great crisis at hand, and they already smelt the plunder from afar. Faint rumours were afloat of one of those gigantic uprisings of speculation, which, while they convulse society, bring its worst elements to the surface, and scatter all moral obligations to the wind. Ere long, the first shall be last, and the last shall be first; the crow shall roost in the eagle's nest, and the stricken lion shall recoil from the kick of the ass. Prepare for the struggle, lords and commoners alike! Lords! our ancient aristocracy! Ay, marquises, earls, and all! Some who date their ancestry back to William the Norman, others whose ancestors at the Flood would have disdained the ark and had a boat to themselves—all shall gather to the harvest.

Staring more than ever, Job Earlibird emerges again, rushes to the office, reads the correspondence, sorts out a portion, makes notes of the rest, places his gleanings in a black morocco case, and hurries by rail to find Mr. Spankie in his private sanctum. The fly from the station deposited him at the gates, the porter introduced him, and Job, in his usual silent way, observant of everything, wended through the ornamental lawns to the house, snuffing up as much fresh air as he could, as if he were laying in a stock of health for future consumption at Pentonville, and trying to cement the putty. When the wasp-coloured footman delivered him into the library, he was so far freshened up that the great man complimented him on the change from putty to cement, and said he was glad to see him looking so well.

Mr. Spankie was sitting beside a table, amply supplied with luxurious appurtenances to breakfast; and, before another word passed, the viands were served. Nothing was wanting, and it was observable that while the servant was in attendance the host left Job with rather an off-hand air to prepare for business and arrange the papers, while he flung the crimson

folds of his dressing-gown over his knees, and perused the money article of the *Times;* but no sooner was the red baize door closed than Job assumed an air of familiarity, and Mr. Spankie in a measure succumbed. It was scarcely perceptible, but the mercury of the latter certainly fell a point or two. Recovering himself, he called Job to the repast, and not until they had entered with considerable gusto into various delicacies, which confirmed the cement more and more, he inquired, carelessly, "How are 'Things?'"

Job declared that things were looking up—things were feverish!

Spankie dropped his napkin and looked earnestly at Job, and the yellow-green eyes looked with a dull, horrible lustre at him. The host again succumbed, lost his appetite, and thought his guest had never looked so ugly before. But ugliness sometimes has a fascination. Spankie continued to gaze at him, and at last Job added, pushing his plate aside, "*It's* coming!"

With a hasty gesture, indicative of silence and caution, Spankie rang the bell, ordered the table to be cleared, and they were alone.

"There's thousands to be made!" said Job, scarcely able to contain himself in his impatience until the door was closed upon them.

"Hush!" whispered Spankie, "*we* know our compact, Job; but it must not transpire here. Not a breath—a word would spoil all!"

A still more staring glance accompanied the question, "Why more now than any other time? you know I always follow suit."

"True, true, I know it, Job; we understand each other. We will work together, and our fortunes shall be the same—mints of money, as you say—mints of money—but—caution! You have arrived before the post: *I* am advised in advance."

"What has happened?" exclaimed Job Earlibird, and his eyes seemed ready to drop out of his head among the papers before them.

"Mr. Castelmaine is dead!"

"The devil!" said Job, and the cement resolved itself again into putty, and the tie of his white neckerchief slipped round under his ear, as if it were a hangman's knot, and he were about to suffer the last penalty of the law.

"And *I* am his wife's trustee—only trustee—and she is under my roof at this moment. You may well say 'It's coming!'" continued Spankie, who was strangely moved.

He took a turn across the room, and gazed vacantly through the window at the lawns and lands with a wistful, curious expression of interest, as if not sure that they were really his. Many things that he had scarcely noticed before seemed to crowd into his reflections then. He thought how beautiful were the old elms in their rich autumnal tints; how graceful the deer (there were but few), reclining in the shade; he saw the pigeons wheeling round, and returning to coo love's language to their mates; and in the distance cattle grazed or ruminated. How he envied their undisturbed repose! Long years passed in review over his mind during that single instant. The sunny morning overcame him. Nature smiled everywhere, and her smiles made him sad. A time *had* been when he might have grasped all these things; when, contented with a modest lot, instead of living for a world that despised the very votaries upon whom it fawned the most, he might have passed happier hours in uninterrupted tranquillity, looking up ever, and with hope, to the bright

sky that symbolled a brighter hereafter. Had his life been a mistake? How many of us have to consider this question before we reach forty!

Unmindful of anything but business, Job continued the subject they had been discussing. "Of course," he said, "*they* will be wanted, and, being wanted, must be produced!"

"But *how?*" said Spankie; "*they* are no longer in the market. Yet stop! They were passed, you know, to the widow of Admiral Goutlimb. Tell her the stock is going down. You must run up to her town-house to-day, or you will not catch the old dowager before she goes to the Pyrenees!"

"Done!" replied Job, with a flickering stare; "and if *you* adhere to the compact, I'll find the needful. But remember—the young lady—a settlement—and partnership in the——"

A knock at the door. They were both silent instantly. Job dipped deep into papers, and busied himself with everything, from mines to indigo.

"The post!" said Spankie; and he gave permission in a husky voice to enter.

A letter was placed in his hand. It bore no postmark. He tore it open carelessly. It was from Lord Paget Cuirass. His attention was fixed at once, and when he had perused it, he threw it to Job with a loud exclamation of triumph. "Now," he said, "we *must* fight out everything, Job—eh?"

"Yes," replied Job, a little flushed in the putty; "but you will remember, the compact stands good, and——"

"*I* am Sir Octavius Spankie!"

Another knock. "Could missis see him?" was the inquiry of the wasp inexpressibles. "Only for a moment," he was desired to say.

"Yes," said Spankie, drawing himself up with great dignity.

She entered almost immediately, and the footman was about to close the door, when, in reply to some trivial order, the Wasp said, "Yes, mum."

"Ruffle," said Mr. Spankie.

Ruffle the Wasp advanced.

"Mr. Earlibird will explain to you that the lady who is mistress of this house must henceforth be addressed in another way, and with her right title."

"The wife of Sir Octavius will be *Lady* Spankie, Ruffle. You will instruct the lower servants how to demean themselves in proper time," said Job.

"Yes, my lord; certingly, my lord; most undoubted, my lord. I'll do it immediate." And the Wasp bowed to Spankie, with such sudden reverence as if he could cheerfully break himself in half in the service of so much dignity. He shut the door, and went straight down to the pantry to tell the butler, who was cleaning the plate. This apoplectic adherent immediately declared that his master must have been made a marquis at least, and, on the strength of it, opened several bottles of old Madeira, which were dispersed forthwith among the rest of the retainers. Fortified and vivified by its mellow warmth, their enthusiasm rose at once. The cook said she'd know'd it all along, ever since that dream about the pantomime, when master stood at the end among the fireworks with a pair of wings, which were just ready to

bear him away at the fall of the curtain. The Wasp, too, became particular in his attentions to Nannette, and when he addressed her always said "Wee;" which, while it caused him to be looked upon with awe as a travelled man, was intended to inspire Nannette with an idea that he spoke her native tongue. While these sociabilities were taking place the post-bag really arrived, and the Wasp, not quite so steady in his gamboge as before, and with rather a thickness in his speech, ascended to the sanctum above. As he passed the drawing-room door Evelina called out "Ruffle!"

He stopped, balanced himself against a statue of Mercury, wondered why he saw two young ladies instead of one, and assumed a look of supernatural solemnity.

She unlocked the bag, drew forth a small note, locked it again, and made a gesture indicative of silence to Ruffle, who replied in dumb show.

Though considerably maimed by the Madeira, his legs then made another start up-stairs, when, in passing the door of the billiard-room, he was arrested by the repetition of his name—"Ruffle!"

The Wasp steadied himself this time against what seemed another substantial piece of furniture, but instead of Mercury it was a shower-bath, which had been left for removal to the bedroom wing. Guzzelridge Spankie, little dreaming that his sister had performed the same feat a minute before, produced a private key, opened the bag, drew forth a rose-coloured note in feminine handwriting, reclosed the receptacle, and returned it.

"Thank you, my lord," said Ruffle.

Guzzelridge looked considerably astonished at this form of address, but before he had got out the words "What'th that?" Ruffle turned to proceed on his perpetually interrupted mission. The corner of his elbow caught the handle in the door of the shower-bath. It flew open, and, deprived of the support, Ruffle slipped. Grasping as he fell, the only thing he caught was the string that turned on the water, and this he pulled with such success that, before he could move, two or three gallons from the garden well blew up the powder from his hair, distained the gamboge inexpressibles, and qualified the old Madeira so completely that, after recovering his breath, he almost appeared sober. Dripping like a sea-god, he extricated himself from the infernal machine which had rained down ruin upon his head, gave Guzzelridge the bag, gasping, "Libery, my lord—libery, my lord, and my lady's a waitin';" and retreated, leaving Guzzelridge no less surprised at the form of speech than the ludicrous nature of the accident. In consideration, however, of the sleight of hand which he had just performed himself, Guzzelridge took the bag, ascended to the sanctum, and, without alluding to what had occurred, placed it on the table before Mr. and Mrs. Spankie and Job Earlibird.

Lillie Rivers has been for a scamper with Gellert the hound about the wood, dashing the dew hither and thither from fern and bush carelessly, both drinking in such deep draughts of the rich morning air that the eyes of the dog are bloodshot, and his tongue lolls out from among his white teeth like a hot coal, while Lillie's delicate cheek is flushed into the warm rose tint of an ocean shell. Evalla called her to the piano: Lillie was rather a truant at her music; but she kissed her sister Evy, as she always called her—and, in fact, regarded

her—and sat down obediently to practise duets from "Lucia." Evelina had retired to her own room on some pretence to read her abstracted billet. When they had done, Lillie called upon Evalla to improvise some of her old recollections of Italian song, which she would only consent to do when they were alone. Evalla's talent was less of acquirement than inspiration. When she played thus from the echoes of her heart, it was the wild strain of the Welsh harper, the unmeasured melody of the olden minstrel ringing among primeval hills and valleys, or floating over azure southern seas. No longer confined by the trammels of art, her fingers flew over the keys, shedding cadences of wild and unearthly beauty with reckless profusion at every touch. It was an episode from Dante's great poem that she essayed to illustrate; a tale of love repressed, of virtue that never swerved, of honour that did its duty firmly, and died with its secret untold at last—died, and made no sign! The black eyes of the performer, usually so dreamy and still, flashed with singular emotion as she warmed into her theme; her lip curled, her bosom throbbed, her commanding form seemed to dilate; there was an energy in its fire, a mystery in its sadness, as if her soul were pouring forth its inmost yearnings from recesses sealed before. The instrument weeps over the unrealised hope, wails over the shadow of love perishing, gasps the cherished name in the last breath, and dies moaning into silence. So touchingly had the tale been told, that Lillie's blue eyes betrayed more feeling than she wished to show, or could easily laugh away. Evalla, as if still absorbed in her ideal emotions, rose without a word, pressed both her hands upon her bosom, and, so approaching the window, stood gazing into the morning. Unlike her thoughts, it was sunny and serene. Not a leaf stirred. The dew-drops gleamed in the quiet, peaceful light. A single swallow, "the last of his clan," wheeled in circles over the lawn, rising ever and anon in search of his departed brotherhood, and then sinking again, loth to depart. She watched the bird with a strange interest. Her thoughts had wandered to where its wings would bear it soon—to another and a softer clime.

"Mr. Castelmaine will be here directly," said Lillie, who, for some reason she could scarcely define, felt oppressed by the silence; "the carriage was sent an hour since."

"It's coming!" replied Evalla, under her breath; "I hear the gates open."

Her hands pressed closer on her bosom, and more convulsively, than before.

When it appeared in the curve of the road which led to the house, Lillie noticed that the horses were urged to more than usual speed. The whip had been used unsparingly; their flanks were flecked with foam. It drew up. Mrs. Maple descended alone.

"It's coming" now! There was a pause. Neither of the fair gazers seemed to have power to move. Lillie's heart beat with some sensation which she sought to believe was pleasure, but she shuddered beneath its influence, as if it were apprehension—fear! She turned her eyes on her companion.

Evalla was marble! Then another pause. It's come now!

The door opens. Mrs. Maple and Mr. Spankie enter. The latter motions to Lillie Rivers to retire.

Draw the veil; let fall the curtain. Sorrow should be sacred.

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Robert Stephenson is dead—dead at the early age of fifty-six, in the prime of his intellect, after having comprised a century of labour within a few years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The last time the great doors of that cathedral were opened to a funeral procession, it was to admit a coffin engraved and emblazoned with every variety of heraldic honours; all the pomp and pageantry accompanied the mortal remains of the respectable and obscure "accident of an accident," Percy Duke of Northumberland, to his last home. It was not until death that Robert Stephenson received any honours from the state; even then precedent excluded his admittance by the great doors reserved for nobility. But by special royal permission the route through the parks, hitherto reserved for royalty, was conceded. The only titles on his coffin were D.C.L. of Oxford and Fellow of the Royal Society. But he did not need honorary titles; his work was his greatest honour, and never has such a great multitude as followed him to the grave included more real mourners. The procession was composed, not of heralds and officers of state, but of those who had shared his labours and enjoyed his friendship, and of deputations from the many learned societies, of which he was a zealous and able supporter. As in life, so in death, he was surrounded by the *middle* class of high intellect, of which he was the pride and ornament.

It is difficult, for one who has enjoyed familiar intercourse with Robert Stephenson, to describe his character without seeming—to those who knew him only by his works—to fall into the vicious style of fulsome, epitaphical praise, so often and lavishly expended on the monuments of merely titled or successful men. For, not only did his wealth of intellect, and its results in public works of splendid utility, inspire admiration and respect; not only was he in the first rank wherever science was cultivated; not only was he genial, hospitable, and charitable, a patron of struggling talent of every kind, but there was something in his manner and deportment which inspired affection and devotion in all who were brought in contact with him, in his humblest assistants and servants not less than his friends and intimate associates.

Robert Stephenson was born on the 16th of December, 1803, at a cottage at Willington, on the north bank of the Tyne, the year after his father, George Stephenson, then breaksman to the stationary engine which drew ballast and landed it on the quay, had married "pretty Jenny Henderson, a farm servant." The cottage at Willington no longer exists; it was pulled down two years ago to make room for the schools which Robert erected as the fittest monument to his father's memory. He was born at the time when his father (a man of genius, who at nineteen years of age could barely read) was beginning to add the education of books to the education of work and observation. In 1804, George Stephenson removed to West Moor, Killingworth, and eighteen years later, when Mr. Pease consulted him on the project for the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which was the forerunner of our whole railway system, he "was only the enginewright at Killingworth

Collieries," and came out of the pit to see Mr. Pease, "in his working dress."

The most valuable part of Robert Stephenson's education began as soon as he could lisp. From his earliest years he worked and assisted his father at his work. Before he reached his teens he took such part as an intelligent child could in experiments in chemistry and mechanics; he had his share in inventing the "Geordie Safety-Lamp." The engine-house and the mine were Robert Stephenson's schoolrooms and "Museums of Practical Science." In 1815, when Mr. Cutter, the parish clerk had taught him to read and to cipher, his father sent him to Mr. Bruce, who had the best school in Newcastle; and subscribed three guineas a year to the Library of the Newcastle Philosophical Institute—a vast sum for a labouring man to spare for such a purpose. Then the son became at the same time the pupil and the teacher of his father. Together they studied the sciences bearing on their daily pursuits, and pored over diagrams and plans, carefully copied by Robert from folios too precious to be included in the Newcastle Lending Library.

At some future time, when these stories of the invention of the safety-lamp and the locomotive are less trite and familiar than they now are, some great artist may take for a subject the evening studies of the Stephensons—father and son—in their Northumbrian cottage, with its roaring fire and collection of familiar birds; may contrast the bluff, fresh-coloured, handsome, rough-hewn countenance of the father with the refined features of the son, as they pored together over a big book,deep in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"Robert Stephenson," says a contributor to a Newcastle journal (evidently one of his schoolfellows), "was remembered not less for his industry, than for his lively playfulness and kind disposition," which must have been hardly tried, for he was rough hewn. The pits and his town-bred companions often teased him to draw his vexation in the curious epithets of the Northumbrian pit dialect.

At the height of his fame and fortune Robert Stephenson did not forget how much he had learned from the Newcastle Institute, and gave upwards of three thousand pounds to pay off a debt which threatened its existence, on condition that the subscription should be lowered to one guinea. By his will he has bequeathed a further sum of seven thousand pounds.

He left school in June, 1819, being just fifteen and a half years old, "well grounded," according to the authority already quoted, "in his own language, with some knowledge of French, conversant with geography and astronomy, and an adept at arithmetic, geometry, and algebra." He used to say in after years, when speaking of the *model boy* of Mr. Bruce's school, "John Taylor could beat me at arithmetic, but," he added, with animation, "I could beat him at mensuration."

In writing to Dr. Bruce, the son of his old schoolmaster, in 1839, he said:

"Your letter revived recollections of our earlier days, and above all of your worthy father, to whom I owe so much. It is to his tuition and method of modelling the mind that I attribute much of my success as an engineer. It was from him I derived my taste for mathematical pursuits, and the facility I possess of applying this kind of knowledge to practical

purposes, and modifying it to circumstances. I have had numerous examples of the danger of applying abstract mathematical truths to practice without reference to circumstances. To an engineer, mathematical truths are like sharp instruments, they require to be handled with care; in short, they are only truths so long as certain conditions obtain. It is in the application of mathematics to different branches of natural philosophy that the mere mathematician almost invariably fails."

When he left school, he was apprenticed to Mr. Nicholas Wood to learn the art of coal-mining. But, in fact, his education only ended with his life. Chemistry and the higher branches of astronomy were his relaxations from the severe toil of his profession. His yacht, his favourite luxury, was furnished with an excellent scientific library and a collection of philosophical instruments, and, therefore, he used to say his time at sea never hung heavy on his hands.

In 1820, when Robert Stephenson was seventeen years old, and beginning to be profitably employed as an assistant coal-viewer, his father devoted part of the testimonial money received for inventing the "Geordie Safety-Lamp" to sending him to Edinburgh. There he remained six months only, but returned with the mathematical prize, having attended the lectures of the Professors of Chemistry, of Natural Philosophy, and of Natural History; and it was characteristic of the man that he taught himself short-hand before he proceeded to the university, in order that he might profit to the utmost by an expense "which," he said, "he knew his father could ill afford," and made it a rule to copy out fairly in the evening, before going to bed, the lectures he had taken down verbatim in the morning. These manuscript memorials of his conscientious industry stood bound on the shelves of the library of his house in Gloucester-square. Often in conversation on scientific subjects he referred to them instead of books.

In 1824, the year that George Stephenson put down the carefully hoarded thousand pounds of the "Geordie Lamp Testimonial" to take his share in a partnership with Mr. Pease for establishing a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, Robert, whose health was failing, for he seems to have inherited the delicate constitution of his mother, sailed to take charge of mining operations in South America. Before he set out he was a skilled mechanic, and had thus early commenced his studies of the locomotive powers of the steam-engine.

He returned in 1827, having, his schoolfellow observes, "lost the Doric of his youth, and acquired that elegance of manners and enunciation which became him so well." He took the management of the locomotive factory at Newcastle, which soon became famous all over the world, and to this day retains a reputation for excellent, conscientious workmanship.

Then followed the great fight against ignorance, prejudice, and vested interest in inferior modes of conveyance, which ended in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the triumph of the Rocket and the Northumbrian locomotives over the stationary engines.

Father and son worked in perfect harmony to bring the locomotive to the perfection of practical value, and so loved and admired each other that their respective shares in perfecting the railway system will never be known. George Stephenson, the self-taught, self-made, rough, original genius, had no more ardent admirer than his refined and accomplished son.

It is safe to assert that from the first they contemplated the full extension of the railway system throughout the kingdom, with all the incidents of communication, and that it came from them complete in every material principle. Even the locomotive designed for use on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, after the success of the Rocket, remains the type of the engine still in use throughout Europe, although improvements in detail have kept pace with the increased skill of working mechanics, assisted by materials and machine-working tools, which have been created by the demand of locomotive manufactures. The rough-hewn northern genius and the temperament of George Stephenson did not fit him to encounter and conquer the obstacles which beset railway extension in the first years after the success of the Liverpool and Manchester line. The high and mighty law-makers, landowners, and lawyers were inclined to treat the engineer as a presumptuous artisan. With such obstructions the appearance, the manner, the calm, dignified, conciliatory temper of Robert Stephenson fitted him to grapple, not less than the variety of his professional acquirements to subdue the material obstacles of tunnels and quicksands, valleys and hills, and treacherous soil in every shape. When the first bill for the London and Birmingham Railway was thrown out, the late Lord Wharncliffe, who was chairman of the committee, seeing that Mr. Stephenson was sad at such a defeat, told him "not to be discouraged, for his evidence had made his fortune." His public career as an engineer may be said to have commenced with the London and Birmingham Line, a gigantic work, of the difficulties of which this generation has no more conception than unhistorical passengers by a steam-boat to America of the perils of Columbus's first voyage: tools and machinery, workmen and contractors, almost all had to be found, or invented, or trained on a scale hitherto unknown. But the engineer was equal to his task, and thenceforward, provided with patterns and examples for the followers and imitators of this great engineer to copy and improve, the locomotive system extended steadily over the kingdom, and the pursuit of "The Civil Engineer," which had previously been illustrated by a few great men arising far between, "rose from a craft to a profession" under the constant demand of railway extension. Nations like France have been enabled to economise in construction, after losing millions in traffic, by waiting until they could use the models, plans, patterns, as well as contractors and workmen, with all the experience of English failures.

It is not within the limits of this paper to follow Robert Stephenson's career up to the time that he became, by universal consent, the head and "Chief" of his profession, or to note each of the great monuments of the exactness with which his constructive skill accomplished the execution of his preliminary scientific calculations, or to note the occasions on which his warning voice was raised against such fallacies as the atmospheric system and the broken gauge. Some of his triumphs have become common-place by repetition; others, from their magnitude, familiar to the unthoughtful multitude. It will be enough to say that, while his genius was equal to any emergency, simplicity, fitness, and economy, so far as it was consistent with enduring work, were the guiding principles of his plans; that he never went out of his way to meet difficulties, in order to astonish the gazing world by overcoming them. On foot, traversing the country of a projected line again and again, he spared no

pains to find the best and cheapest route. He took as much trouble in selecting the route of his last work—the Egyptian—as of the London and Birmingham Line. His best known, and perhaps the most remarkable, instance in the history of engineering of the result of purely theoretical reasoning carried out to practical success—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—was not sought by him, but forced upon him as the only means of bridging the Menai Straits, when the crotchet of Admiralty commissioners had rejected as an impediment to navigation a more economical series of arches of brick and stone.

As an engineer, Robert Stephenson was distinguished no less for the soundness than for the acuteness of his judgment. His natural genius having from his boyhood been applied to the cultivation of the branches of science kindred to his profession, he was a good mathematician, a good geologist, a good chemist, well experienced in the theory and practice of mining, and a mechanic of the very first order. These talents and acquirements, the result of a life from boyhood and manhood occupied in studying both matter and books, he zealously applied to the service of his clients with caution and with courage. While he loved good work, mechanical work that would bear the examination of a first-rate mechanic, he could not endure extravagance. Carefully adapting the means to the end, he never sought fame in piles of unmeaning masonry, or earthwork, or ironwork. He had a special aptitude for communicating his own ideas for his assistants to sketch out for his examination, and his perfect freedom from jealousy or prejudice often enabled him to select as his assistants men far above the average in original talent.

His judgment on railway policy was sound, but it was overruled by the interested and the ignorant and sanguine capitalists. He was opposed to the wild railway extensions which have so reduced the value of main trunk lines. When he heard that the act for the Syston and Peterborough Line had passed, he said, "I am sorry for it. You think it will be a feeder; you will find it a sucker."

Having earned and inherited from his father a considerable fortune, which, had he been greedy for money, he might have easily increased tenfold, five or six years before his death he retired, as much as possible, from the active exercise of his profession; and there is no doubt that he would have preferred to have spent the rest of his life in the cultivation of literature and science, and in receiving and entertaining his large and varied circle of friends, if he had not considered it his duty to lend his time, his talents, and his name to forward the professional career of former assistants and pupils. Utterly without jealousy, and with warm sympathies for humble talent, more than one man of ability was drawn by him from obscurity. It was significant that among his pupils, and all who had ever served with or under him, of whatever age, he was affectionately known as "The Chief."

Although wealth, reputation, power, and the adulation that attends these gifts, flowed rapidly upon him, and raised him in a very few years from an humble position to perhaps the most enviable, if not the highest, that has ever been obtained by an untitled man of the middle class (not being a political character), he was utterly unspoiled by success; he was to his old friends, of every degree, plain Robert Stephenson to the last. On intimate terms with many among the highest classes, he never cringed

to rank, "he stood by his order," and with the choice of any society preferred that of the men of his own profession. Although he had a just self-confidence in his professional position, he was not without ambition and a certain pride in feeling that his name would go down to posterity in connexion with great works of public utility.

Although habitually calm and sweet-tempered, he had none of the false dignity of indifference. He showed courage, fire, almost eloquence, when it was necessary to expose a dangerous fallacy or resist a job. If he was proud of any one of his talents it was of his position as a mechanic. He sometimes laughed at those official enthusiasts of the closet who put an extravagant value on mere book learning, saying, "It is much easier to give a practical miner the scientific knowledge he needs, than to give a scientific student the experience of a miner." And yet he was never without a book at hand.

He was always accessible and ready to give information on any of the many subjects of which he was master, so that the humblest artisan or the youngest engineer could approach and consult him without fear or hesitation on any question of real importance, notwithstanding that he was most unreasonably worried by patentees and projectors. No one ever spent an hour with him during his leisure without being instructed and charmed, his tastes were so varied, his sympathies so wide, and his knowledge so truly encyclopædic. Yachting was perhaps his favourite pursuit. He was also fond of horses, and a pretty good judge of their form and action. He was full of anecdotes, and freely told stories of his father and his own early days; as, for instance, how, when a boy, he grew pinks for flower-show prizes, in competition with an old engineman, one of his father's friends, and won by so slitting the *green cup* as to make the flowers grow even. He was especially jealous of the reputation of his father, whose world-wide reputation was for many years grudgingly accepted by those of his countrymen who had known him first as the "Enginewright of Killingworth." While he did full justice to Sir Humphrey Davy, and often said he arrived at his Safety Lamp by a beautiful chain of purely scientific reasoning, he maintained, with many interesting anecdotes, too long for quotation here, his father's merit and originality in the "Geordie Lamp." The tankard presented to George Stephenson for the "Geordie" by the coal-miners of the north (with a thousand guineas), which stood on the sideboard at Gloucester-square, and the drawing of the pit in which, at the risk of his life, he first proved the principle of his lamp, more than once suggested most interesting exciting accounts of the turning-points in the history of the father and son. He made an admirable chairman, for he had not only tact and dignity, but the art of reviving a discussion and eliciting information from the timid and retiring by some timely observation or suggestion. He expended a large income most nobly. His purse was always open to relieve distress or advance science, and his assistance to those who he considered had a claim upon him as the friends or relatives of the friends of liberality in his early days was on a scale of which it is difficult to give any idea. He educated and provided for the sons of old friends as if they had been his own children, and every year placed a very large sum in the hands of a Newcastle friend for private distribution among the distressed of the labouring classes.

Want of self-confidence rendered Mr. Stephenson disinclined to speak in public except among his professional brethren, but he had always the courage to speak his mind when it became a matter of duty. He was an excellent witness in a good cause, but lawyers soon learned not to call him to support a bad one. Clear and candid, he supported close argument with a store of facts. When excited by injustice, or by the propagation of some injurious fallacy, he overcame his constitutional nervousness—a nervousness that only occurred when he had a speech to make—and often spoke with great effect.

His last public appearance was at the Geographical Society, when, in reply to an attack from the advocates of the Lesseps Suez Canal, he made an admirably exhaustive speech, which is very imperfectly reported in the Transactions of the society.

Mr. Stephenson's personal appearance was very striking, especially before he was bowed by the disease which eventually sapped his constitution. Tall and stately, with fine-cut, thorough-bred features—which in conversation were generally lighted up by a most pleasing and playful expression—he was certainly the last person who, in a crowd of noble and gentle personages, would have been selected as born of labouring folks in a cottage. In appearance, as in everything else, he was, in the highest sense of the term, a gentleman.

In this generation we cannot hope to see such another man of such mental powers, such simplicity and truth, such engaging manners, genial hospitality and abounding charity. For his friends—and never had a man more friends—there is only the sad consolation that

> The actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

DIARY OF THE DREAMER OF GLOUCESTER.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

September 19, 1854.

THE canvas city I knew so well has vanished like a dream, and the army are in motion. The French troops, with glittering bayonets and waving flags, march next the shore, while the dark masses of the English further inland, and about two miles in our rear, cover the country so far as the eye can reach. The unbroken surface of marching men is relieved by the Highland regiments, whose tall plumes seem like a moving forest. For miles out to sea the war steamers sail slowly and majestically, keeping pace with our advance, while the air is blackened with their smoke as if we were attended by a thunder-cloud, and the gods, as of yore, were about to mingle in human strife.

We started about ten o'clock in the morning, and marched steadily on for an hour, when we were halted, a cannonade being heard in the direction of the English army. It did not, however, last long, and we again proceeded till we reached the top of a low hill, from whence we had a

view of an extended plain, terminated by a ridge of hills. We could see that these hills were occupied with dense masses of troops, and from the burning villages betwixt us and them we could gather that the Russians in some force occupied the plain. Indeed, we had not gone far when our vanguard came on a body of Cossacks, who, however, retreated towards the hills on receiving two or three rounds from our artillery. Towards four o'clock we halted by the banks of a small stream, the water of which was particularly grateful to the fagged soldiery, as the day had been intensely hot, and the accoutrements of the French soldier are very heavy.

Presently General Saint-Arnaud and a brilliant staff rode slowly along the line. As he came opposite to us, he stopped and said a few words to the troops, which I could not distinguish, but which were received enthusiastically by those in front. Saint-Arnaud has the look of a man who has lived a fast life. He seems in very bad health—pale, haggard, and emaciated, but with a fire in his eyes which may be heightened by fever, but which speaks of habits of decision and firmness. It is said, indeed, that he is ill with a mortal disease, but that his high spirit will not allow him to retire, and that, though conscious of his impending fate, he still continues to command with as much energy and industry as if in the enjoyment of perfect health. It is related of him that when his physician urged him to return to France, and told him that if he did not he would certainly die, his answer was, "I am a marshal of France, and therefore I will die in my saddle, and not in my bed." His abilities are great, and the French have the utmost confidence in him.

Saint-Arnaud rode along the whole of the allied line, for so we gathered from the cheers, which ran along like a fusillade. On his return he was accompanied by Lord Raglan and some of the officers of his suite, and the whole cortége passed slowly in front of us, greeted with cheers and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Saint-Arnaud!" "Vive Raglan!" After they had gone we were ordered to bivouac, which I was glad of, as the ten miles' march had tired me completely.

After we had cooked our rations and finished our meal, the general officers went about among the ranks, carefully inspecting everything, and informing men and officers that to a certainty there would be a battle to-morrow. Indeed, the watch-fires of the Russians were now burning, and we could trace the extent of their lines on the ridge of hills.

September 20.

We rose before daybreak. The tumultuous hum arising from thirty thousand men conversing in that under-whisper which speaks of imminent danger had a singular effect. It seemed as if a strong, stern excitement pervaded the atmosphere, and that at every breath we drew in courage and determination. Many, no doubt, were thinking seriously of what might happen, for it was generally known that the Russian position was strong, and that a fierce resistance would be made; so that all of us felt as if it were hardly an equal chance that we should survive the day. We were mostly raw soldiers, and for my own part there was a moment, as we stood to arms in the raw, cold, dark morning, with death so near in view, that I wished I were back to the *Waly*, or, better still, in the quiet cathedral city. But we soon comforted one another; for, whatever might be our secret thoughts, none betrayed to the other the slightest fear.

We breakfasted leisurely and heartily, and at ten o'clock again stood to arms, and were carefully inspected by the general and his staff. By half-past ten we started, and, accompanied by the ships, we marched quickly along by the sea-side towards the ridge of hills in the distance. About half-past twelve we reached the river Alma, a stream about twenty feet wide, and averaging three feet deep. Through this we plunged, scarcely molested by the enemy, whose attention seemed sufficiently occupied by the steamers, which were throwing balls and shell as far inland as they could. We formed on the other side of the stream, then marched for a short distance till we arrived at the base of the hills, forming an undulating ridge varying from two hundred to four hundred feet in height; the summits, for about two miles and a half, strongly fortified and occupied by dense masses of troops. The hill which we found ourselves immediately in front of, sloped from its base to its top, a distance of half a mile, and was here and there broken by gullies and by low steps of precipitous rock. To an unencumbered pedestrian it presented no great difficulties of ascent, but it was a different thing to scale it with our muskets and accoutrements, at top speed, to avoid being exterminated by cannon, musketry, and shells. Still this was our task; so accordingly we threw out a cloud of skirmishers, who pressed up the hills, followed by the regiments as fast as they could go. Soon, however, we of the home army were headed by the African regiments, who scaled the steep hill like cats. The Russians now opened their fire, but although our skirmishers began to fall fast, our upward progress was not much impeded. But as we neared the heights the fire became hotter, and we could see those in advance falling rapidly. It only quickened our progress. Fiery and impetuous, the French soldiery rushed along, breasting the steep hill, clinging with hands and feet, springing over the gullies and up the cliffs with steaming brows, and knit lips, and gleaming eyes. Hardly a word was spoken, but as the men were struck down a muttered curse was heard, or a groan.

I was toiling up breathless, and a French soldier was assisting me up a cliff, and just as I had reached its top with my knees his hand suddenly relaxed, and we rolled backwards together for ten or fifteen paces. I arose a good deal bruised, but my companion was convulsively plunging about his hands and arms, and staring with swollen eyeballs. I bent down to assist him, but in an instant he sank back stone dead. I was carried along by the soldiers advancing. The fire became terrible, and I cannot conceive how any of us escaped; but as swiftness was evidently our only chance, I rushed on desperately. Presently I heard a terrific shout, and, looking up, I saw our men on the height, and the French flag waving on an earthern redoubt. The firing relaxed, the enemy retired, and our forces rapidly formed on the plateau so gallantly won.

I arrived at the summit after about four thousand men had formed, and found myself in a position which commanded the whole field of battle. The Russians were retiring from us, firing incessantly, but their masses were still denser on the crests to our left; batteries, for a length of two miles, were firing, and it was nearly impossible to make out anything for the smoke. A slight breeze, however, lifted up the dense canopy, and a sight of unequalled sublimity presented itself. A burning village threw a lurid light on the dark masses of English advancing up the centre of the position

and on the channel of the Alma, nearly hid by soldiers struggling over, while the shot, falling thick among them, splashed up the water. We could see the regiments further up the hill literally mowed down by the terrible cannonade, whole lines of men falling; but yet the mass seemed steadily advancing. There is a halt. For a time the English barely keep their ground, while their front rank melts away like snow wasted by a torrent. The English cheers rise fainter—the cannonade becomes more continuous. It was no longer a stand; the English were retiring, and the Russians advanced in front of their batteries and charged with the bayonet. The attack on the centre seemed defeated. But the shattered regiments retire through those which advance, and forward spring the Guards, the pampered children of luxury, led by the luxurious aristocracy of England, the show troops of London and its parks. They reached the point where the first battalions had been forced to recede, and still pressed on. To their right rushed on another plumed mass, while loud and shrill rose the note of the bagpipe. It was the Highlanders, whose fatal charge has so often decided the day in former well-fought fields. Onward they pour with gleaming bayonets, firing not a single shot. It is a race for eternal glory—the children of luxury against the children of the hills. Nothing can stop that deadly charge; but the cannonade is tremendous, for the Russians know their fate if these soldiers be not exterminated.

Our general recognises the crisis of the battle. Our guns, in position, begin to tell on the Russian masses. We see them hesitate—we see them waver. Our shot falls faster—the Guards and Highlanders make good their advance—the heights on the centre are gained—a deafening English cheer—the hoarser cry of the Highlanders—a crash of musketry as the long-reserved volley is poured in—and the battle of Alma is gained!

Our troops now advanced towards the centre of the position. The Russians slowly and in firm order retired, while their cavalry on their right wing, in threatening masses, covered their retreat. The exhausted English could not advance, but their artillery cut lanes clear and clean through the retiring masses. But the Russians remained firm, and, forming into squares, faced sternly round. We French could not advance southwards without risking isolation, and brave as our men were, that wood of cavalry made General Bosquet hesitate. The Russians inclined towards the coast, and passed our position, pelted ceaselessly by our cannon. Here part of them came within range of the ships, and the terrible long guns began to speak. This unexpected attack threw them into disorder, and their retreat in this direction became a rout; but yet they carried away all their cannon, and left not one standard in the possession of the allies as a trophy of the gallantest victory ever won.

The battle ceased by half-past three, and for about an hour we congratulated one another on the victory, which, now we had time to examine the extraordinary strength of the enemy's position, seemed nearly miraculous. Indeed, if unfortunately we had had an opportunity of examining the ground prior to the battle as deliberately as we did after it, I question if the attack would have been made, and I am sure that the allied troops would have held the position against any force.

Strange to tell, after the first hour the excitement of the troops seemed to vanish, and gave place to something like despondency. We had no longer enemies to contend with. The great crisis, to meet which our courage and determination had been wound up, had passed over, and the reaction, following on intense excitement, had succeeded. Now, too, we could estimate the price the victory had cost; and as from our position we looked down the slopes of the hills, the whole ground on to the Alma was thickly covered with dead and wounded men and horses, and all the débris of a hard-fought battle. French, English, and Russians, fully seven thousand men, lay on the field, in some instances so thickly strewed as to prevent the grass being seen for considerable spaces. The line of our advance had not left so many ghastly memorials as the other parts of the field of battle; but even here it was a horrible, sickening sight.

It is only doing justice to the French to say that every possible attention was paid to the wounded, many of whom had been carried to the rear even during the action. The greatest kindness and sympathy was shown by the men, and the medical officers were indefatigable.

It was with difficulty I conquered the morbid dislike I have at the sight of suffering in any living being, and especially in man; but I did my best, and, I hope, disinterestedly, though the thought did occur that during the campaign I might require the same assistance.

Our meal on these blood-stained heights was a melancholy one. It was to most of us the first experience of battle, and we felt a painful surprise at the reality, now stripped of the colouring with which our imagination had painted it. We were not yet habituated to the disappearance of familiar faces without the blank occasioning a gloom. The soldiers seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and there was little conversation among them. Death to all of us soldiers is a solemn thing at first, though, as the campaign goes on, the King of Terrors loses his power to frighten, until at last we regard our comrades in arms like men whom we meet in an inn, whose absence any morning from the public room requires no explanation and excites little regret. They have departed on their journey, and the time may soon come when we too must shift our quarters; happy if we be able to pay our bill, and leave landlords, and waiters, and travellers in no unkindly humour, for we will never meet again in hostel of this world.

September 21.

Day has barely dawned. The stars still glimmer faint and milky, and the rising sun as yet only indicates his position by a brighter glow on the horizon. All around me, in the French camp, the soldiers are sound asleep, except here and there a sentinel. Everything still, as on a Highland moor in early morn. What a contrast to yesterday at noon, when struggling up the hill amidst the storm of balls, and the shout of fighting, and the groans of dying, men! Ah, yesterday was one of those days in which man, whose limit of life is fourscore years, comes out of his place in the background of Nature, seeming for a time to claim an equal importance with her. But the crisis over, Nature reassumes her silent majesty, and hill and valley, and that sluggish Alma, and this canopy of

sky again appear, all unconscious, unconcerned, and eternal! Man has done his mightiest deed: all his passions have burst into a blaze; but the conflagration is over, and though the embers yet glimmer, and the ashes strew the soil, soon this débris will be covered, and the grass sprout even there, in the centre of the Russian position, where three thousand men were struck to the ground. Alas! why do we thus fight for the possession of that which is so utterly unsympathetic? Why shed our blood—why curtail our enjoyment of those years which is all our certainty, for a portion of that earth which has no feelings for us, which ultimately folds us in its torpid arms, burying us in its cold darkness, and, as if endowed only for that purpose with life, devouring and assimilating, until these goodly frames of ours become but a part of the universal materialism?

I wandered along by the banks of the Alma, surveying the spectacle of a field of battle the day after a victory. Along the French position the wounded men had been removed, and none but corpses lay on the ground. The scene was melancholy, but not horrible, for the calm of the eternal world was on every countenance, giving to the face of the common soldier an air of dignity. But as I proceeded on my walk, I regret to say another scene met my eyes. The wounded of the English had been left all night on the field of battle, and the surgeons were busy operating. I turned away in sickening horror, and rejoined the French camp.

Here most of the soldiers were awake, conversing by their fires. The French gaiety was even already regaining its ascendancy, although full in their view lay about five hundred corpses, Frenchmen and Russians, and a fatigue party were digging a trench to bury them.

I joined my regiment, and was glad to find most of my temporary messmates gathered round their camp-kettle; but I missed my earliest friend, the sous-lieutenant. On inquiry, I ascertained he had been wounded, and as I really entertained a friendship for the frank and gallant young Frenchman, I immediately proceeded to the quarter where the wounded had been carried to. This was to our rear, and close to the shore, so as to facilitate their transfer to the ships.

As I came nearer I could hear the shrieks of those on whom the surgeons were operating proceeding from nine or ten tents, and again my courage nearly failed me; but I persevered, and after witnessing an amount of suffering, the recollection even of which is painful, I found out my friend. A ball had gone through his shoulder-blade, and his case was critical.

CONTINENTAL COMPLICATIONS.

The present state of affairs on the Continent is so disquieting, while there is such slight prospect of a peaceable issue to all the questions now agitating European diplomacy, that we consider it will not be superfluous on our part to give a comprehensive view of the situation, and the conclusions to which it necessarily compels us to arrive. The temper of the British nation has been so irritated during the last few weeks that it behoves every man to do all in his power to remove any misunderstandings which might serve to precipitate events.

How, then, do matters stand between England and France? We have sundry causes of aggrievance against his imperial majesty: First, his support of the Spaniards in their unjust attack on Morocco; next, his sudden appreciation of the Isthmus of Suez Canal, and his apparent determination to carry the scheme through, *coûte que coûte;* lastly, the permission he has too long granted his publicists to shower abuse on England and her institutions. More remote causes of grievance are the efforts he is making to cope with our fleet, and the pertinacity with which he has founded naval and military establishments in the vicinity of our most flourishing colonies. All these causes combined are calculated to excite alarm among the English, as they evidence some foregone conclusion; and the cry of invasion, which has been raised through the length and breadth of the country, is our indignant protest.

On the other hand, the French, with some show of plausibility, allege that we are offering an insult to their fidelity by raising rifle volunteer corps; the great body of the French nation is horrified at the thought of a war with England, and notices with deep anxiety the provocations offered by English journals. The advocates of peace among our allies, therefore, have generally spread a report that England is preparing to invade France; for, in no other way, can they account for the energy we are displaying in our armaments. With such misunderstandings existing on either side the Channel, it is not surprising that an uneasy feeling should have been aroused, which the Emperor of the French alone has it in his power to allay; but which, for some inscrutable purposes of his own, he appears desirous to fan into a flame. Not that the blame exclusively attaches to him; we have, unfortunately, among ourselves reckless prompters to war, whose counsels have already produced most deleterious effects, and who sedulously comment on any suspicious movement in France, as confirming their own previsions of an impending invasion of England.

But in one matter we throw undivided blame on the Emperor of the French, in that he commenced that ill-omened war with Austria, which is the final cause of the present agitation. Not only did he alienate the friends of his past policy in England, by declaring a war on untenable grounds, but no sooner had the nation at large begun to be conciliated by his successes, and to hope that the liberation of Italy was really the object of the war, than he frustrated those hopes by patching up the peace of Villafranca. It was at once found that the pretexts put forward for the war, the boasted enfranchisement of Italy from the Alps to the

Adriatic, were futilised, and that the emperor sought, by a series of victories, to recover his waning popularity. We are well aware of the difficulties that beset an emperor who stands at the head of six hundred thousand men, all panting for war, as a chance for promotion; but we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that the same causes which brought on the Italian war may yet be applicable to ourselves. We feel intuitively that a standing army of such enormous dimensions must ever be a menace to the tranquillity of Europe, and, consequently, all the measures we take in self-defence are quite justifiable.

Under these circumstances it is deeply to be regretted that the Emperor Napoleon, throwing overboard his past frank and honest behaviour towards England, is striving to keep up the irritation in various quarters. Not the least dangerous of these is the support, more or less veiled, which he has given to Spain, in her preposterous claims on the government of Morocco. Were it that Spain merely desired to put down the Riff pirates, such a measure would be hailed with delight by the whole civilised world; but there is too good reason for belief that she designs to build on the African shore a first-class fortress, intended to hold Gibraltar in check. The dignified protest the Moorish government have handed in to the representatives of foreign powers residing at Tangiers shows in a strong light the frivolous pretences a nation can employ when determined on committing wrong. The provocation Spain received was the demolition of the posts of limitation between the territory of the two countries by a semi-independent tribe of Arabs. Owing to the death of the Sultan of Morocco, his government were for the moment powerless to offer reparation; but so soon as tranquillity was restored, they did all in their power to heal the breach, and by a fatal weakness conceded the first demand made by the Spanish chargé d'affaires, that public buildings might be erected in the camp of Ceuta. It is only the first step that costs anything, and hence it is not surprising to find the Spaniards increasing their demands, and requiring possession of the heights necessary for the defence of Ceuta. Even when this demand was acceded to, another pretension was brought forward—the possession of a vast territory, which the Moorish government would not surrender. From this moment all relations ceased between the two countries, and war was declared by Spain.

During this time the British government had taken the alarm, and urged Spain formally to promise that she would not permanently occupy any point the possession of which might obtain for Spain a power dangerous to the free navigation of the Mediterranean. The diplomatic correspondence between the two countries has been published, and only serves to render the darkness more obscure. Spain is trying every shift to escape giving such a pledge, while Lord John Russell is apparently so proud of his diplomatic skill, that his letters are as difficult to understand as a page of hieroglyphics—only the initiated can decipher their involved meaning. Still there is sufficient evidence that Spain is assured of powerful support in some quarter, else she would not dare to play fast and loose with England. The simultaneous attack of French troops on the other side of Morocco also leads to the supposition of a prearranged plan of operations between the two powers.

Equally unsatisfactory are the relations existing between the English

and French governments as to the final solution of the Italian difficulty. During the last two months intrigues have been going on (the true history of which will never be known) that put to the blush the far-famed diplomacy of a Nesselrode. Practical solutions have been offered several times, but the Emperor of the French has compelled them all to be declined—with what purpose time alone can prove. Still we cannot help thinking that all these obstacles are purposely raised in order to force on the Italians a French prince as their regent. The election of Prince Carignan was a practical and sensible step, but he was forced to decline it, and even when he proposed Buoncompagni as his substitute, such a measure did not please the French emperor. The retirement of Garibaldi from the command of the national army is a masterpiece of strategy, for it now throws the onus of any excesses on the Emperor of the French, for he has doggedly resisted all attempts at compromise, and has disheartened all the popular leaders. How much the Italian cause has gained in the eyes of the nation will be seen from the fact that the most Conservative of our peers has openly espoused the cause of the patriot chief. Perhaps, however, this may have been done as much for the sake of annoying Louis Napoleon as in any belief that the Italian cause can eventually triumph.

The Emperor of the French still adheres to his favourite notion of an Italian Confederation, which we have on several occasions proved, we trust conclusively, to be an impossibility. Possessing no cohesiveness, such a measure would pave the way for internal dissensions, and, perhaps, a permanent occupation of Italy by foreign troops. Nor can we implicitly accept the excuse the emperor put forward for blighting the hopes of the Italians, at a moment when they seemed ripe for fruition. We give the Emperor of the French credit for far too much good sense not to have foreseen that his interference would arouse a flame throughout Germany, and that the people on whom the memory of his uncle's invasions lay like a nightmare would at once take up arms in self-defence on the suspicion that the nephew of his uncle was about to march along the same hollow path of glory. We must, therefore, seek other motives for his conduct, and while not leaving out of sight the necessity he felt for occupying his army, we must attribute his invasion of Italy to some other motive than the one alleged. We cannot refrain from the conclusion that he designed to perpetuate French influence in Central Italy by a member of his house being appointed to the vacant throne. Foiled in his expectations, he has striven to render the Italians discontented, and hoped that popular excesses would justify his interference. How nearly this scheme succeeded may be seen in the deplorable outbreak at Parma, which was, however, at once checked by the energy of the dictator Farini. But all was not lost, so long as Garibaldi remained with his army on the Romagnolese frontier, for a collision might easily occur with the Papal troops. But this last hope has now faded away by the voluntary retirement of Garibaldi; and the national army, deprived of its head, must perforce remain in tranquillity. The Emperor of the French has played a very intricate game of chess, and his adversary has mated him by the sacrifice of a piece.

In one way, we apprehend, the Italian question could be most satisfactorily solved, and that would be by leaving them to work out their own redemption. But they have just reason for exclaiming, "Save us

from our friends!" and probably the most ill-judged advice offered them throughout the embroglio was, that they should select Garibaldi as their president. He has never displayed any capacity for governing: his reputation is based on his being a dashing partisan, with a remarkable talent for converting volunteers by a very rapid process into steady troops; but there is a vast distinction between this and steering clear of the shoals which must inevitably beset the regent who attempts the intricate navigation of Italian government. The Tuscans displayed rare good sense in selecting a prince of the House of Savoy for their ruler, as they would thus have secured a very powerful support, and it is, besides, the most natural solution; but we are told by French organs that this is not feasible, through fear of insulting the delicate susceptibilities of the King of Naples. All, then, that is left is a congress of the European powers, and a possible compromise by the choice of a monarch neither Austrian nor French in his views. The only difficulty will be in the choice.

It has been asserted in several quarters possessing influence that all the recent demonstrations Louis Napoleon has made against England had the one common object of compelling her to enter the congress. There are many obvious reasons why England should hesitate before engaging in a congress. During the war we sedulously refrained from becoming mixed up in it in any shape, and, though at the time such policy was reprobated as unworthy a great nation, the result has proved the correctness of Lord Derby's views. The only condition on which we could consent to enter the congress would be a distinct pledge from the governments of France and Austria that the future of Italy had not been prejudged; for it would not comport with our dignity to sit passively by and thus appear to endorse the arrangement made by the two emperors at Villafranca. The recent circular of Count Walewski does not afford us this guarantee; we learn from it that the rights of the sovereigns of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma are reserved by the contracting parties, and that the latter engage to give their support to the formation, under the honorary presidency of the Pope, of a confederation of the states of Italy. To bring this about, the Emperor of the French deems it necessary that the Grand-Duke of Tuscany should return to his states, in conjunction with certain changes calculated to satisfy at once the legitimate wishes and interests of the populations. As it is quite evident, however, that the grand-duke can only return at the head of an army, and after considerable bloodshed, we cannot imagine that her Majesty's government would stultify their past policy by sanctioning such an outrage of the law of nations. But, if any faith may be put in words, the Emperor of the French has distinctly promised that, no matter how events may turn, Central Italy shall be protected from an armed intervention, and we cannot bring this pledge in harmony with the promised restoration of the grand-duke, offered to Austria as one of the bribes for making peace. The Emperor of the French has placed himself in a false position, for he will be compelled to break his word to one party; and though we regret that this should have happened, as he brought it entirely on himself, we do not consider that England should take any share of the responsibility on herself. Equally difficult is his position with regard to Russia and Prussia: the meeting at Breslau between the Emperor

Alexander and the Prince Regent ended, we are told on excellent authority, in the rejection of the project of an Italian Confederation, for such a combination would give the preponderance to France in Italy. To guard against the inconvenience of being in a minority in the congress, the Emperor of the French has, therefore, decided on calling in the lesser powers to his aid, and Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Rome, and Naples, have been invited to send representatives. Up to the present, however, the reluctance of the British ministry to pledge itself to any distinct course of action, until it has received satisfactory explanations as to the points to be discussed by the congress, has rendered the time of its meeting uncertain.

All these causes combined, in our opinion, are a justification for the agitation now going on in England. We do not for a moment wish to endorse the views of the war-at-any-price party, and, in fact, deeply deplore the tone which has been assumed by an influential organ during the past month. No greater calamity than an Anglo-French war could befal the world, and when we bear in mind that England has one hundred and fifty millions invested in French securities, which one line in the *Moniteur* could confiscate, we earnestly deprecate any unnecessary provocation. But there is a great distinction between a nation arming for aggressive purposes and placing itself in a decent posture of defence, and we hold that the movements of the Emperor of the French are a sufficient justification for being forearmed. If the French honestly desire peace between the two nations, they will applaud the universality of the rifle volunteer movement among us, for it is the best possible guarantee of peace; and once that the nation is convinced that it has nothing to fear from an invasion, all the causes for alarm and the concomitant excitement will die away. Once that the English have gained a true perception of their immense resources, it will be impossible for any faction to raise the cry of invasion, for no one will heed it. The recriminations now going on between the two nations must necessarily cease, and learning to respect each other's strength, they will become better friends than ever. In a word, the rifle volunteer movement is the insurance we are paying against war, and is far better than any large increase of our standing army.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the gradual formation of rifle corps throughout the country, for it has gone on so steadily that it offers a guarantee for the permanence of the institution. It is quite certain that, before spring returns, we shall have one hundred thousand men enrolled, and, so soon as the field evolutions have commenced, there will be a large accession of strength. Equally gratifying is it to find what earnestness of purpose the members display; and when we read of noblemen and gentlemen readily marching and countermarching for three hours on the Hythe shingle, where the foot sinks in at every step, we see that the old Anglo-Saxon spirit is as rife among us as ever. It is a theory of some speculative writers that a nation gradually grows effete by advanced civilisation, and they point in proof to Rome. But we doubt whether such will ever prove the case in England: at any rate, the present movement is decided evidence to the contrary. But, while applauding the movement, we must not forget that much remains to be done ere the volunteers can become an integer of our defence. The first great point is, indubitably, that a committee should be appointed to settle the regulation

arm of the corps. At present we have four varieties of weapons in use: the Enfield, long and short, the Whitworth, and the Lancaster. We will not attempt to form any judgment on the subject of the superiority of any one of these weapons; each has its partisans, who have excellent arguments to justify their predilection. But we would strongly urge the necessity of uniformity; for, should the services of the volunteers, through any deplorable event, be required, the difference of the calibres would be found to work very prejudicially. If we venture to recommend the regulation Enfield, as the most suitable musket, it is because government have in store an immense quantity of ammunition belonging to that arm, and which could be served out, at any rate, for practice.

There is also another point in connexion with the volunteers to which we would refer: the advisability of raising, as soon as possible, artillery and cavalry. In the present state of the science of gunnery, field-guns are the great deciders of an action, as was sufficiently proved at Solferino. However indubitable the bravery of our volunteers may be, they would be unable to withstand a regular army, supported by artillery and cavalry; and, although they might inflict serious injury on the enemy, they could not prevent their pushing on. As at present calculated, an invading army would lose one thousand men per mile in marching from the coast on to the metropolis; but such a loss would be only equivalent to that sustained at Solferino, which, however, did not prevent the French preparing to invade the Quadrilatère. Hence, then, we should much like to see special corps raised for artillery practice, after the fashion of the Honourable Artillery Company, who make excellent practice at Shoeburyness. It would not be necessary for such corps to horse their own guns, or go through the tedious details connected with a field battery, for the government would readily supply the guns at the practice-ground; and a few hundred men skilled in laying a gun, and acquainted with the practical working, would prove of immense service in the hour of need.

There can, however, be no reason why cavalry corps should not be raised at once, and we could soon enrol a body of light-weight men, who would prove invaluable in the field. We presume that a delicacy is felt about trenching on the yeomanry cavalry, who muster some twelve thousand sabres; but we imagine that, in the present state of military science, the services of these gentlemen (we say it in all respect) would not prove of much avail. What we require is a body of well-mounted men, armed with a good rifle, who can harass an enemy's flank, and get out of danger at the right moment. Sir William Napier was perfectly correct when he stated that the great art the volunteer had to learn was that of running away judiciously. Our various hunts would supply the very men wanted, and we wish that some patriotic master of hounds would set the thing going. When once started, we feel confident that the example would be eagerly followed, for there is something most exciting in such service.

A very general opinion has been expressed that all the rifle volunteers need learn is how to hit a mark, and that the rest will come of itself. Such a view, if extensively carried out, would prove the ruin of the experiment. It must be remembered that the conditions we require from our volunteer army are, that it should prove a second line of defence, and that, if an invader escaped the Channel fleet, this army should be pre-

pared to meet him and contend every inch of ground with him, thus affording the rest of the population time to arm. Our widely-scattered colonies would, in the event of hostilities, drain the country of every available regular, and we should have only the militia and the volunteers to fall back upon. It is, therefore, indispensable, in our view, that the volunteer should be thoroughly trained in the duties of the private soldier, and, when he had once learned them thoroughly, he might devote his time and attention to target practice. Commencing with that, however, before the principles of discipline have been thoroughly inculcated, will be a grand mistake.

Our readers may imagine that we have diverged from our theme by investigating the character and the prospects of the volunteer movement; but it is not so. The armament of the English nation is the result of those continental complications which form the subject-matter of our paper. Had it not been for this just alarm, aroused by the sudden change of the imperial policy, the movement would have died out again and made no sign. But when we see it daily extending—when men holding honourable positions deemed it their duty to call public attention to the danger England was incurring by her apathy, and the urgent necessity of arming, lest we might be laggards in the race, it is surely within the competence of the writer discussing continental matters to describe the antidote England has selected to guard against the evil. Hence, we are glad to find that the nation has at length taken the matter into its serious consideration, and shows itself determined to render any invasion impossible. It may be that the peril is one of our own conjuring; we trust that it may be so; but with a suspicion of danger, it would be unpardonable were Englishmen to neglect the opportunity of preventing it.

It is very possible that the storm may blow over at present; England has set herself in order, and the wind may bluster across the Channel without imperilling one of our spars. The political barometer sank so suddenly that we were prepared for the dirty weather coming, and began making "all snug" in time. We shall, probably, feel an increased pressure with the next army and navy estimates, and grumble at being forced into such enormous expenditure through one man; but if we take into calculation the cost of a war, we should feel thankful at escaping so cheaply.

One consolation may be derived from the recent interchange of amenities between the press of England and France: we have had the satisfaction of finding defenders among the intellect of France. When M. Jourdain published his pamphlet, full of vulgar abuse against England, and repeating the old exploded calumnies, M. Michel Chevallier stepped forward as our champion, and proved that we had not the slightest intention of "taking France in tow." Nay, more, M. Chevallier has conclusively shown that the emperor can rely on the earliest of his allies, for the British constitution forbids our government's entertaining any concealed or subversive ambitions, and that, with England at his back, he can defy Europe in arms against him. The Emperor Napoleon is about the only man on the Continent who understands the internal working of our constitution, and recognises our tremendous resources, and we doubt whether the opportunity of avenging Waterloo would appear to him sufficient compensation for the inevitable loss of his throne.

The misfortune of the emperor is that, owing to the ramification of his policy, he is incessantly compelled to risk one friendship on the doubtful chance of obtaining another ally to serve his momentary requirements. After the Crimean campaign he became a decided Russian; after Solferino he became as indubitably Austrian, and imagined that he could by her aid secure the position he aimed at as arbiter of Europe. Finding now that Austria herself is in sad want of assistance from without to prevent the huge fabric from collapsing, with insurrection smouldering in Hungary, a national bankruptcy before the gates, and Venetia held in subjection by an army, Austria is in no position to carry out Napoleon's views. The Emperor of the French miscalculated the Austrian temper: he thought, by flattering conciliations, to obliterate the past; but a Habsburg never forgets a humiliation. In the darkest days of Austrian history, when French officials occupied the capital, and Napoleon I. was omnipotent, the Austrians patiently bided the time for revenge, and when it arrived they took ample reparation. It may suit Francis Joseph to follow Napoleon III in the intricate path he has laid down in the Italian question, but it will be only in the hope of obtaining some prospective advantage. If the Emperor of the French strive to conciliate Austria at the expense of Italy, as he has in a measure pledged himself to do, he will alienate the friendship of the English nation; if, on the other hand, he yield to the pressure, and throws Austria over, all the results of the last war, as far as he is concerned, will be lost.

In the same way he has behaved to us ever since the signature of the peace of Villafranca: he chose to be offended because we would not support him in a purely aggressive campaign, or attempt to muzzle the dogs of war in Germany. He withdrew the light of his countenance from us, and his press-gang received orders to commence a paper campaign. He has, however, been decidedly worsted in the affair: his own chieftains have deserted to the enemy, and he finds that intimidation is the very worst measure he could employ with Englishmen. We answered him simply by looking after our national defences, and if ever he really entertained any design of invading England, he has by his own act deprived himself of the last chance. Now that he finds himself foiled, he has issued orders that his followers should be more discreet in their animadversions on England. But it is too late: the nation has been thoroughly aroused, and, worse still, the confidence so generously placed in our ally has been shaken to the base. From the first day of the present year the Emperor Napoleon has been performing a comedy of errors, and the termination of it will probably see him without a sincere friend in Europe. And all this has happened because he had not the moral courage to look matters calmly in the face, and reduce the proportions of that troublesome army, which is at once a menace to himself and to the tranquillity of Europe.

The past, however, should have read him a severe but valuable lesson; for he was all but engaged in a war which must have cost him his throne in the long run. Had Austria stood out boldly when the French approached the Quadrilatère, Germany must have risen: indeed, the Prince Regent of Prussia had the greatest difficulty in keeping his men in check. When a nation is continually exposed to danger, through no fault of its own, but because a neighbour thinks it advisable to keep it in a chronic condition of irritation, even a war appears preferable to a state of suspense.

To this feeling we may in great measure ascribe the temporary popularity which the war party gained among ourselves.

The course which England has to steer through the present difficulties is plain enough, and by a due mixture of discretion and jealous regard of our honour we may avert the peril. If, however, our ministers should be so unguarded as to enter the congress without thorough guarantees of its object and scope, we may find ourselves involved in serious embarrassment. Even then, we candidly confess we do not see the advantage to be derived from the holding of a congress, for it will be merely deliberative, and not attempt to enforce its decisions on Central Italy save by moral persuasions. If, then, the Italians should be blind to the advantages offered them, and decline the solution suggested by the congress, the matter will be a mere farce, and an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of Europe. In such an affair England ought to take no part; we did mischief enough in 1848, through Lord Minto's mission to Italy, and unless we can repair it at present, our representatives had better remain at home. Indeed, we have quite sufficient on our hands with this Morocco business; and when we consult the map published at Paris, as it was said, under imperial auspices, and representing "Europe in 1860," it seems a curious coincidence that Morocco is there handed over to Spain. One thing is quite certain: England, under no consideration, can allow Spain to build a fortress on the African seaboard, which, in event of a war, would prove most valuable to our enemies. We had no right to interfere with the fortifications of Cherbourg, and refused to accept it as a menace; but when we see a small power daring to bandy diplomatic notes with England, and defending a most unwarrantable measure with such obstinacy, we cannot help assuming that she derives her inspiration from a higher source.

On the whole, however, we see no special reason for apprehension; the situation is very annoying, certainly, and these repeated stings are a nuisance; but we had better leave the hornets' nest alone, lest, in trying to destroy it, we bring the entire swarm around our ears. The English are aroused to a sense of the danger they have incurred by undue neglect of their defences, and we may rest assured that they will never again be allowed to fall into a ruinous condition. We desire no war with France; on the contrary, we are all most anxious to keep on good terms with every nation; but recognising the fact that a national armament is the only certain mode of securing peace, we do not grudge the outlay or trouble it entails on us. Still, it is deeply to be regretted that the Emperor of the French should have forced this measure upon us by his doubtful policy, and we fear that he will be the greatest sufferer in the end. The decline and fall of the Bonaparte dynasty will bear date in history from the day he sacrificed the alliance of the English nation, and, dazzled by the glare of victory, proved himself a standing menace to the tranquillity of Europe.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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